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THE

NINETEEN TRAGEDIES

AND

FRAGMENTS

OF

EURIPIDES.

TRANSLATED

BY MICHAEL WODHULL, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION,

CORRECTED THROUGHOUT BY THE TRANSLATOR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

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HELEN.

Concordia formæ
Atque pudicitiæ. JUVENAL.

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PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

HELEN.

TEUCER.

CHORUS OF GRECIAN DAMES, HELEN'S ATTENDANTS.

MENELAUS.

FEMALE SERVANT.

MESSENGER.

THEOCLYMENUS.

THEONOE.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

SCENE—PROTEUS' TOMB, AT THE ENTRANCE OF THEOCLYMENUS' PALACE IN PHAROS, AN ISLAND AT THE MOUTH OF THE NILE.

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HELEN.

HELEN.

BRIGHT are these virgin currents of the Nile
Which water Egypt's soil, and are supplied,
Instead of drops from Heaven, by molten snow.
But Proteus, while he liv'd, of these domains
Was Lord, he in the isle of Pharos dwelt,
King of all Ægypt; for his Wife he gain'd
One of the Nymphs who haunt the briny deep,
Fair Psamathe, after she left the bed
(1) Of Æacus; she in the palace bore
To him two children, one of them a Son
Call'd Theoclymenus, because his life
Is pass'd in duteous homage to the Gods;
A Daughter also of majestic mien
Her Mother's darling, in her infant years
(2) (Eidothea call'd by her enraptur'd Sire):

(1) "Instead of Æolus, as it stands in all the editions, we ought to "read Æacus, by whom Psamathe, the daughter of Nereus was com- "pressed, according to Apollodorus, L. 3, c. 11, § 6. Compare Hesiod's, "Generation of the Gods, v. 1004, and Pindar's 5th Nemean Ode. "v. 15—24. Of Æolus who married Enarete (Apollodorus, L. 1, c. 7, "§ 2.) there is no such account given." Dr. MUSGRAVE.

(2) Dr. Musgrave takes away the stop after ξεινος, and supplies on conjecture,

(Κικλησκεν προς πατρος Ειδοθεην δε)

which I have inserted in my translation, as a manifest improvement to the context; Homer having, as he observes, Odyss. L. 4, v. 366, mentioned the Princess by that name: it seemed requisite, however, to include the additional line in a parenthesis, as the insertion does not appear to be authorised by any one manuscript or antient edition.

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But when the blooming Maid became mature
For nuptial joys, Theonoe was the name
They gave her; all the counsels of the Gods,
The present and the future, well she knew,
Such privilege she from her Grandsire Nereus
Inherited. But not to fame unknown
Are Sparta's realm, whence I derive my birth,
And my Sire, Tyndarus. There prevails a rumour
That to my Mother Leda Jove was borne
On rapid wings, the figure of a Swan
Assuming, and by treachery gain'd admission
To her embraces, flying from an eagle,
If we may credit such report. My name
Is Helen; but I also will recount
What woes I have endur'd; three Goddesses,
For beauty's prize contending, in the cave
Of Ida, came to Paris; Juno, Venus,
And Pallas virgin progeny of Jove,
Requesting him to end their strife, and judge
Whose charms outshone her rivals. But proposing
For a reward, my beauty, (if the name
Of beauty suit this inauspicious form)
And promising in marriage to bestow me
On Paris, Venus conquer'd: for the Swain
Of Ida, leaving all his herds behind,
Expecting to receive me for his Bride,
To Sparta came. But Juno, whose defeat
Fir'd with resentment her indignant soul,
Our nuptials frustrated; for to the arms
Of royal Priam's son, she gave not me
But ( ) in my semblance form'd a living image

(3) "On this subject Philostratus testifies, that Apollonius of Tyanea "questioned the shade of Achilles, and that he gave it in favour of Eu- "ripides. The third question I would ask, O Achilles, is whether "Helen came to Troy, or Homer thought fit to invent these transac- "tions?" Achilles replies; "We were long deceived, both when we "were sending embassadors to Troy, and waging war on her account, as

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Compos'd of ether. Paris falsly deem'd
That he possess'd me; from that time these ills
Have been encreas'd by the decrees of Jove,
For he with war hath visited the realms
Of Greece, and Phrygia's miserable sons,
That he might lighten from th' unrighteous swarms
Of its inhabitants the groaning Earth,
And on the bravest of the Grecian Chiefs
Confer renown. While in the Phrygian war,
As the reward of their victorious arms,
I to the host of Greece have been display'd,
Tho' absent, save in likeness and in name.
But Mercury, receiving me in folds
Of air, and covering with a cloud (for Jove
Was not unmindful of me), in this house
Of royal Proteus, who of all mankind
Was in his judgement the most virtuous, plac'd me,
That undefil'd I might preserve the bed
Of Menelaus. I indeed am here;
But with collected troops my hapless Lord
Pursues the ravisher to Ilion's towers.
Beside Scamander's stream hath many a chief

" if she had been at Ilion: but she dwelt in Ægypt and the house of Pro-
" teus, being taken away from Paris. Yet after this was known, we
" still fought for her against Troy, that we might not depart with infamy."
" Herodotus in his Euterpe expressly gives the same account, saying,
" He was informed by Ægyptian Priests, that upon Helen and Paris
" being driven by the winds to Canopus, one of the mouths of the Nile
" Paris, after being questioned by Thon, the Governor of that port,
" was sent to Proteus, the most just of men, who determined to keep
" Helen, and the treasures she brought, in safe custody, till Menelaus
" came to fetch them back again, and threatened to put Paris to death,
" unless he and his followers left Ægypt in the space of three days. But
" this fable, of the likeness of Helen being taken by Paris to his
" bed, had Stesichorus for its author." Thus Tzetzes on Lycophron,
v. 113; " It is reported, that when Paris came to Ægypt, Proteus
" taking away Helen, gave him a resemblance of Helen, as Stesichorus
" says." Hence Aristides on Rhetoric; " like the Trojans in Stesicho-
" rus, who considered the image they possessed as the real Helen."

BARNES.

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Died in my cause; but I, who have endur'd
All these afflictions, am a public curse;
For 'tis suppos'd, that treacherous to my Lord,
I have thro' Greece blown up the flames of war.
Why then do I prolong my life? these words
I heard from Mercury: "That I again
"In Sparta, with my Husband shall reside,
"When he discovers that I never went
"To Troy:" he therefore counsell'd me to keep
A spotless chastity. While Proteus view'd
The solar beams, I from the nuptial yoke
Still liv'd exempt; but since the darksome grave
Hath cover'd his remains, the Royal Son
Of the deceas'd solicits me to wed him:
But honouring my first Husband, at this tomb
Of Proteus, I a suppliant kneel, to him,
To him I sue, to guard my nuptial couch,
That if thro' Greece I bear a name assail'd
By foul aspersions, no unseemly deed
May cover me with real infamy.

TEUCER, HELEN.

TEUCER.

Who rules this fortress? such a splendid dome
With royal porticos and blazon'd roofs
Seems worthy of a Plutus for its lord.
But, O ye Gods, what vision! I behold
That hateful Woman who hath ruin'd me,
And all the Greeks. Heaven's vengeance on thy head!
Such a resemblance bear'st thou to that Helen,
That if I were not in a foreign land,
I with this stone would smite thee; thou should'st bleed
For being like Jove's Daughter.

HELEN.

Wretched Man,
Whoe'er you are, why do you hate me thus
Because of her misfortunes?

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TEUCER.

I have err'd
In giving way to such unseemly rage.
All Greece abhors Jove's Daughter. But forgive me,
O Woman, for the words which I have utter'd.

HELEN.

Say who you are, and from what land you come?

TEUCER.

One of that miserable race the Greeks.

HELEN.

No wonder is it then, if you detest
The Spartan Helen. But to me declare,
Who are you, whence, and from what Father sprung?

TEUCER.

My (4) name is Teucer, Telamon my Sire;
The land which nurtur'd me is Salamis.

HELEN.

But wherefore do you wander o'er these meads
Lav'd by the Nile?

TEUCER.

I from my native land
Am banish'd.

HELEN.

You, alas! must needs be wretched.
Who drove you thence?

TEUCER.

My Father Telamon.
What friend canst thou hold dearer?

HELEN.

For what cause
Were you to exile doom'd? your situation
Is most calamitous.

(4) "When the scene is not too long, these speeches of one line each "in the original, instead of being a defect, are a real beauty: because "the dramatic performance then imitates the vivacity of interesting "conversations." BRUMOY.

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TEUCER.

My Brother Ajax,
Who died at Troy, was author of my ruin.

HELEN.

How? by your sword depriv'd of life?

TEUCER.

He fell,
On his own blade, and perish'd.

HELEN.

Was he mad?
Who could act thus whose intellects are sound?

TEUCER.

Know'st thou Achilles, Peleus' Son?

HELEN.

He erst,
I heard, to Helen as a Suitor came.

TEUCER.

He, at his death, his comrades left to strive
Which should obtain his arms.

HELEN.

But why was this
Hurtful to Ajax?

TEUCER.

When another won
Those arms, he gave up life.

HELEN.

Do your afflictions
Rise from his fate?

TEUCER.

Because I died not with him.

HELEN.

O stranger, went you then to Troy's fam'd city?

TEUCER.

And having shar'd in laying waste its bulwarks,
I also perish'd.

HELEN.

Have the flames consum'd,

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And utterly destroy'd them?

TEUCER.

Not a trace
Of those proud walls is now to be discern'd.

HELEN.

Thro' thee, O Helen, do the Phrygians perish.

TEUCER.

The Greeks too: for most grievous are the mischiefs
Which have been wrought.

HELEN.

What length of time's elaps'd
Since Troy was sack'd?

TEUCER.

Seven times the fruitful year
Hath almost turn'd around her lingering wheel.

HELEN.

But how much longer did your host remain
Before those bulwarks?

TEUCER.

Many a tedious moon;
There full ten years were spent.

HELEN.

And have ye taken
That Spartan Dame?

TEUCER.

By her dishevel'd hair,
Th' adultress, Menelaus dragg'd away.

HELEN.

Did you behold that object of distress,
Or speak you from report?

TEUCER.

These eyes as clearly
Witness'd the whole, as I now view thy face.

HELEN.

Be cautious, lest for her ye should mistake
Some well-form'd semblance which the Gods have sent.

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TEUCER.

Talk if thou wilt on any other subject;
No more of her.

HELEN.

Believe you this opinion
To be well-grounded?

TEUCER.

With these eyes I saw her,
And she e'en now is present to my soul.

HELEN.

Have Menelaus and his Consort reach'd
Their home?

TEUCER.

They are not in the Argive land,
Nor on Eurotas' banks.

HELEN.

Alas! alas!
The tale you have recounted, is, to her
Who hears you, an event most inauspicious.

TEUCER.

He and his Consort, both they say are dead.

HELEN.

Did not the Greeks in one large squadron sail?

TEUCER.

Yes; but a storm dispers'd their shatter'd fleet.

HELEN.

Where were they, in what seas?

TEUCER.

They at that time
Thro' the mid waves of the Ægean deep
Were passing.

HELEN.

Can none tell if Menelaus
Escap'd this tempest?

TEUCER.

No man: but thro' Greece

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Tis rumour'd he is dead.

HELEN.

I am undone.
Is Thestius' Daughter living?

TEUCER.

Mean'st thou Leda?
She with the dead is number'd.

HELEN.

Did the shame
Of Helen cause her wretched Mother's death?

TEUCER.

Around her neck, 'tis said, the noble Dame
Entwin'd the gliding noose.

HELEN.

But live the Sons
Of Tyndarus, or are they too now no more?

TEUCER.

They are, and are not, dead (5): for two accounts
Are propagated.

HELEN.

Which is best confirm'd?
O wretched me!

TEUCER.

Some say that they are Gods
Under the semblance of two radiant stars.

HELEN.

Well have you spoken. But what else is rumour'd?

TEUCER.

That on account of their lost Sister's guilt
They died by their own swords. But of these themes
Enough: I wish not to renew my sorrows.
But O assist me in the great affairs
On which I to these royal mansions came,
Wishing to see the Prophetess Theonoe,

(5) Homer, Iliad, L. 3, v. 243, 244, says they were dead and buried in Sparta, previous to the Trojan War, but their sister Helen, immediately before speaks of them on the supposition of their being yet alive.

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And learn, from Heaven's oracular response,
How I may steer my vessel with success
To Cyprus' isle, where Phœbus hath foretold
That I shall dwell, and on the walls I rear
Bestow the name of Salamis, yet mindful
Of that dear country I have left behind.

HELEN.

This will your voyage of itself explain:
But fly from these inhospitable shores,
Ere Proteus' Son, the ruler of this land,
Behold you: fly; for he is absent now
Pursuing with his hounds the savage prey.
He slays each Grecian stranger who becomes
His captive: ask not why, for I am silent;
And what could it avail you to be told?

TEUCER.

O woman, most discreetly hast thou spoken;
Thy kindness may the righteous Gods repay!
For tho' thy person so resemble Helen,
Thou hast a soul unlike that worthless Dame.
Perdition seize her; never may she reach
The current of Eurotas: but mayst thou,
Most generous Woman, be for ever blest.

[*Exit* TEUCER.

HELEN.

Plung'd as I am 'midst great and piteous woes,
How shall I frame the plaintive strain, what Muse
With tears, or doleful elegies, invoke?

O D E.

I. 1.

Ye Syrens, winged daughters of the Earth,
Come and attune the sympathetic string,
Expressive now no more of mirth,
To sooth my griefs, the flute of Libya bring;
Record the tortures which this bosom rend,
And echo back my elegiac strains:

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Proserpine next will I invoke, to send
Numbers adapted to her votary's pains;
So shall her dark abode, while many a tear I shed,
Waft the full dirge to sooth th' illustrious dead.

CHORUS, HELEN.

CHORUS.

I. 2.

Near the cerulean margin of our streams
I stood, and on the tufted herbage spread
My purple vestments in those beams
Which from his noontide orb Hyperion shed,
When on a sudden from the waving reeds
I heard a plaintive and unwelcome sound
Of bitter lamentation; o'er the meads
Groans inarticulate were pour'd around:
Beneath the rocky cave, dear scene of past delight,
Some Naiad thus bewails Pan's hasty flight.

HELEN.

II. 1.

Ye Grecian Nymphs, whom those Barbarians caught,
And from your native land reluctant bore,
The tidings which yon Sailor brought
Call forth these tears; for Ilion is no more,
By (6) him of Ida, that predicted flame

(6) Paris, of whom Euripides says, in the Iphigenia in Aulis ἴδαιος ἴδαιος ἀλητ'. The allusions to Hecuba's dream of her being brought to bed of a blazing torch, are frequent in the writings of our author, particularly in a passage of the Alexandra or Cassandra, the Greek of which is not now extant, but the Latin version is preserved in Cicero de Divinatione, Paris is, as in this place, without any circumlocution called *the Torch*; adest Fax obvoluta sanguine atque incendio: according to the same mode of speech, Lycophron, v. 913, calls Philoctetes φῶς μιαφονον facis occisorem, meaning to express that he slew Paris who was called the Torch. I therefore read with the Aldus edition καλαστεφαν πυρι μιλλωσαν ἴδαιῳ though subsequent editors have followed Henry Stephens in his conjectural alteration of μελωσαν instead of μιλλωσαν: and Dr. Musgrave recommends to us,

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Destroy'd; thro' me, alas, have myriads bled,
If not thro' me, thro' my detested name.
By th' ignominious noose is Leda dead
Who my imaginary guilt deplor'd;
And doom'd by the relentless Fates in vain
To tedious wanderings, my unhappy Lord
At length hath perish'd 'midst the billowy main:
The twin protectors of their native land,
Castor and Pollux, from all human eyes
Are vanish'd, they have left Eurotas' strand,
And fields, in playful strife where each young wrestler vies.

CHORUS.

II. 2.

My royal Mistress, your disastrous fate
With many a groan and fruitless tear I mourn.
I from that hour your sorrows date
When amorous Jove on snowy pinions borne,
In form a Swan, by Leda was carest.
Is there an evil you have not endur'd?
Your Mother is no more, thro' you unblest
Are Jove's twin Sons. Nor have your vows procur'd
Of your dear country the enchanting sight.
A rumour too thro' various realms hath spread,
Caught by the envious vulgar with delight,
Assigning you to the Barbarian's bed (7).
Amid the waves, far from the wish'd-for shore,
Your (8) Husband hath been buried in the main.
You shall behold your native walls no more
Nor under burnish'd roofs your wonted state maintain.

in his note, the substituting of δεῦρο for ἴδεσθαι; his version is accordingly igni hos ili procuratam; that of Melanchthon is seram igni Idæo. I rather understand by μελλουσαν in this place *futuram*, "which was ordained to "happen."

(7) Paris.

(8) Menelaus.

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HELEN.

III.

(9) What Phrygian artist on the top of Ide,
Or vagrant of a Grecian line,
Fell'd that inauspicious pine,
To frame the bark which Paris o'er the tide
Dar'd with Barbaric oars to guide,
When to my palace, in an evil hour

(9) "This artist's name, which Helen seems unacquainted with, was "Phereclus, of whom Homer, Il. L. 5, v. 59.

"Μηριονης δε Φερεκλον επαλτο τεκτονος υιον
"Αρμονιδαν, ος χερσιν επισταο δαιδαλα παντα
"Τευχεσ' εξοχα γαρ μιν εφιλατο Παλλας Αθηνη
"Ος και Αλεξανδρω πεφνεμεν πασι κακοισι
"Αρχιτεκτων αι πασι κακων Τρωεσσι γενεσθην.
"Next artful Phereclus untimely fell;
"Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell.
"Thy Father's skill, O Phereclus, was thine,
"The graceful fabric, and the fair design;
"For lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
"To him the ship-wright's and the builder's art.
"Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,
"The fatal cause of all his country's woes." POPE.

"and while some refer the expression ος in Homer, not to Phereclus, "but his Father, (the passage being considered as ambiguous, both by "Eustathius, and the anonymous Scholiast, vulgarly called Didymus, "in one of his remarks on the third book of the Iliad) by far the greater "part understand this of Phereclus: as Lycophron, speaking of the "ship which conveyed Paris from Troy to Sparta, makes use of the "term φερεκλειοι πωλοι v. 97; and Colluthus in his book on the Rape of "Helen, v. 193,

"Εσθε τανυπρημνοιο διϊζημενοι ὑλης
"Ηρτιον, αρχιτεκτονι περιφρονεοντι Φερεκλω
"Ος πολλα μιαιγονοισι χαριζομενος βασιλευσι,
"Νηας Αλεξανδρω δρυοτομω τεκτηνατο λαινας.

There stateliest oaks o'ershadowing all around,
Torn from the grove, fell thundering to the ground,
Such scheme accurst Phereclus could advise,
Author of mischief; from a Lord unwise,
From youthful Paris, favour to obtain,
Who hew'd the barks that plow'd the watery plain.

BARNES.

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Caught by beauty's magic power,
He came to seize me for his Bride?
But crafty Venus, authoress of these broils,
March'd thither, leagu'd with Death, t' annoy
Triumphant Greece and vanquish'd Troy,
(Wretch that I am, consum'd with endless toils!)
And Juno seated on her golden throne,
Consort of thundering Jove,
Sent Hermes from the realms above,
Who found me, when I carelessly had strewn
Leaves pluck'd from roses in my vest,
As Minerva's votary drest;
He bore me thro' the paths of air
To this loath'd, this dreary land,
Call'd Greece, and Priam's friends the strife to share,
And rous'd to bloody deeds each rival band:
Where Simois' current glides, my name
Hence is mark'd with groundless shame.

CHORUS.

Your woes I know are grievous: but to bear
With tranquil mind the necessary ills
Of life, is most expedient.

HELEN.

To what ills
Have I been subject, O my dear companions!
Did not my Mother, as a prodigy
Which wondering mortals gaze at, bring me forth?
For neither Grecian nor Barbaric dame
Till then produc'd an egg, in which her children
Envelop'd lay, as they report, from Jove
Leda engender'd. My whole life and all
That hath befallen me, but conspires to form
One series of miraculous events;
To Juno some, and to my beauty some,
Are owing. Would to Heaven, that, like a tablet
Whose picture is effac'd, I could exchange
This form for one less comely, since the Greeks

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Forgetting those abundant gifts shower'd down
By prosperous Fortune which I now possess,
Think but of what redounds not to my honour,
And still remember my ideal shame.
Whoever therefore, with one single species
Of misery is afflicted by the Gods,
Altho' the weight of Heaven's chastizing hand
Be grievous, may with fortitude endure
Such visitation: but by many woes
Am I oppress'd, and first of all expos'd
To slanderous tongues, altho' I ne'er have err'd.
It were a lesser evil e'en to sin
Then be suspected falsly.—Then the Gods,
'Midst men of barbarous manners, plac'd me far
From my lov'd country: torn from every friend,
I languish here, to servitude consign'd
Altho' of free born race: for 'midst Barbarians
All are enslav'd but one, their haughty Lord.
My fortunes had this single anchor left,
Perchance my Husband might at length arrive
To snatch me from my woes; but he, alas!
Is now no more, my Mother too is dead,
And I am deem'd her murdress, tho' unjustly,
Yet am I branded with this foul reproach;
And she who was the glory of our house,
My (10) Daughter in the virgin state grown grey,
Still droops unwedded: my illustrious Brothers
Castor and Pollux, call'd the Sons of Jove,
Are now no more. But I impute my death,
Crush'd as I am by all these various woes,
Not to my own misdeeds, but to the power
Of adverse fortune only: this one danger
There yet remains, if at my native land
I should again arrive, they will confine me
In a close dungeon, thinking me that Helen

(10) Hermione.

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Who dwelt in Ilion, till she thence was borne
By Menelaus. Were my Husband living,
We might have known each other, by producing
Those tokens to which none beside are privy:
But this will never be, nor can he e'er
Return in safety. To what purpose then
Do I still lengthen out this wretched being?
To what new fortunes am I still reserv'd?
Shall I select a Husband, but to vary
My present ills, to dwell beneath the roof
Of a Barbarian, at luxurious boards
With wealth abounding, seated? for the Dame
Whom wedlock couples with the man she hates,
Death is the best expedient. But with glory
How shall I die? the fatal noose appears
To be so base, that e'en in slaves 'tis held
Unseemly thus to perish; in the poniard,
There's somewhat great and generous. But to me
Delays are useless: welcome instant death:
Into such depth of misery am I plung'd.
For beauty renders other women blest,
But hath to me the source of ruin prov'd.

CHORUS.

O Helen, whosoe'er the stranger be
Who hither came, believe not that the whole
Of what he said, is truth.

HELEN.

But in plain terms
Hath he announc'd my dearest Husband's death.

CHORUS.

The false assertions which prevail, are many.

HELEN.

Clear is the language in which honest Truth
Loves to express herself.

CHORUS.

You are inclin'd
Rather to credit inauspicious tidings

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Than those which are more favourable.

HELEN.

By fears
Encompass'd, am I hurried to despair.

CHORUS.

What hospitable treatment have you found
Beneath these roofs?

HELEN.

All here, except the Man
Who seeks to wed me, are my friends.

CHORUS.

You know
How then to act: leave this sepulchral gloom.

HELEN.

What are the counsels, or the cheering words
You wish to introduce?

CHORUS.

Go in, and question
The Daughter of the Nereid, her who knows
All hidden truths, Theonoe, if your Lord
Yet live, or view the solar beams no more:
And when you have learnt this; as suit your fortunes,
Indulge your joys, or pour forth all your tears:
But ere you know aught fully, what avail
Your sorrows? therefore listen to my words;
Leaving this tomb, attend the Maid: from her
Shall you know all. But why should you look farther
When truth is in these mansions to be found?
With you the doors I'll enter; we together
The royal Virgin's oracles will hear.
For 'tis a Woman's duty to exert
Her utmost efforts in a Woman's cause.

HELEN.

My friends, your wholesome counsels I approve;
But enter ye these doors, that ye, within
The palace, my calamities may hear.

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CHORUS.

You summon her who your commands obeys
Without reluctance.

HELEN.

Woeful day! ah me,
What lamentable tidings shall I hear?

CHORUS.

Forbear these plaintive strains, my dearest Queen,
Nor with presaging soul anticipate
Evils to come.

HELEN.

What hath my wretched Lord
Endur'd? Doth he yet view the light, the Sun
Borne in his radiant chariot, and the paths
Of all the starry train? Or hath he shar'd
The common lot of mortals, is he plung'd
Among the dead, beneath th' insatiate grave?

CHORUS.

O construe what Time yet may bring to pass
In the most favourable terms.

HELEN.

On thee
I call to testify, and thee adjure,
Eurotas, on whose verdant margin grow
The waving reeds: O tell me, if my Lord
Be dead, as fame avers.

CHORUS.

Why do you utter
These incoherent ditties?

HELEN.

Round my neck
The deadly noose will I entwine, or drive
With my own hand a poniard thro' my breast:
For I was erst the cause of bloody strife;
But now am I a victim, to appease
The wrath of those three Goddesses who strove
On Ida's mount, when 'midst the stalls where fed

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His lowing herds, the Son of Priam wak'd
The sylvan reed, to celebrate my beauty.

CHORUS.

Cause these averted ills, ye Gods, to light
On other heads; but, O my royal Mistress,
May you be happy.

HELEN.

Thou, O wretched Troy,
To crimes which thou hast ne'er committed, ow'st
Thy ruin, and those horrible disasters
Thou hast endur'd. For, as my nuptial gifts,
Hath Venus caus'd an intermingled stream
Of blood and tears, to flow, she, griefs to griefs
And tears to tears hath added; all these sufferings
Have been the miserable Ilion's lot.
Of their brave Sons the Mothers were bereft,
The virgin Sisters of the mighty dead
Strew'd their shorn tresses on Scamander's banks,
While, by repeated shrieks, victorious Greece
Her woes expressing, smote her laurel'd head,
And with her nails deep furrowing tore her cheeks.
Happy Calisto, thou Arcadian nymph,
Who didst ascend the couch of Jove, transform'd
To a four-footed savage, far more blest
Art thou than she to whom I owe my birth:
For thou beneath the semblance of a Beast,
Thy tender limbs with shaggy hide o'erspread,
And glaring with stern visage, by that change
Didst end thy griefs. She too whom Dian drove
Indignant from her choir, that Hind whose horns
Were tipp'd with gold, the bright (11) Titanian maid,

(11) "Co, here pointed out, was daughter of Merops the Titan, and "from her the island Cos obtained its name, according to Suidas and "Stephanus Byzantinus: Hyginus mentions her in his second book. "Some, according to Brodæus, suspect a daughter of Merops and Cly-"mene to be here meant; others, a daughter of Pandareus. This fable "hath certainly been related by few writers: for the transformation of

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Daughter of Merops, to her beauty ow'd
That transformation: but my charms have ruin'd
Both Troy and the unhappy Grecian host.

Exeunt HELEN *and* CHORUS.

MENELAUS.

O Pelops, in the strife on Pisa's field,
Who didst outstrip the fiery steeds that whirl'd
The chariot of Oenomaus, would to Heaven
That when thy sever'd limbs before the Gods
Were at the banquet plac'd, thou then thy life
Amidst the blest immortal Powers hadst clos'd,
Ere thou my Father Atreus didst beget,
Whose issue by his consort Ærope
Were Agamemnon and myself, two Chiefs
Of high renown. No ostentatious words
Are these; but such a numerous host, I deem,
As that which we to Ilion's shore convey'd,
Ne'er stemm'd the tide before; these troops their King
Led not by force to combat, but bore rule
O'er Grecian youths his voluntary subjects,
And among these, some Heroes, now no more,
May we enumerate; others from the sea
Who 'scap'd with joy, and to their homes return'd,
E'en after fame had class'd them with the dead.
But I, most wretched, o'er the briny waves
Of ocean wander, since I have o'erthrown
The battlements of Troy, and tho' I wish
Again to reach my country; by the Gods
Am I esteem'd unworthy of such bliss.
E'en to the Libyan deserts have I sail'd,

" this Virgin is neither mentioned by Ovid nor Apollodorus; but Eusta-
" thius, p. 97, l. 40, and p. 318, l. 35, treats of the remaining part of the
" fable." BARNES.

Having since referred to Brodæus' note, I see he there says this Nymph was changed into a hind, because she had boasted that she was more beautiful than Diana.

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And travers'd each inhospitable scene
Of brutal outrage; still as I approach
My country, the tempestuous winds repel me,
Nor hath a prosperous breeze from heaven yet fill'd
My sails, to waft me to the Spartan coast:
And now a shipwreck'd miserable man,
Reft of my friends, I on these shores am cast,
My vessel hath been shiver'd 'gainst the rocks
Into a thousand fragments: on the keel,
The only part which yet remains entire
Of all that fabric, scarce could I and Helen,
Whom I from Troy have borne, escape with life
Thro' fortunes unforeseen: but of this land
And its inhabitants, the name I know not:
For with the crowd I blush'd to intermingle
(12) Lest they my squalid garments should observe,
Thro' shame my wants concealing. For the man
Of an exalted station, when assail'd
By adverse fortune, having never learn'd
How to endure calamity, is plung'd
Into a state far worse than he whose woes
Have been of antient date. But pinching need

(12) Many of the descriptions of Euripides have been censured as too minute: Aristophanes, in his Comedy of the Frogs, introduces Æschylus thus expostulating with Euripides for dressing up Kings in rags to excite pity, βασιλειοπλας ραικ' αμπισχων, ιν' ιλεινοι τοις ανθρωποις φαινωντ' ωσιν, and in another part of the same piece, calling him ραψωδιγραποπαδης, "a botcher "up of ragged men." The Scholiasts have pointed these strokes of ridicule at the two Tragedies of our Author, of which Oeneus king of Calydon, and Telephus king of Mysia, are the subjects; but the small remains of them transmitted to us are not sufficient to shew whether they merited such censure. But Menelaus, both in the soliloquy before us, and that in which follows his conversation with the Female Servant, not only (according to Horace's idea of a Hero exposed to indigence and in a foreign land) lays aside all big-sounding words, and expresses his griefs in a strain nearly allied to prose, but descants on his poverty, his rags, and his being exposed to the necessity of begging for food; and, in a later speech to Theonoe, discusses the point whether it be fit that a Hero should shed tears, in a manner which will be apt to recal the sneers of Aristophanes to the memory of a classical reader.

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Torments me: for I have not either food
Or raiment to protect my shivering frame,
Which may be guess'd from these vile rags I wear
Cast up from my wreck'd vessel: for the sea
Hath swallow'd up my robes, my tissued vests,
And every ensign of my former state.
Within the dark recesses of a cave
Having conceal'd my Wife, that guilty cause
Of all my woes, and my surviving friends
Enjoin'd to guard her, hither am I come.
Alone, in quest of necessary aid
For my brave comrades whom I there have left,
If by my search I haply can obtain it,
I roam: but when I view'd this house adorn'd
With gilded pinnacles, and gates that speak
The riches of their owner, I advanc'd:
For I have hopes that from this wealthy mansion
I, somewhat for my sailors, shall obtain.
But they who want the necessary comforts
Of life, altho' they are dispos'd to aid us,
Yet have not wherewithal. Ho! who comes forth
From yonder gate, my doleful tale to bear
Into the house?

FEMALE SERVANT, MENELAUS.

FEMALE SERVANT.

Who at the threshold stands?
Wilt thou not hence depart, lest thy appearance
Before these doors give umbrage to our lords?
Else shalt thou surely die, because thou cam'st
From Greece, whose sons shall never hence return.

MENELAUS.

Well hast thou spoken, O thou aged Dame.
Wilt thou permit me?— For to thy behests
Must I submit: but suffer me to speak.

FEMALE SERVANT.

Depart: for 'tis my duty to permit

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No Greek to enter this imperial dome.

MENELAUS.

Lift not thy hand against me, nor attempt
To drive me hence by force.

FEMALE SERVANT.

Thou wilt not yield
To my advice, thou therefore art to blame.

MENELAUS.

Carry my message to thy lords within.

FEMALE SERVANT.

I fear lest somewhat dreadful might ensue,
Should I repeat your words.

MENELAUS.

I hither come
A shipwreck'd man, a stranger, one of those
Whom all hold sacred.

FEMALE SERVANT.

To some other house,
Instead of this, repair.

MENELAUS.

I am determin'd
To enter: but comply with my request.

FEMALE SERVANT.

Be well assur'd thou art unwelcome here,
And shalt ere long by force be driven away.

MENELAUS.

Alas! alas! where are my valiant troops?

FEMALE SERVANT.

Elsewhere, perhaps, thou wert a mighty man;
But here art thou no longer such.

MENELAUS.

O Fortune,
How am I gall'd with undeserv'd reproach!

FEMALE SERVANT.

Why are those eye-lids moist with tears, why griev'st thou?

MENELAUS.

Because I once was happy.

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FEMALE SERVANT.

Then depart,
And mingle social tears with those thou lov'st.

MENELAUS.

But what domain is this, to whom belong
These royal mansions?

FEMALE SERVANT.

Proteus here resides;
This land is Egypt.

MENELAUS.

Egypt? wretched me!
Ah, whither have I sail'd!

FEMALE SERVANT.

But for what cause
Scorn'st thou the race of Nile?

MENELAUS.

I scorn them not:
My own disastrous fortunes I bewail.

FEMALE SERVANT.

Many are wretched, thou in this respect
Art nothing singular.

MENELAUS.

Is he, the King
Thou speak'st of, here within?

FEMALE SERVANT.

To him belongs
This tomb; his Son is ruler of this land.

MENELAUS.

But where is he; abroad, or in the palace?

FEMALE SERVANT.

He's not within: but to the Greeks he bears
The greatest enmity.

MENELAUS.

Whence rose this hate,
Productive of such bitter fruits to me?

FEMALE SERVANT.

Beneath these roofs Jove's Daughter Helen dwells.

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MENELAUS.

What mean'st thou? Ha! what words with wonder fraught
Are these which thou hast utter'd? O repeat them.

FEMALE SERVANT.

The child of Tyndarus, she who in the realm
Of Sparta erst abode.

MENELAUS.

Whence came she hither?
How can this be?

FEMALE SERVANT.

From Lacedæmon's realm.

MENELAUS.

When? Hath my Wife been torn from yonder cave?

FEMALE SERVANT.

Before the Greeks, O stranger, went to Troy.
Retreat then from these mansions, for within
Hath happen'd a calamitous event,
By which the palace is disturb'd. Thou com'st
Unseasonably, and if the King surprise thee,
Instead of hospitable treatment, death
Must be thy portion. To befriend the Greeks
Tho' well inclin'd, yet thee have I receiv'd
With these harsh words, because I fear the Monarch.
[*Exit* FEMALE SERVANT.

MENELAUS.

What shall I say? For I, alas, am told
Of present sorrows added to the past.
Come I not hither, after having borne
From vanquish'd Troy my Consort, whom I left
Within yon cave well guarded? Yet here dwells
Another Helen, whom that Woman call'd
Jove's Daughter. Lives there on the banks of Nile
A man who bears the sacred name of Jove?
For in the Heavens there's only one. What country,
But that where glides Eurotas' stream beset
With waving reeds, is Sparta? Tyndarus' name
Suits him alone. But is there any land
Synonimous with Lacedæmon's realm,

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And that of Troy? I know not how to solve
This doubt; for there are many, it appears,
In various regions of the world, who bear
Like appellations; city corresponds
With city; woman borrows that of woman:
Nor must we therefore wonder. Yet again
Here will I stay, tho' danger be announc'd
By yonder aged Servant at the door:
For there is no man so devoid of pity
As not to give me food, when he the name
Of Menelaus hears. That dreadful fire
By which the Phrygian bulwarks were consum'd,
Is memorable, and I who kindled it
Am known in every land. I'll therefore wait
Until the master of this house return.
But I have two expedients, and will practise
That which my safety shall require; of soul
Obdurate, if he prove, in my wreck'd bark
Can I conceal myself, but if the semblance
Which he puts on, be mild, I for relief
From these my present miseries, will apply.
But this of all the woes that I endure
Is the most grievous, that from other Kings
I, tho' a King myself, should be reduc'd
To beg my food: but thus hath Fate ordain'd.
Nor is it my assertion, but a maxim (13)
Among the wise establish'd, that there's nought
More powerful than the dread behests of Fate.

HELEN, CHORUS, MENELAUS.

CHORUS.

I heard what yon prophetic maid foretold,
Who in the palace did unfold

(13) "In the Proverbs of Zenobius we meet with δεινης αναγκης ουδεν "ισχυρότερον: a versum necessitatem ne dii quidem resistunt, is one of "Erasmus's adages; and ισχυρότερον αναγκη has been transmitted down "to us as an apophthegm of Thales." BRODÆUS.

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The oracles; that to the shades profound
Of Erebus, beneath the ground
Interr'd, not yet hath Menelaus ta'en
His passage: on the stormy main
Still toss'd, he cannot yet approach the strand,
The Haven of the Spartan land:
The Chief, who now his vagrant life bewails,
Without a friend, unfurls his sails,
From Ilion's realm to every distant shore
Borne o'er the deep with luckless oar.

HELEN.

I to this hallow'd tomb again repair,
Now I have heard the grateful tidings utter'd
By sage Theonoe, who distinctly knows
All that hath happen'd? for she says my Lord
Is living, and yet views the solar beams:
But after passing o'er unnumber'd straits
Of ocean, to a vagrant's wretched life
Full long inur'd, on these Ægyptian coasts,
When he his toils hath finish'd, shall arrive.
Yet there is one thing more, which she hath left
Unmention'd, whether he shall come with safety.
This question I neglected to propose,
O'erjoy'd when she inform'd me he yet lives;
She also adds, that he is near the land,
From his wreck'd ship, with his few friends, cast forth,
O may'st thou come at length; for ever dear
To me wilt thou arrive. Ha! who is that?
Am not I caught, thro' some deceitful scheme
Of Proteus' impious Son, in hidden snares?
Like a swift courser, or the madding Priestess
Of Bacchus, shall I not with hasty step
Enter the tomb, because his looks are fierce
Who rushes on, and strives to overtake me?

MENELAUS.

On thee I call, who to the yawning trench
Around that tomb, and blazing altars, hiest

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Precipitate: stay: wherefore dost thou fly?
With what amazement doth thy presence strike
And almost leave me speechless!

HELEN.

O my friends,
I suffer violence; for from the tomb
I by this Man am dragg'd, who to the King
Will give me, from whose nuptial couch I fled.

MENELAUS.

We are no pirates, nor the ministers
Of lustful villany.

HELEN.

Yet is the vest
You wear unseemly.

MENELAUS.

Stay thy rapid flight,
Dismiss thy fears.

HELEN.

I stop, now I have reach'd
This hallow'd spot.

MENELAUS.

Say, Woman, who thou art;
What face do I behold?

HELEN.

But who are you?
For I by the same reasons am induc'd
To ask this question.

MENELAUS.

Never did I see
A greater likeness.

HELEN.

O ye righteous Gods!
For 'tis a privilege the Gods alone
Confer, to recognise our long lost friends.

MENELAUS.

Art thou a Grecian or a foreign Dame?

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HELEN.

Of Greece: but earnestly I wish to know
Whence you derive your origin.

MENELAUS.

In thee
A wonderful resemblance I discern
Of Helen.

HELEN.

Menelaus' very features
These eyes in you behold, still at a loss
Am I for words t' express my thoughts.

MENELAUS.

Full clearly
Hast thou discover'd a most wretched man.

HELEN.

O to thy Consort's arms at length restor'd!

MENELAUS.

To what a Consort? O forbear to touch
My garment!

HELEN.

E'en the same, whom to your arms,
A noble Bride, my Father Tyndarus gave.

MENELAUS.

Send forth, O Hecate, thou orb of light,
Some more benignant spectre.

HELEN.

You in me
Behold not one of those who minister
At Hecate's abhorr'd nocturnal rites.

MENELAUS.

Nor am I sure the Husband of two Wives.

HELEN.

Say, to whom else in wedlock are you join'd?

MENELAUS.

To her who lies conceal'd in yonder cave,
The prize I hither bring from vanquish'd Troy.

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HELEN.

You have no Wife but me.

MENELAUS.

If I retain
My reason yet, these eyes are sure deceiv'd.

HELEN.

Seem you not then, while me you thus behold,
To view your real Consort?

MENELAUS.

Tho' your person
Resemble hers, no positive decision
Can I presume to form.

HELEN.

Observe me well,
And mark wherein we differ. Who can judge
With greater certainty than you?

MENELAUS.

Thou bear'st
Her semblance, I confess.

HELEN.

Who can inform you
Better than your own eyes?

MENELAUS.

What makes me doubt
Is this; because I have another Wife.

HELEN.

To the domains of Troy I never went:
It was my image only.

MENELAUS.

Who can fashion
Such bodies, with the power of sight endued?

HELEN.

Compos'd of ether, you a Consort have,
Heaven's workmanship.

MENELAUS.

Wrought by what plastic God?

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For the events thou speak'st of are most wondrous.

HELEN.

Lest Paris should obtain me, this exchange
Was made by Juno.

MENELAUS.

How could'st thou be here,
At the same time, and in the Phrygian realm?

HELEN.

The name, but not the body, can be present
At once in many places.

MENELAUS.

O release me;
For I came hither in an evil hour.

HELEN.

Will you then leave me here, and bear away
That shadow of a Wife?

MENELAUS.

Yet O farewell,
Because thou art like Helen.

HELEN.

I'm undone!
For tho' my Husband I again have found,
Yet shall not I possess him.

MENELAUS.

My conviction,
From all those grievous toils I have endur'd
At Ilion, I derive, and not from thee.

HELEN.

Ah, who is there more miserable than I am?
My dearest friends desert me: I, to Greece,
To my dear native land, shall ne'er return.

MESSENGER, MENELAUS, HELEN, CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

After a tedious search, O Menelaus,
At length have I with difficulty found you;
But not till over all the wide extent

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Of this Barbaric region I had wander'd;
Sent by the comrades whom you left behind.

MENELAUS.

Have ye been plunder'd then by the Barbarians?

MESSENGER.

A most miraculous event hath happen'd,
Yet less astonishing by far in name
Than in reality.

MENELAUS.

Speak, for thou bring'st
Important tidings by this breathless haste.

MESSENGER.

My words are these; in vain have you endur'd
Unnumber'd toils.

MENELAUS.

Those thou bewail'st are ills
Of antient date. But what hast thou to tell me?

MESSENGER.

Borne to the skies your Consort from our sight
Hath vanish'd, in the Heavens is she conceal'd,
Leaving the cave in which we guarded her,
When she these words had utter'd; " O ye sons
" Of hapless Phrygia, and of Greece: for me
" Beside Scamander's conscious stream ye died,
" Thro' Juno's arts, because ye falsly deem'd
" Helen by Phrygian Paris was possest:
" But after having here remain'd on earth
" My stated time, observing the decrees
" Of Fate, I to my Sire the liquid Ether
" Return: but Tyndarus' miserable Daughter
" Tho' guiltless hath unjustly been accus'd."
Daughter of Leda hail! wert thou then here?
While I as if thou to the starry paths
Hadst mounted, thro' my ignorance proclaim'd
Thou from this world on rapid wings wert borne.
But I no longer will allow thee thus
To sport with the afflictions of thy friends;

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For in thy cause thy Lord and his brave troops
On Ilion's coast already have endur'd
Abundant toils.

MENELAUS.

These are the very words
She utter'd; and by what ye both aver
The truth is ascertain'd. O happy day
Which gives thee to my arms!

HELEN.

My dearest Lord,
O Menelaus, it is long indeed
Since I have seen you: but joy comes at last.
My friends, transported I receive my Lord
Whom I once more with these fond arms infold,
After the radiant chariot of the Sun
Hath oft the world illumin'd.

MENELAUS.

I embrace
Thee too: but having now so much to say,
I know not with what subject to begin.

HELEN.

Joy raises my exulting crest, these tears
Are tears of extasy, around your neck
My arms I fling with transport, O my Husband,
O sight most wish'd for!

MENELAUS.

I acquit the Fates,
Since Jove's and Leda's Daughter I possess,
On whom her Brothers borne on milk-white steeds
Erst shower'd abundant blessings, when the torch
Was kindled at our jocund nuptial rite;
Tho' from my palace her the Gods convey'd.
But evil now converted into good
To me thy Husband hath at length restor'd
My long-lost Consort: grant, O bounteous Heaven,
That I these gifts of Fortune may enjoy.

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HELEN.

May you enjoy them, for my vows concur
With yours; nor, of us two, can one be wretched
Without the other. O my friends, I groan
No longer, I no longer shed the tear
For my past woes: my Husband I possess
Whom I from Troy expected to return
Full many, many years.

MENELAUS.

I still am thine,
And thee with these fond arms again infold.
But oft the chariot of the Sun revolv'd
Thro' his diurnal orbit, ere the frauds
Of Juno I discern'd. Yet more from joy
Than from affliction rise the tears I shed.

HELEN.

What shall I say? what mortal could presume
E'er to have hop'd for such a blest event?
An unexpected visitant once more
I clasp you to my bosom.

MENELAUS.

And I thee
Who didst appear to sail for Ida's town,
And Ilion's wretched turrets. By the Gods,
Inform me, I conjure thee, by what means
Thou from my palace hither wert convey'd.

HELEN.

Alas! you to the source of all my woes
Ascend, and search into most bitter tidings.

MENELAUS.

Speak: for whate'er hath been ordain'd by Heaven
Ought to be publish'd.

HELEN.

I abhor the topic
On which I now am entering.

MENELAUS.

Yet relate

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All that thou know'st; for pleasing 'tis to hear
Of labours that are past.

HELEN.

I never went
To that Barbarian youth's adulterous couch
By the swift oar impell'd; but winged Love
Those hapless spousals form'd.

MENELAUS.

What God, what Fate
Hath torn thee from thy country?

HELEN.

O my Lord,
(14) The Son of Jove hath plac'd me on the banks
Of Nile.

MENELAUS.

With what amazement do I hear
This wonderous tale of thy celestial guide!

HELEN.

Oft have I wept, and still the tear bedews
These eyes: to Juno, Wife of Jove, I owe
My ruin.

MENELAUS.

Wherefore wish'd she to have heap'd
Mischiefs on thee?

HELEN.

Ye sources of whate'er
To me hath been most dreadful, O ye baths,
And fountains, where those Goddesses adorn'd
Their rival beauties, from whose influence rose
That judgement!

MENELAUS.

Were those curses on thy head
By Juno shower'd, that judgement to requite?

HELEN.

To rescue me from Venus.

(14) Mercury.

MENELAUS.

What thou mean'st
Inform me.

HELEN.

Who to Paris had engag'd —

MENELAUS.

O wretched woman!

HELEN.

Wretched, wretched me!
Thus did she waft me to th' Egyptian coast.

MENELAUS.

Then in thy stead to him that image gave,
As thou inform'st me.

HELEN.

But alas, what woes
Thence visited our wretched house! ah Mother!
Ah me!

MENELAUS.

What say'st thou?

HELEN.

Leda is no more.
Around her neck she fix'd the deadly noose,
On my account, thro' my unhappy nuptials
O'erwhelm'd with foul disgrace.

MENELAUS.

Alas! — but lives
Hermione our Daughter?

HELEN.

Yet unwedded,
Yet childless, O my Husband, she bewails
My miserable 'spousals, my disgrace.

MENELAUS.

O Paris, who hast utterly o'erthrown
All my devoted house, these curst events,
Both thee (15), and Myriads of the Grecian troops

(15) That Paris was no longer living, is evident, not only from this passage, but the whole context of this Tragedy, the chronological date

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With brazen arms refulgent, have destroy'd.

HELEN.

But from my country in an evil hour,
From my lov'd native city, and from you,
Me hath the Goddess driven, a wretch accurs'd
In that I left our home, and bridal bed,
Which yet I left not, for those base espousals.

CHORUS.

If ye hereafter meet with happier fortune,
This may atone for all ye have endur'd
Already.

MESSENGER.

To me too, O Menelaus,
Communicate a portion of that joy
Which I perceive, but know not whence it springs.

MENELAUS.

Thou too, old Man, shalt in our conference share.

MESSENGER.

Was not she then the cause of all the woes
Endur'd at Troy?

MENELAUS.

Not she: we were deceiv'd
By those immortal Powers, whose plastic hand
Moulded a cloud into that baleful image.

date of which (See v. 782 in Barnes's edition) cannot be less than seven years subsequent to the Trojan Captives, where the death of Paris, and Helen's being afterwards married to Deiphobus, are particularly mentioned: I mean the *counterfeit* Helen, the image formed of unsubstantial air, for we find the *real* Helen was all the time in Pharos, at the palace of Proteus, and his Son Theoclymenus, Kings of Egypt. But a singular mistake, which must, no doubt, have been originally owing either to the impertinence of some ignorant Transcriber, or a mere error of the press, occurs in a great part of the editions and Latin translations of this piece, where in the list of "Persons of the Drama," the name of Paris is immediately subjoined to that of Helen. Barnes and Carmelli have corrected this most palpable blunder: but the reader who consults Dr. Musgrave's edition, will there find Paris inserted both in the Greek and Latin, as an actor in this piece.

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MESSENGER.

What words are these you utter? have we toil'd
In vain, and only for an empty cloud?

MENELAUS.

These deeds were wrought by Juno, and the strife
'Twixt the three Goddesses.

MESSENGER.

But is this woman
Indeed your Wife?

MENELAUS

E'en she: and thou for this
On my assertion safely may'st depend.

MESSENGER.

My Daughter, O how variable is Jove,
And how inscrutable! for he with ease
Whirls us around, now here, now there; one suffers
Full many toils; another, who ne'er knew
What sorrow was, is swallow'd up at once
In swift perdition, nor in Fortune's gifts
A firm and lasting tenure doth enjoy.
Thou and thy Husband have endur'd a war,
Of slander thou, but he of pointed spears:
For by the tedious labours he endur'd
He nothing could obtain, but now obtains
The greatest and the happiest of all boons,
Which comes to him unsought. Thou hast not sham'd
Thy aged Father, and the Sons of Jove,
Nor acted as malignant rumour speaks.
—I now renew thy hymeneal rite,
And still am mindful of the torch I bore,
Running before the steeds, when in a car
Thou with this favour'd Bridegroom wert convey'd
From thy paternal mansion's happy gates.
For worthless is that Servant who neglects
His Masters' interests, nor partakes their joys,
Nor feels for their afflictions. I was born

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Indeed a Slave, yet I with generous Slaves
Would still be number'd, for altho' the name
I bear is abject, yet my soul is free.
Far better this, than if I had at once
Suffer'd two evils, a corrupted heart,
And vile subjection to another's will.

MENELAUS.

Courage, old Man: for thou hast borne my shield,
And in my cause endur'd unnumber'd toils,
Sharing my dangers: now partake my joys;
Go tell the friends I left, what thou hast seen,
And our auspicious fortunes: on the shore
Bid them remain, till our expected conflict
Is finish'd; and observe how we may sail
From this loath'd coast; that, with our better fortune
Conspiring, we if possible may 'scape
From these Barbarians.

MESSENGER.

Your commands, O King,
Shall be obey'd. But I perceive how vain
And how replete with falshood is the voice
Of Prophets: no dependance can be plac'd
Upon the flames that from the altar rise,
Or on the voices of the feather'd choir.
It is the height of folly to suppose
That birds are able to instruct mankind.
For Calchas, to the host, not by his words
Nor signs, declar'd, "I for a Cloud behold
"My friends in battle slain." The Seer was mute,
And Troy in vain was taken. But perhaps
You will rejoin, "'twas not the will of Heaven
"That he should speak." Why then do we consult
These Prophets? We by sacrifice should ask
For blessings from the Gods, and lay aside
All auguries. This vain delusive bait
Was but invented to beguile mankind.

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No sluggard e'er grew rich by Divination,
The best of Seers are Prudence and Discernment.

[*Exit* MESSENGER.

CHORUS.

My sentiments on Prophets well accord
With those of this old man. He whom the Gods
Th' immortal Gods befriend, in his own house
Hath a response that never can mislead.

HELEN.

So be it. All thus far is well. But how
You came with safety, O unhappy Man,
From Troy, 'twill nought avail for me to know;
Yet with the sorrows of their friends, have friends
A wish to be acquainted.

MENELAUS.

Thou hast ask'd
A multitude of questions in one short
And blended sentence. Why should I recount
To thee our sufferings on the Ægean deep,
Those treacherous beacons, by the vengeful hand
Of Nauplius kindled on Eubœa's rocks,
The towns of Crete, or in the Libyan realm,
Which I have visited, and the fam'd heights
Of (16) Perseus? never could my words assuage
Thy curiosity, and, by repeating
My woes to thee, I should but grieve the more,
And yet a second time those sufferings feel.

(16) Barnes is of opinion that the western regions of Africa, where Perseus overcame the Gorgons, and slew their Queen Medusa, (as mentioned in Diodorus Siculus, Ovid's Metamorphoses, and the Dionysiacs of Nonnus) are here meant; but the passage in Herodotus, L. ii, 15, referred to by Dr. Musgrave, mentions Περσεος σημα, as situated in the Ægyptian Delta; as does Strabo; and after him Cellarius, and the later geographical writers: but Menelaus, who appears never to have been in Ægypt before, is represented as having just landed on the adjacent isle of Pharos, the residence of its Kings, after having been driven to other parts of Africa, and is therefore more likely to be here speaking of those hills where Perseus discomfited the Gorgons.

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HELEN.

You in your answer have been more discreet
Than I who such a question did propose.
But pass o'er all beside, and only tell me
How long you wander'd o'er the briny main.

MENELAUS.

Year after year, besides the ten at Troy,
Seven tedious revolutions of the Sun.

HELEN.

The time you speak of, O unhappy Man,
Is long indeed: but from those dangers sav'd
You hither come to bleed.

MENELAUS.

What words are these?
What dost thou mean? O, how hast thou undone me!

HELEN.

Fly from these regions with your utmost speed;
Or he to whom this house belongs will slay you.

MENELAUS.

What have I done that merits such a fate?

HELEN.

You hither come an unexpected guest,
And are a hindrance to my bridal rite.

MENELAUS.

Is there a man then who presumes to wed
My Consort?

HELEN.

And with arrogance to treat me,
Which I, alas, have hitherto endur'd.

MENELAUS.

Of private rank, in his own strength alone
Doth he confide, or rules he o'er the land?

HELEN.

Lord of this region; royal Proteus' Son.

MENELAUS.

This is the very riddle which I heard
From yonder female Servant.

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HELEN.

At which gate
Of this Barbarian palace did you stand?

MENELAUS.

Here, whence I like a Beggar was repell'd.

HELEN.

What, did you beg for food? ah wretched me!

MENELAUS.

The fact was thus: tho' I that abject name
Assum'd not.

HELEN.

You then know, it seems, the whole
About my nuptials.

MENELAUS.

This I know: but whether
Thou hast escap'd th' embraces of the King
I still am uninform'd.

HELEN.

That I have kept
Your bed still spotless, may you rest assur'd.

MENELAUS.

How canst thou prove the fact? if thou speak truth
To me, it will give pleasure.

HELEN.

Do you see,
Close to the tomb, my miserable seat?

MENELAUS.

I on the ground behold a couch: but what
Hast thou to do with that, O wretched woman?

HELEN.

Here I a suppliant bow'd, that I might 'scape
From those espousals.

MENELAUS.

Could'st thou find no altar,
Or dost thou follow the Barbarian mode?

HELEN.

Equally with the temples of the Gods

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Will this protect me.

MENELAUS.

Is not then my bark
Allow'd to waft thee to the Spartan shore?

HELEN.

Rather the sword than Helen's bridal bed
Awaits you.

MENELAUS.

Thus should I of all mankind
Be the most wretched.

HELEN.

Let not shame prevent
Your scaping from this land.

MENELAUS.

And leaving thee,
For whom I laid the walls of Ilion waste?

HELEN.

'Twere better than to perish in the cause
Of me your Consort.

MENELAUS.

Such unmanly deeds
As these thou speak'st of would disgrace the Chief
Who conquer'd Troy.

HELEN.

You cannot slay the King,
Which is perhaps the project you have form'd.

MENELAUS.

Hath he then such a body as no steel
Can penetrate?

HELEN.

My reasons you shall know.
But it becomes not a wise man t' attempt
What cannot be perform'd.

MENELAUS.

Shall I submit
My hands in silence to the galling chain?

HELEN.

You know not how to act in these dire straits

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To which we are reduc'd: but of some plot
Must we avail ourselves.

MENELAUS.

'Twere best to die
In some brave action than without a conflict.

HELEN.

One only hope of safety yet remains.

MENELAUS.

By gold can it be purchas'd, or depends it
On dauntless courage, or persuasive words?

HELEN.

Of your arrival if the Monarch hear not.

MENELAUS.

Who can inform him? he will never sure
Know who I am.

HELEN.

He hath a sure associate,
Within his palace, equal to the Gods.

MENELAUS.

Some voice which from its inmost chambers sounds?

HELEN.

No: 'tis his Sister, her they call Theonoe.

MENELAUS.

She bears indeed a most prophetic name;
But say, what mighty deeds can she perform?

HELEN.

All things she knows, and will inform her Brother
That you are here.

MENELAUS.

We both, alas, must die,
Nor can I possibly conceal myself.

HELEN.

Could our united supplications move her?

MENELAUS.

To do what action? into what vain hope
Would'st thou mislead me?

HELEN.

Not to tell her Brother

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That you are in the land.

MENELAUS.

If we prevail
Thus far, can we escape from these domains?

HELEN.

With ease, if she concur in our design,
But not without her knowledge.

MENELAUS.

This depends
On thee: for woman best prevails with woman.

HELEN.

Around her knees these suppliant hands I'll twine.

MENELAUS.

Go then: but what if she reject our prayer?

HELEN.

You certainly must die; and I by force
Shall to the King be wedded.

MENELAUS.

Thou betray'st me;
That force thou talk'st of is but mere pretence.

HELEN.

But by your (17) head that sacred oath I swear.

MENELAUS.

What say'st thou, wilt thou die, and never change
Thy Husband?

(17) Tyndarus, in the Orestes of our Author, v. 485, reproaches his son in law Menelaus with having dwelt so long among Barbarians as to adopt their manners; and I am induced to think that Euripides here means to convey the same idea of Helen; to the "swearing by the *Head* "*of Another*," with which Juvenal charges the degenerate Greeks of his days, and no doubt, by implication, his own countrymen, evidently took its origin from the adulation of Slaves to their Tyrants, though sometimes made use of with regard to those who were peculiarly dear to them. Athenæus mentions the usage of swearing by the Head *on account of its being sacred*, but furnishes no quotation apposite to the present subject. If we descend to the Latin writers, Virgil represents Æneas as wont to swear by the head of his son Ascanius: but the most

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HELEN.

By the self-same sword: my corse
Shall lie beside you.

MENELAUS.

To confirm the words
Which thou hast spoken, take my hand.

HELEN.

I take
Your hand, and swear that after you are dead
I will not live.

MENELAUS.

And I will put an end
To my existence, if depriv'd of thee.

HELEN.

But how shall we die so as to procure
Immortal glory?

MENELAUS.

Soon as on the tomb
Thee I have slain, myself will I destroy.
But first a mighty conflict shall decide
Our claims who to thy bridal bed aspire.
Let him who dares, draw near: for the renown
I won at Troy, I never will bely,
Nor, yet returning to the Grecian shore
Suffer unnumber'd taunts for having reft
Thetis of her Achilles, and beheld
Ajax the Telamonian hero slain,

extravagant flattery was then frequent; the Romans swore by the Head of their Emperor; and the two lines which Ovid, in one of his Elegies from Pontus, puts into the mouth of Cupid,

Per mea tela faces, & per mea tela sagittas,
Per matrem juro, Cæsareumque caput.

By every torch, by every shaft I bear,
My Mother too, and Cæsar's head, I swear.

are by no means laid before the reader as a specimen of peculiar servility in that exiled Bard, but as the usual language of the Poets whom Augustus patronized.

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(18) With Neleus' Grandson, tho' I dare not bleed
To save my Consort. Yet on thy behalf
Without regret, will I surrender up
This fleeting life: for if the Gods are wise
They lightly scatter dust upon the tomb
Of the brave man who by his foes is slain;
But pile whole mountains on the coward's breast.

CHORUS.

O may the race of Tantalus, ye Gods,
At length be prosperous, may their sorrows cease!

HELEN.

Wretch that I am! for such is my hard fate:
O Menelaus, we are lost for ever.
The Prophetess Theonoe, from the palace
Comes forth: I hear the sounding gates unbarr'd.
Fly from this spot. But whither can you fly?
For your arrival here, full well she knows,
Absent, or present. How, O wretched me,
Am I undone! in safety you return
From Troy, from a Barbarian land, to rush
Again upon the swords of fresh Barbarians.

THEONOE, MENELAUS, HELEN, CHORUS.

THEONOE, *to one of her Attendants.*

Lead thou the way, sustaining in thy hand
The kindled torch, and fan the ambient air,
Observing every due and solemn rite,
That we may breathe the purest gales of Heaven.
Meanwhile do thou, if any impious foot
Have mark'd the path, with lustral flames efface

(18) Antilochus the son of Nestor, who, according to Homer in his Odyssey, was slain by Memnon: in the text it stands Θοωκος τι παιδα; but Brodæus in the stead of Θοωκος proposes to read Νεστορος; and Dr. Musgrave Νηλεως, as a smaller variation from the manuscripts. Some alteration is evidently requisite, because Acamas and Demophoon, the two sons of Theseus, both returned safe from Troy, as, Brodæus observes, Euripides himself has mentioned in his Tragedies of Hecuba, and the Children of Hercules.

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The taint, and wave the pitchy brand around,
That I may pass; and when we have perform'd
Our duteous homage to th' immortal Powers,
Into the palace let the flame be borne,
Restore it to the Lares. What opinion
Have you, O Helen, of th' events foretold
By my prophetic voice? Your Husband comes
Your Menelaus in this land appears,
Reft of his ships, and of your image reft.
'Scap'd from what dangers, O unhappy man,
Art thou arriv'd, altho' thou know'st not yet
Whether thou e'er shalt to thy home return,
Or here remain. For there is strife in Heaven;
And Jove on thy account this day will hold
A council; Juno, who was erst thy foe,
Now grown benignant, with thy Consort safe
To Sparta would convey thee, that all Greece
May understand that the fictitious nuptials
Of Paris, were the baleful gift of Venus.
But Venus wants to frustrate thy return,
Lest she should be convicted, or appear
At least the palm of beauty to have purchas'd
By vending Helen for a Wife to Paris.
But this important question to decide,
On me depends; I either can destroy thee,
Which is the wish of Venus, by informing
My Brother thou art here; or save thy life
By taking Juno's side, and thy arrival
Concealing from my Brother, who enjoin'd me
To inform him whensoe'er thou on these shores
Should'st land. Who bears the tidings to my Brother,
That Menelaus' self is here, to save me
From his resentment?

HELEN.

At thy knees I fall,
O Virgin, as a suppliant, and here take
My miserable seat, both for myself,

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And him whom, scarce restor'd to me, I see
Now on the verge of death. Forbear t' inform
Thy Brother, that to these fond arms my Lord
Again is come. O save him, I implore thee;
Nor gratify thy Brother, by betraying
The feelings of humanity, to purchase
A wicked and unjust applause: for Jove
Detests all violence, he bids us use
What we possess, but not encrease our stores
By rapine. It is better to be poor,
Than gain unrighteous wealth. For all mankind
Enjoy these common blessings Air and Earth;
Nor ought we our own house with gold to fill,
By keeping fraudfully another's right,
Or seizing it by violence. For Hermes,
Commission'd by the blest immortal Powers,
Hath, at my cost, consign'd me to thy Sire,
To keep me for this Husband, who is here
And claims me back again: but by what means
Can he receive me after he is dead?
Or how can the Ægyptian King restore me
A living Consort to my breathless Lord?
Consider therefore, both the will of Heaven
And that of thy great Father. Would the God,
Would the deceas'd, surrender up or keep,
Another's right? I deem they would restore it.
Hence to thy foolish Brother should'st not thou
Pay more respect than to thy virtuous Sire.
And sure if thou, a Prophetess, who utter'st
Th' oracular responses of the Gods,
Break'st thro' thy Father's justice, to comply
With an unrighteous Brother: it were base
In thee to understand each mystic truth
Reveal'd by the immortal Powers, the things
That are, and those that are not; yet o'erlook
The rules of justice. But O stoop to save
Me, miserable me, from all those ills

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In which I am involv'd; this great exertion
Of thy benignant aid, my fortunes claim.
For there is no man who abhors not Helen;
'Tis rumour'd thro' all Greece that I betray'd
My Husband, and abode beneath the roofs
Of wealthy Phrygia. But to Greece once more
Should I return, and to the Spartan realm;
When they are told, and see, how to the arts
Of these contending Goddesses they owe
Their ruin; but that I have to my friends
Been ever true, they to the rank I held
'Midst chaste and virtuous matrons, will restore me:
My Daughter too, whom no man dares to wed,
From me her bridal portion shall receive;
And I, no longer doom'd to lead the life
Of an unhappy vagrant, shall enjoy
The treasures that our palaces contain.
Had Menelaus died, and been consum'd
In the funereal pyre, I should have wept
For him far distant in a foreign realm;
But now shall I for ever be bereft
Of him who lives, and seem'd to have escap'd
From every danger. Virgin, act not thus;
To thee I kneel a suppliant; O confer
On me this boon, and emulate the justice
Of your great Sire. For fair renown attends
The children, from a virtuous father sprung,
Who equal their hereditary worth.

THEONOE.

Most piteous are the words which you have spoken;
You also claim my pity: but I wish
To hear what Menelaus yet can plead
To save his life.

MENELAUS.

I cannot at your knees
Fall prostrate, or with tears these eye-lids stain:
For I should cover all the great exploits

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Which I atchiev'd at Ilion with disgrace,
If I became a dastard; tho' some hold
'Tis not unworthy of the brave to weep
When wretched. But this honourable part
(If such a part can e'er be honourable)
I will not act, because the prosperous fortunes
Which erst were mine, are present to my soul.
If then you haply are dispos'd to save
A foreigner who justly claims his Wife,
Restore her, and protect us: if you spurn
Our suit, I am not now for the first time,
But have been often wretched, and your name
Shall be recorded as an impious woman.
These thoughts, which I hold worthy of myself,
And just, and such as greatly must affect
Your inmost heart, I at your Father's tomb
With energy will utter. — Good Old man,
Beneath this marble sepulchre who dwell'st,
To thee I sue, restore my Wife, whom Jove
Sent hither to thy realm, that thou for me
Might'st guard her. Thou, I know, since thou art dead,
Canst ne'er have power to give her back again:
But she, this holy Priestess, will not suffer
Reproach to fall on her illustrious Sire,
Whom I invoke amid the shades beneath:
For this depends on her. Thee too I call,
O Pluto, to my aid, who hast receiv'd
Full many a corse, which fell in Helen's cause
Beneath my sword, and still retain'st the prize:
Either restore them now to life, or force
Her who seems mightier than her pious Father,
To give me back my Wife. But of my Consort
If ye resolve to rob me, I will urge
Those arguments which Helen hath omitted.
Know then, O Virgin, first I by an oath
Have bound myself, your Brother to encounter,
And he, or I, must perish; the plain truth

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Is this. But foot to foot in equal combat,
If he refuse to meet me, and attempt
To drive us suppliants from the tomb by famine,
My Consort will I slay, and with the sword
Here on this sepulchre my bosom pierce,
That the warm current of our blood may stream
Into the grave. Thus shall our corses lie
Close to each other on this polish'd marble:
To you eternal sorrow shall they cause,
And foul reproach to your great Father's name.
For neither shall your Brother wed my Helen,
Nor any man beside: for I with me
Will bear her; if I cannot bear her home,
Yet will I bear her to the shades beneath.
But why complain? If I shed tears, and act
The woman's part, I rather shall become
An object of compassion, than deserve
To be esteem'd a warrior. If you list,
Slay me, for I can never fall inglorious.
But rather yield due credence to my words,
So will you act with justice, and my Wife
Shall I recover.

CHORUS.

To decide the cause
On which we speak, belongs to thee, O Virgin;
But so decide as to please all.

THEONOE.

By nature
And inclination am I form'd to act
With piety, myself too I revere:
Nor will I e'er pollute my Sire's renown,
Or gratify my Brother by such means
As might make me seem base. For from my birth,
Hath justice in this bosom fix'd her shrine:
(19) And since from Nereus I inherited

(19) "Nereus, the Grand-father of Theonoe, a Sea God, was, accord-
"ing to Hesiod, a Prophet of unimpeached veracity;

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This temper, Menelaus will I strive
To save. But now since Juno is dispos'd
To be your friend, with her will I accord:
May Venus be propitious, tho' her rites
I never have partaken, and will strive
For ever to remain a spotless Maid.
But I concur with thee, O Menelaus,
In all thou to my Father at his tomb
Hast said; for with injustice should I act
If I restor'd not Helen: had he liv'd,
My Sire on thee again would have bestow'd
Thy Consort, and her former Lord on Helen.
For vengeance, in the shades of Hell beneath,
And among all that breathe the vital air,
Attends on those who break their plighted trust.
The soul (20) of the deceas'd, altho' it live
Indeed no longer, yet doth still retain
A consciousness which lasts for ever, lodg'd
In the eternal scene of its abode,
The liquid Ether. To express myself

" Νηρεα τ' αψευδεα και αληθεα γειναθο πουτος,
" Πρεσβυταθον παιδων· αυταρ καλεουσι γεροντα,
" Ουνεκα νημερτης τε και ηπιος· ουδε Θεμιστων
" Ληθεται, αλλα δικαια και ηπια φρεσι ειδως. THEOG. v. 233.

" Old Nereus to the Sea was born of Earth,
" Nereus who claims the precedence in birth
" To their descendants; him Old God they call,
" Because sincere and affable to all;
" In judgement moderation he preserves,
" And never from the paths of Justice swerves. COOKE.

" and Horace, in the fifteenth Ode of the first Book, gives us his fa-
" mous prophecy in regard to the war of Troy." BARNES.

(20) " From this passage may be discovered the true interpretation of
" the opinion of Anaxagoras and Euripides; that the soul of man is not
" immediately after death dissolved and scattered in the air, but when
" received into the free ether, as into an immortal vehicle, does not live
" in the manner we do, but enjoys an immortal consciousness and a bet-
" ter life, which is the true life of spirits." BARNES.

The reader will see the subject further discussed by that learned commentator, on referring to his notes on v. 535, and v. 1140, of the Suppliants, and v. 529 of the Heraclidæ.

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Concisely, all that you requested me
Will I conceal, nor with my counsels aid
My Brother's folly; I to him shall shew
A real friendship, tho' without the semblance,
If I his vicious manners can reform
And make him more religious. Therefore find
Means to escape yourselves; for I will hence
Depart in silence. First implore the Gods;
To Venus sue, that she your safe return
Would suffer; and to Juno, not to change
The scheme which she hath form'd, both to preserve
Your Lord and you. O my departed Sire,
For thee will I exert my utmost might,
That on thy honour'd name no foul reproach
May ever rest. [*Exit* THEONOE.

CHORUS.

No impious man e'er prosper'd:
But fairest hopes attend an honest cause.

HELEN.

O Menelaus, as to what depends
Upon the royal Maid, are we secure:
But next doth it become you to propose
Some means our safety to effect

MENELAUS.

Now listen
To me; thou in this palace long hast dwelt,
An inmate with the servants of the King.

HELEN.

Why speak you thus? for you raise hopes, as tho'
You could do somewhat for our common good.

MENELAUS.

Canst thou prevail on any one of those
Who guide the harness'd steeds, to furnish us
With a swift car?

HELEN.

Perhaps I might succeed
In that attempt. But how shall we escape

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Who to these fields and this Barbarian land
Are strangers? An impracticable thing
Is this you speak of.

MENELAUS.

Well, but in the palace
Conceal'd, if with this sword the King I slay.

HELEN.

His Sister will not suffer this in silence,
If you attempt aught 'gainst her Brother's life.

MENELAUS.

We have no ship in which we can escape;
For that which we brought hither, by the waves
Is swallow'd up.

HELEN.

Now hear what I propose;
From woman's lips if wisdom ever flow.
Will you permit a rumour of your death
To be dispers'd?

MENELAUS.

This were an evil omen:
But I, if any benefit arise
From such report, consent to be call'd dead
While I yet live.

HELEN.

That impious Tyrant's pity,
Our female choir shall move, with tresses shorn,
And chaunt funereal strains.

MENELAUS.

What tendency
Can such a project have to our deliverance?

HELEN.

I will allege that 'tis an antient custom;
And of the Monarch his permission crave,
That I on you, as if you in the sea
Had perish'd, may bestow a vacant tomb.

MENELAUS.

If he consent, how can this feign'd interment

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Enable us to fly without a ship?

HELEN.

I will command a bark to be prepar'd,
From whence into the bosom of the deep
Funereal trappings I may cast.

MENELAUS.

How well
And wisely hast thou spoken! but the tomb
If he direct thee on the strand to raise,
Nought can this scheme avail.

HELEN.

But I will say
'Tis not the usage, in a Grecian realm,
With earth to cover the remains of those
Who perish'd in the waves.

MENELAUS.

Thou hast again
Remov'd this obstacle: I then with thee
Will sail, and the funereal trappings place
In the same vessel.

HELEN.

'Tis of great importance
That you, and all those mariners who 'scap'd
The shipwreck, should be present.

MENELAUS.

If we find
A bark at anchor, with our falchions arm'd
In one collected band will we assail
And board it.

HELEN.

To direct all this, belongs
To you; but may the prosperous breezes fill
Our sails, and guide us o'er the billowy deep.

MENELAUS.

These vows shall be accomplish'd; for the Gods
At length will cause my toils to cease: but whence
Wilt thou pretend thou heard'st that I was dead?

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HELEN.

Yourself shall be the messenger; relate
How you alone escap'd his piteous doom,
A partner of the voyage with the Son
Of Atreus, and the witness of his death.

MENELAUS.

This tatter'd vest will testify my shipwreck.

HELEN.

How seasonable was that which seem'd at first
To be a grievous loss! but the misfortune
May end perhaps in bliss.

MENELAUS.

Must I with thee
Enter the palace, or before this tomb
Sit motionless?

HELEN.

Here stay: for if the King
By force should strive to tear you hence, this tomb
And your drawn sword will save you. But I'll go
To my apartment, shear my flowing hair,
For sable weeds this snowy vest exchange,
And rend with bloody nails these livid cheeks:
For 'tis a mighty conflict, and I see
These two alternatives; if in my plots
Detected, I must die; or to my country
I shall return, and save your life. O Juno,
Thou sacred Queen, who shar'st the couch of Jove,
Relieve two wretches from their toils; to thee
Our suppliant arms uplifting high t'wards Heaven
With glittering stars adorn'd, thy blest abode,
We sue: and thou, O Venus, who didst gain
The palm of beauty thro' my promis'd 'spousals,
Spare me, thou Daughter of Dione, spare (21);

(21) "There were two Venuses, the one sprung from the Sea, the "other from Dione and Jupiter, on which subject Plato in his Banquet, "remarks, that since there are two Venuses there must of necessity be "two Loves. For it is undeniable that two different Goddesses there

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For thou enough hast injur'd me already;
Exposing not my person, but my name,
To those Barbarians: suffer me to die
If thou wilt slay me, in my native land.
Why art thou still insatiably malignant?
Why dost thou harrass me by love, by fraud,
By the invention of these new deceits,
And by thy magic philtres plunge in blood
Our miserable house? If thou hadst rul'd
With mildness, thou to man hadst been most grateful
Of all the Gods. I speak not this at random.

[HELEN *and* MENELAUS *retire behind the tomb.*

CHORUS.

ODE.

I. 1.

On thee who build'st thy tuneful seat
Protected by the leafy groves, I call,
O Nightingale, thy accents ever sweet
Their murmuring melancholy fall
Prolong? O come, and with thy plaintive strain
Aid me to utter my distress,
Thy woes, O Helen, let the song express,
And those of Troy now levell'd with the plain
By Grecian might. From hospitable shores,
Relying on Barbaric oars,
The spoiler Paris fled,
And o'er the deep to Priam's realm with pride
Bore his imaginary bride,

" are, each of whom is a Venus: one of them, the elder, who had no " Mother, and was born only from Uranus, or Heaven her Father, she " is called the celestial Venus: the other, younger, Daughter of Jupiter " and Dione; and to her we give the name of the vulgar Venus. " SYDENHAM." BARNES.

On turning to Hesiod, Theog. v. 180—200, the reader will find a circumstantial history of the birth of the elder, or celestial Venus, and the two accounts of her being sprung from Ouranus without a Mother, and from the Sea, perfectly reconciled.

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Fancying that thou hadst grac'd his bed,
To nuptials fraught with shame by wanton Venus led.

I. 2.

Unnumber'd Greeks, transpierc'd with spears,
Or crush'd beneath the falling ramparts, bled:
Hence with her tresses shorn, immers'd in tears
The Matron wails her lonely bed.
But Nauplius, kindling near th' Eubœan deep
Those torches, o'er our host prevail'd;
Tho' with a single bark the traitor sail'd,
He wreck'd whole fleets against Caphareus' steep,
And the Ægean coasts, the beacon seem'd
A star, and thro' Heaven's concave gleam'd,
Plac'd on the craggy height.
While flush'd with conquest, from the Phrygian strand
They hasten'd to their native land,
Portentous source of bloody fight,
The Cloud by Juno form'd, beguil'd their dazzled sight.

II. 1.

Whether the Image was divine,
Drew from terrestrial particles its birth,
Or from the middle region, how define
By curious search, ye Sons of Earth?
Far from unravelling Heaven's abstruse intents,
We view the world toss'd to and fro,
Mark strange vicissitudes of joy and woe,
Discordant and miraculous events.
Thou, Helen, art indeed the child of Jove.
The Swan, thy Sire, inflam'd by love,
To Leda's bosom flew:
Yet with imputed crimes malignant Fame
Thro' Greece arraigns thy slander'd name.
Of men I know not whom to trust,
But what the Gods pronounce have I found ever just.

II. 2.

Frantic are ye who seek renown
Amid the horrors of th' embattled field,

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Who masking guilt beneath a laurel crown
With nervous arm the falchion wield,
Not slaughter'd thousands can your fury sate.
If still success the judgement guide,
If bloody battle right and wrong decide,
Incessant strife must vex each rival state:
Hence from her home departs each Phrygian wife,
O Helen, when the cruel strife
Which from thy charms arose,
One conference might have clos'd: now myriads dwell
With Pluto in the shades of hell,
And flames, as when Jove's vengeance throws
The bolt, have caught her towers and finish'd Ilion's woes.

THEOCLYMENUS, CHORUS, (HELEN AND MENELAUS BEHIND THE TOMB.)

THEOCLYMENUS.

Hail, O thou tomb of my illustrious Sire!
For thee have I interr'd before my gate,
That with thy shade I might hold frequent conference,
O Proteus; Theoclymenus thy Son,
Thee, O my Father, oft as he goes forth,
Oft as he enters these abodes, accosts.
But to the palace now convey those hounds
And nets, my Servants. I full many a time
Have blam'd myself, because I never punish'd
With death such miscreants; now I am inform'd
That publicly some Greek to these domains
Is come unnotic'd by my guards, a spy,
Or one who means to carry Helen off
By stealth: but if I seize him, he shall die.
Methinks I find all over: for the Daughter
Of Tyndarus sits no longer at the tomb,
But from these shores hath fled, and now is crossing
The billowy deep. Unbar the gates, bring forth
My coursers from the stalls, and brazen cars;

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Lest thro' my want of vigilance the Dame
Whom I would make my Consort, should escape me,
Borne from this land.—Yet stay; for I behold
Those we pursue still here beneath this roof,
Nor are they fled. Ho! why in sable vest
Hast thou array'd thyself, why cast aside
Thy robes of white, and from thy graceful head
With ruthless steel thy glowing ringlets shorne,
And wherefore bath'd thy cheek with recent tears?
Groan'st thou, by visions of the night appris'd
Of some calamity, or hast thou heard
Within, a rumour that afflicts thy soul?

HELEN.

My Lord, (for I already by that name
Accost you,) I am utterly undone,
My former bliss is vanish'd, and I now
Am nothing.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Art thou plung'd into distress
So irretrievable? what cruel Fate
Hath overtaken thee?

HELEN.

My Menelaus,
(Ah, how shall I express myself?) is dead.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Altho' I must not triumph in th' even
Thou speak'st of; yet to me 'tis most auspicious.
How know'st thou? Did Theonoe tell thee this?

HELEN.

She and this mariner, who when he perish'd
Was present, both concur in the same tale.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Is there a man arriv'd, who for the truth
Of that account can vouch?

HELEN.

He is arriv'd:

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And would to Heaven that such auspicious fortune
As I could wish attended him.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Who is he?
Where is he? I would know the real fact.

HELEN.

'Tis he who stupified with sorrow sits
Upon the tomb.

THEOCLYMENUS.

In what unseemly garb
Is he array'd, O Phœbus!

HELEN.

In that dress,
Ah me! methinks my Husband I behold.

THEOCLYMENUS.

But in what country was the stranger born,
And whence did he come hither?

HELEN.

He's a Greek,
One of those Greeks who with my Husband sail'd.

THEOCLYMENUS.

How doth he say that Menelaus died?

HELEN.

(22) Most wretchedly, ingulph'd amid the waves.

(22) "The antients held drowning to be the most miserable species of "death, either because they adopted the opinion of Heraclitus, and, "considering the soul as fire, apprehended that it was hence extin- "guished; or because those who perished in that manner were usually "deprived of funereal rites, and left to be devoured by fishes: whence "arose that lamentation of the Mother for her Son whose body was im- "mersed in the water, when his head, severed from it by the ice, was "laid on the pyre;

Hoc peperi flammis, cætera, dixit, aquis.
This I produc'd to feed the sacred flame,
The rest, alas, th' insatiate waters claim.

"Hence Achilles in Homer, and Æneas in Virgil, deprecate this death "as of all others the most miserable and inglorious." BARNES.

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THEOCLYMENUS.

Where? as he pass'd o'er the Barbarian seas?

HELEN.

Dash'd on the rocks of Libya, which affords
No haven.

THEOCLYMENUS.

But whence happen'd it, that he
This partner of his voyage did not perish?

HELEN.

The worthless are more prosperous than the brave.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Where left he the wreck'd fragments of his ship
When he came hither?

HELEN.

There, where would to Heaven
Perdition had o'ertaken him, and spar'd
The life of Menelaus.

THEOCLYMENUS.

He, it seems,
Is then no more: but in what bark arriv'd
This Messenger?

HELEN.

Some sailors, as he says,
By chance pass'd by, and snatch'd him from the waves.

THEOCLYMENUS.

But where's that hateful pest which in thy stead
Was sent to Ilion?

HELEN.

Speak you of a Cloud,
Resembling me? it mounted to the skies.

THEOCLYMENUS.

O Priam, for how frivolous a cause
Thou with thy Troy didst perish!

HELEN.

In their woes
I too have been involv'd.

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THEOCLYMENUS.

But did he leave
Thy Husband's corse unburied, or strew dust
O'er his remains?

HELEN.

He left them uninterr'd.
Ah, wretched me!

THEOCLYMENUS.

And didst thou for this cause
Sever the ringlets of thy auburn hair?

HELEN.

Still is he dear, lodg'd in this faithful breast.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Hast thou sufficient reason then to weep
For this calamity?

HELEN.

Could you bear lightly
Your Sister's death?

THEOCLYMENUS.

No surely. But what means
Thy still residing at this marble tomb?

HELEN.

Why do you harrass me with taunting words,
And why disturb the dead?

THEOCLYMENUS.

Because, still constant
To thy first Husband, from my love thou fliest.

HELEN.

But I will fly no longer: haste, begin
The nuptial rite.

THEOCLYMENUS.

'Twas long ere thou didst come
To this: but I such conduct must applaud.

HELEN.

Know you then how to act? let us forget
All that has pass'd.

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THEOCLYMENUS.

Upon what terms? with kindness
Should kindness be repaid.

HELEN.

Let us conclude
The peace, and O be reconcil'd.

THEOCLYMENUS.

All strife
With thee I to the winds of Heaven consign.

HELEN.

Now, since you are my friend, I by those knees
Conjure you.

THEOCLYMENUS.

With what object in thy view,
To me an earnest suppliant dost thou bend?

HELEN.

I my departed Husband would inter.

THEOCLYMENUS.

What tomb can be bestow'd upon the absent?
Would'st thou inter his shade?

HELEN.

There is a custom
Among the Greeks establish'd, that the man
Who in the ocean perishes —

THEOCLYMENUS.

What is it?
For in such matters Pelops' race are wise.

HELEN.

To bury in their stead an empty vest.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Perform funereal rites, and heap the tomb
On any ground thou wilt.

HELEN.

We in this fashion
Bury not the drown'd mariner.

THEOCLYMENUS.

How then?

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I am a stranger to the Grecian customs.

HELEN.

Each pious gift due to our breathless friends
We cast into the sea.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Oh the Deceas'd
What presents for thy sake can I bestow?

HELEN.

I know not: for in offices like these
Am I unpractis'd, having erst been happy.

THEOCLYMENUS.

An acceptable message have you brought,
O stranger.

MENELAUS.

Most ungrateful to myself
And the Deceas'd.

THEOCLYMENUS.

What funereal rites on those
Ocean hath swallow'd up, do ye bestow?

MENELAUS.

Such honours as each individual's wealth
Enables us to pay him.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Name the cost,
And for her sake receive whate'er you will.

MENELAUS.

Blood is our first libation to the dead.

THEOCLYMENUS.

What blood? inform me, for with your instructions
I will comply.

MENELAUS.

Determine that thyself,
For whatsoe'er thou giv'st will be sufficient.

THEOCLYMENUS.

The customary victims 'mong Barbarians
Are either horse or bull.

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MENELAUS.

Whate'er thou giv'st,
Let it be somewhat princely.

THEOCLYMENUS.

My rich herds
With these are amply furnish'd.

MENELAUS.

And the bier
Without the corse is borne in solemn state.

THEOCLYMENUS.

It shall: but what is there beside which custom
Requires to grace the funeral.

MENELAUS.

(23) Brazen arms:
For war was what he lov'd.

THEOCLYMENUS.

We will bestow
Such presents as are worthy of the race
Of mighty Pelops.

MENELAUS.

And those budding flowers
Th' exuberant soil produces.

THEOCLYMENUS.

But say, how
And in what manner ye these offerings plunge
Into the ocean.

MENELAUS.

We must have a bark
And mariners to ply the oars.

(23) In Quintus Calaber the funereal pyre of Achilles is represented as heaped with armour: and the antient Poets take care to furnish their Heroes in the shades with implements of their favourite occupation when on earth. Thus Orion the Hunter is represented by Homer as wielding a brazen mace, and pursuing the beasts of prey; and Idæus, who had been the charioteer of Priam, was, according to Virgil, after death still busied in the same exercises of driving his steeds and brandishing the spear.

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THEOCLYMENUS.

How far
Will they launch forth the vessel from the strand?

MENELAUS.

So far as from the shore thou scarce wilt see
The keel divide the waves.

THEOCLYMENUS.

But why doth Greece
Observe this usage?

MENELAUS.

Lest the rising billows
Cast back to land th' ablutions.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Ye shall have
A swift Phœnician vessel.

MENELAUS.

This were kind,
And no small favour shewn to Menelaus.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Without her presence, cannot you perform
These rites alone?

MENELAUS.

Such task or to a Mother,
Or Wife, or Child, belongs.

THEOCLYMENUS.

'Tis then her duty,
You say, to bury her departed Lord?

MENELAUS.

Sure, piety instructs us not to rob
The dead of their accustom'd dues.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Enough;
On me it is incumbent to promote
Such virtue in my Consort. I will enter
The palace, and from thence for the Deceas'd
Bring forth rich ornaments; with empty hands

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You from this region will not I send forth,
That you may execute what she desires.
But having brought me acceptable tidings,
Instead of these vile weeds shall you receive
A decent garb and food, that to your country
You may return: for clearly I perceive
That you are wretched now. But torture not
Thy bosom with unprofitable cares,
O hapless woman, for thy Menelaus
Is now no more, nor can the dead revive.

MENELAUS.

Thee it behoves, O blooming Dame, to love
Thy present Husband, and to lay aside
The fond remembrance of thy breathless Lord:
For such behaviour suits thy fortunes best.
But if to Greece with safety I return,
That infamy which erst pursued thy name
I'll cause to cease, if thou acquit thyself
Of these great duties like a virtuous Consort.

HELEN.

I will: nor shall my Husband e'er have cause
To blame me: you too, who are here, shall witness
The truth of my assertions. But within
Go lave your wearied limbs, O wretched Man,
And change your habit; for without delay
To you will I become a benefactress.
Hence too with greater zeal will you perform
The rites my dearest Menelaus claims,
If all due honours you from me receive.

[*Exeunt* THEOCLYMENUS, HELEN, *and* MENELAUS.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I. 1.

O'er mountains erst with hasty tread
Did the celestial Mother (24) stray,

(24) Barnes and Carmelli concur in supposing Ceres to be here meant, as her daughter Proserpine is indisputably marked out by the term ἀγνὰν

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Nor stop where branching thickets spread,
Where rapid torrents cross'd her way,
Or on the margin of the billowy deep;
Her Daughter whom we dread to name
She wept, while hailing that majestic Dame,
Cymbals of Bacchus from the craggy steep
Sent forth their clear and piercing sound,
Her car the harness'd dragons drew;
Following the Nymph torn from her Virgin crew.
Amidst her Maidens swift of foot were found
Diana skill'd the bow to wield,
Minerva, who in glittering state
Brandish'd the spear and rais'd her Gorgon shield:
But Jove look'd down from Heaven t' award another fate.

I. 2.

Soon as the Mother's toils were o'er,
When she had finish'd her career,
And sought the ravish'd Maid no more,
To caves where drifted snows appear,
By Ida's Nymphs frequented, did she pass,
And threw herself in sorrow lost,
On rocks and herbage crusted o'er with frost,
Despoil'd the wasted champain of its grass,
Render'd the peasant's tillage vain,
Consuming a dispeopled land
With meagre famine: Spring at her command

κυρας in one of the following verses of this stanza: but Dr. Musgrave argues with great force from the term μαΐης θεων, the cymbals, drums, and many other circumstances mentioned in the course of this Ode, that Cybèle the Grandmother, and not Ceres the Mother of Proserpine is here alluded to. I should willingly have adopted the same opinion, had not the word Δηω in the second Strophe appeared to me clearly to decide the point in favour of Barnes: nor can I avoid thinking with the same editor, and several of his predecessors, that the impious love of Pluto for his niece Proserpine is alluded to in the opening of the second Antistrophe, which Dr. Musgrave applies to Helen by some considerable and unauthorised alterations of the text, which a translator is very seldom considered as justified in following: and Reiskius justly observes that the meddling with what is so apparently corrupted and filled with chasms, is peculiarly dangerous.

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Denied the flocks that sicken'd on the plain
The leafy tendrils of the vine;
Whole cities died, no victims bled,
No frankincense perfum'd Heaven's vacant shrine.
Nor burst the current from the spring's obstructed head.

II. 1.

Then ceas'd the banquet, wont to charm
Both Gods above, and Men below:
The Mother's anger to disarm,
And mitigate the stings of woe,
Till in these words Jove utter'd his behests;
" Let each benignant Grace attend
" Sweet music's sympathising aid to lend,
" And drive corrosive grief from Ceres' breast
" Indignant for her ravish'd Child:
" Now, O ye Muses, with the lyre
" Join the shrill hymns of your assembled choir,
" The brazen trumpet fill with accents wild,
" And beat the rattling drums amain."
Then first of the immortal band,
Venus with lovely smile approv'd the strain,
And rais'd the deep-ton'd flute in her enchanting hand.

II. 2.

The laws reprov'd such foul desire,
Yet 'gainst religion didst thou wed;
Thy Uncle caught love's baleful fire,
And rush'd to thy incestuous bed.
Thee shall the mighty Mother's wrath confound,
Because, thro' thee, before her shrine
No victims slain appease the Powers divine.
Great Virtue have hinds' hides, and ivy wound
Upon a consecrated rod;
And Youths, with Virgins in a ring,
When high from earth with matchless force they spring,
Loose streams their hair, they celebrate that God
The Bacchanalian votaries own,
And waste in dance the sleepless night.

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But thou, confiding in thy charms alone,
Forgett'st the moon that shines with more transcendent light.

HELEN, CHORUS.

HELEN.

Within the palace, O my friends, we prosper:
For Proteus' royal Daughter, in our schemes
Conspiring, when her Brother question'd her
About my Lord, no information gave
Of his arrival: to my interests true
She said, that cold in death he views no longer
The radiant Sun. But now my Lord hath seiz'd
A vengeful falchion, in that mail design'd
To have been plung'd beneath the deep array'd,
With nervous arm he lifts an orbed shield,
In his right hand protended gleams the spear,
As if with me he was prepar'd to pay
To the Deceas'd due homage. Furnish'd thus
With brazen arms, he's ready for the battle,
And numberless Barbarians will subdue
Unaided, soon as we the ship ascend.
Exchanging those unseemly weeds which cloathe
The shipwreck'd mariner, in splendid robes
Have I array'd him, from transparent springs
The laver fill'd, and bath'd his wearied limbs.
But I must now be silent, for the man
Who fancies I am ready to become
His Consort, leaves the palace. O my friends,
In your attachment too I place my trust,
Restrain your tongues, for we, when sav'd ourselves,
If possible will save you from this thraldom.

THEOCLYMENUS, HELEN, MENELAUS, CHORUS.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Go forth, in such procession as the stranger
Directs you, O my servants, and convey

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These gifts funereal to the briny deep.
But if thou disapprove not what I say,
Do thou, O Helen, yield to my persuasions,
And here remain. For whether thou attend,
Or art not present at the obsequies
Of thy departed Husband, thou to him
Wilt shew an equal reverence. Much I dread
Lest hurried on by wild desire thou plunge
Into the foaming billows, for the sake
Of him on whom thou doat'st, thy former Lord,
Since thou his doom immoderately bewail'st,
Tho' he be lost, and never can return.

HELEN.

O my illustrious Husband, I am bound
To pay due honours to the man whom first
I wedded, of our antient nuptial joys
A memory still retaining, for so well
I lov'd my Lord that I could even die
With him. But what advantage would result
To the deceas'd, should I lay down my life?
Yet let me go myself, and to his shade
Perform each solemn rite. But may the Gods,
On you, and on the stranger who assists me
In this my pious task, with liberal hand
Confer the gifts I wish. But you in me
Shall such a Consort to your Palace bear
As you deserve, to recompence your kindness
To me and Menelaus. Such events
In some degree are measur'd by the will
Of Fortune; but give orders for a ship
To be prepar'd, these trappings to convey,
So shall your purpos'd bounty be complete.

THEOCLYMENUS, *to one of his Attendants.*

Go thou, and furnish them a Tyrian bark
Of fifty oars, with skilful sailors mann'd.

HELEN.

But may not he who decorates the tomb

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Govern the ship?

THEOCLYMENUS.

My sailors must to him
Yield an implicit deference.

HELEN.

This injunction
Repeat, that they may clearly understand it.

THEOCLYMENUS.

A second time, will I, and yet a third,
Issue this self-same mandate, if to thee
This can give pleasure.

HELEN.

May the Gods confer
Blessings on you, and prosper my designs!

THEOCLYMENUS.

Waste not thy bloom with unavailing tears.

HELEN.

To you this day my gratitude will prove.

THEOCLYMENUS.

All these attentions to the dead are nought
But unavailing toil.

HELEN.

My pious care
Not to those only whom the silent grave
Contains, but to the living too extends.

THEOCLYMENUS.

In me thou may'st expect to find a Husband
Who yields not to the Spartan Menelaus.

HELEN.

I censure not your conduct, but bewail
My own harsh destiny.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Bestow thy love
On me, and prosperous fortunes shall return.

HELEN.

It is a lesson I have practis'd long,
To love my friends.

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THEOCLYMENUS.

Shall I my navy launch,
To join in these funereal rites?

HELEN.

Dread Lord,
Pay not unseemly homage to your vassals.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Well! I each sacred usage will allow
Practis'd by Pelops' race, for my abodes
Are undefil'd with blood: thy Menelaus
In Ægypt died not. But let some one haste
And bid the Nobles bear into my house
The bridal gifts: for the whole Earth is bound
To celebrate in one consenting hymn
My blest espousals with the lovely Helen.
But go, embark upon the briny main,
O stranger, and as soon as ye have paid
All decent homage to her former Lord
Bring back my Consort hither: that with me
When you have feasted at our nuptial rite
You to your native mansion may return,
Or here continue in a happy state.

[*Exit* THEOCLYMENUS.

MENELAUS.

O Jove, thou mighty Father, who art call'd
A God supreme in wisdom, from thy Heaven
Look down, and save us from our woes: delay not
To aid us: for we drag the galling yoke
Of sorrow and mischance: if with thy finger
Thou do but touch us, we shall soon attain
The fortune which we wish for, since the toils
We have endur'd already are sufficient.
Ye Gods, I now invoke you, from my mouth
So shall ye hear full many joyful accents
Mix'd with these bitter plaints: for I deserve not
To be for ever wretched; but to tread

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At length secure. O grant me this one favour,
And make my future life completely blest.
[*Exeunt* MENELAUS *and* HELEN.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I. 1.

Swift bark of Sidon, by whose dashing oars
Divided oft, the frothy billows rise,
Propitious be thy voyage from these shores:
In thy train the Dolphins play,
O'er the deep thou lead'st the way,
While motionless its placid surface lies.
Soon as Serenity the fair,
That azure Daughter of the Main,
Shall in this animating strain
Have spoken; "To the gentle breeze of air
"Expand each undulating sail,
"Row briskly on before the gale,
"Ye mariners, in Perseus' (25) antient seat
"Till Helen rest her wearied feet."

I. 2.

Those sacred Nymphs (26) shall welcome thy return
Who guard the portals of Minerva's fane
Or speed the current from its murmuring urn:
Choral dances of delight
That prolong the jocund night,
At Hyacinthus' banquet shalt thou join,
Fair stripling, whom with luckless hand
Unweeting did Apollo slay
At games that crown'd the festive day,

(25) Mycene.

(26) These two Virgins called Leucippides received that name from being Priestesses of Hilaira and Phœbe, the Daughters of Leucippus, and Wives of Castor and Pollux, who, according to Pausanias, had divine honours paid to them as well as to their Husbands, and a temple erected in the Spartan dominions.

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Hurling his quoit on the Laconian strand;
To him Jove's Son due honours paid:
At Sparta too, (27) that lovely maid
Shalt thou behold, whom there thou left'st behind,
Still to celibacy consign'd.

II. 1.

O might we cleave the air, like Libyan cranes
Who fly in ranks th' impending wintry storm;
When their shrill leader bids them quit the plains,
They the veteran's voice obey,
O'er rich harvests wing their way,
Or where parch'd wastes th' unfruitful scene deform.
With lengthen'd neck, ye feather'd race
Who skim the clouds in social band,
Where the seven Pleiades expand
Their radiance, and Orion heaves his mace,
This joyous embassy convey
As near Eurotas' banks ye stray;
That Menelaus to his subject land
Victorious comes from Phrygia's strand.

II. 2.

Borne in your chariot down th' etherial height,
At length, ye Sons of Tyndarus, appear,
While vibrates o'er your heads the starry light:
Habitants of Heaven above,
Now exert fraternal love,
If ever Helen to your souls was dear,
A calm o'er th' azure ocean spread,
Bridle the tempests of the main,
Propitious gales from Jove obtain,
Your Sister snatch from the Barbarian's bed:
Commenc'd on Ida's hill, that strife,
Embitter'd with reproach her life,
Altho' she never view'd proud Ilion's tower
Rear'd by Apollo's matchless power.

(27) Hermione.

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THEOCLYMENUS, MESSENGER, CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

O King, I have discover'd in the palace,
Events most inauspicious: what fresh woes
Is it my doleful office to relate!

THEOCLYMENUS.

Say what hath happen'd?

MESSENGER.

Seek another Wife,
For Helen hath departed from this realm.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Borne thro' the air on wings, or with swift foot
Treading the ground?

MESSENGER.

Her o'er the briny main
From Ægypt's shores, hath Menelaus wafted,
Who came in person with a feign'd account
Of his own death.

THEOCLYMENUS.

O dreadful tale! what ship
From these domains conveys her? thou relat'st
Tidings the most incredible.

MESSENGER.

The same
You to that Stranger gave, and in one word
To tell you all, he carries off your sailors.

THEOCLYMENUS.

How is that possible? I wish to know:
For such an apprehension never enter'd
My soul, as that one man could have subdued
The numerous band of mariners, with whom
Thou wert sent forth.

MESSENGER.

When from the royal mansion
Jove's Daughter to the shore was borne, she trod
With delicate and artful step, pretending

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To wail her Husband's loss, tho' he was present,
And yet alive. But when we reach'd the haven,
Sidonia's largest vessel we haul'd forth,
Furnish'd with benches, and with fifty oars;
But a fresh series of incessant toil
Follow'd this toil; for while one fix'd the mast,
Another rang'd the oars, and with his hand
The signal gave, the sails were bound together,
Then was the rudder, fasten'd to the stern
With thongs, cast forth: while they observ'd us busied
In such laborious task, the Grecian comrades
Of Menelaus to the shore advanc'd,
Clad in their shipwreck'd vestments. Tho' their form
Was graceful, yet their visages were squallid:
But Atreus' Son, beholding their approach,
Under the semblance of a grief that mask'd
His treacherous purpose, in these words address'd them;
" How, O ye wretched sailors, from what bark
" Of Greece that hath been wreck'd upon this coast
" Are ye come hither? will ye join with us
" In the funereal rites of Menelaus,
" Whom Tyndarus' Daughter, to an empty tomb
" Consigns, tho' absent?" Simulated tears
They shed, and went aboard the ship, conveying
The presents to be cast into the sea
For Menelaus. But to us these things
Appear'd suspicious, and we made remarks
Among ourselves upon the numerous band
Of our intruding passengers; but check'd
Our tongues from speaking openly, thro' deference
To your commands. For when you to that stranger
Trusted the guidance of the ship, you caus'd
This dire confusion. All beside, with ease
Had we now lodg'd aboard, but could not force
The sturdy bull t' advance; he bellowing roll'd
His eyes around, bending his back and louring
Betwixt his horns, nor dar'd we to approach

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And handle him. But Helen's Husband cried;
" O ye who laid Troy waste, will ye forget
" To act like Greeks? why scruple ye to seize
" And on your youthful shoulders heave the beast
" Up to the rising prow, a welcome victim
" To the deceas'd?" His falchion, as he spoke,
The warrior drew. His summons they obey'd,
Seiz'd the stout bull, and carried him aboard:
But Menelaus strok'd the horse's neck
And face, and with this gentle usage led him
Into the bark. At length when all its freight
The vessel had receiv'd; with graceful foot
Helen, the steps ascending, took her seat
On the mid deck; and Menelaus near her,
E'en he who they pretended was no more.
But some on the right side, and on the left
Others in equal numbers, man to man
Oppos'd, their station took, their swords concealing
Beneath their garments. We distinctly heard
The clamorous sailors animate each other
To undertake the voyage. But from land
When a convenient distance we had steer'd,
The pilot ask'd this question; " Shall we sail,
" O stranger, any farther from the coast,
" Or is this right? for 'tis my task to guide
" The vessel." He reply'd; " Enough for me."
Then seiz'd with his right hand the falchion, leap'd
Upon the prow, and standing o'er the bull
The victim, (without mentioning the name
Of any Chief deceas'd; but as he drove
The weapon thro' his neck) thus pray'd; " O Neptune
" Who in the ocean dwell'st, and ye chaste Daughters
" Of Nereus, to the Nauplian shore convey
" Me and my Consort, from this hostile land,
" In safety." But a crimson tide of blood,
Auspicious to the stranger, stain'd the waves;
And some exclaim'd; " There's treachery in this voyage,

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" Let us sail homewards, issue thy commands,
" And turn the rudder." But the son of Atreus,
Who had just slain the bull, to his companions
Call'd loudly; " Why delay, O ye the flower
" Of Greece, to smite, to slaughter those Barbarians,
" And cast them from the ship into the waves?"
But to your sailors our commander spoke
A different language; " Will not some of you
" Tear up a plank, or with a shatter'd bench,
" Or ponderous oar, upon the bleeding heads
" Of those audacious foreigners our foes,
" Impress the ghastly wound?" But on their feet
All now stood up; our hands with nautic poles
Were arm'd, and theirs with swords: a tide of slaughter
Ran down the ship. But Helen from the poop
The Greeks encourag'd; " Where is the renown
" Ye gain'd at Troy? display 'gainst these Barbarians
" The same undaunted prowess." In their haste
Full many fell, some rose again, the rest
Might you have seen stretch'd motionless in death.
But Menelaus, sheath'd in glittering mail.
Wherever his confederates he descried
Hard press'd, rush'd thither with his lifted sword,
Driving us headlong from the lofty deck
Into the waves, and forc'd your mariners
To quit their oars. But the victorious King
Now seiz'd the rudder, and to Greece declar'd
He would convey the ship: they hoisted up
The stately mast; propitious breezes came;
They left the land: but I from death escaping,
Let myself gently down into the waves
Borne on the cordage which sustains the anchor;
My strength began to fail, when some kind hand
Threw forth a rope, and brought me safe ashore,
That I to you these tidings might convey.
There's nought more beneficial to mankind
Than wise distrust.

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CHORUS.

I never could have thought
That Menelaus who was here, O King,
Could have impos'd so grossly or on you
Or upon us.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Wretch that I am, ensnar'd
By woman's treacherous arts! the lovely Bride
I hop'd for, hath escap'd me. If the ship
Could be o'ertaken by our swift pursuit,
My wrongs would urge me with vindictive hand
To seize the strangers. But I now will punish
That Sister who betray'd me; in my house
Who when she saw the Spartan Menelaus,
Inform'd me not: she never shall deceive
Another man by her prophetic voice.

CHORUS.

Ho! whither, O my Sovereign, would you go,
And for what bloody purpose?

THEOCLYMENUS.

Where the voice
Of rigid Justice summons me. Retire,
And stand aloof.

CHORUS.

Yet will not I let loose
Your garment; for you hasten to commit
A deed most mischievous.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Would'st thou, a slave,
Govern thy Lord?

CHORUS.

Here reason's on my side.

THEOCLYMENUS.

That shall not I allow, if thou refuse
To quit thy hold.

CHORUS.

I will not then release you.

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THEOCLYMENUS.

To slay that worst of Sisters.

CHORUS.

That most pious.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Her who betray'd me.

CHORUS.

Glorious was the fraud
That caus'd so just a deed.

THEOCLYMENUS.

When she bestow'd
My Consort on another.

CHORUS.

On the man
Who had a better claim —

THEOCLYMENUS.

But who is Lord
Of what belongs to me?

CHORUS.

Who from her Sire
Receiv'd her.

THEOCLYMENUS.

She by Fortune was bestow'd
On me.

CHORUS.

But ta'en away again by Fate.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Thou hast no right to judge of my affairs.

CHORUS.

If I but speak to give you better counsels.

THEOCLYMENUS.

I am thy subject then, and not thy King.

CHORUS.

For having acted piously, your Sister
I vindicate.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Thou seem'st to wish for death.

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CHORUS.

Kill me. Your Sister you with my consent
Shall never slay; I rather would yield up
My life on her behalf. It is most glorious
To generous servants for their lords to die.

CASTOR AND POLLUX, THEOCLYMENUS, CHORUS.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

Restrain that ire that hurries thee away
Beyond the bounds of reason, O thou King
Of Ægypt's realm; and listen to the voice
Of us twin sons of Jove, whom Leda bore
Together with that Helen who is fled
From thy abodes. Thou rashly hast indulg'd
Thine anger, for the loss of her whom Fate
Ne'er destin'd to thy bed. Nor hath thy Sister
Theonoe, from th' immortal Nereid sprung,
To thee done any injury; she reveres
The Gods, and her great Father's just behests.
For till the present hour, was it ordain'd
That Helen in thy palace should reside:
But when Troy's walls were from their basis torn,
And she had to the rival Goddesses
Furnish'd her name, no longer was it fit
That she should for thy nuptials be detain'd,
But to her antient home return, and dwell
With her first Husband. In thy Sister's breast
Forbear to plunge the Sword, and be convinc'd
That she in this affair hath acted wisely.
We long ere this our Sister had preserv'd,
Since Jove hath made us Gods, but were too weak
At once to combat the behests of Fate,
And the immortal Powers, who had ordain'd
That these events should happen. This to thee,
O Theoclymenus, I speak. These words
Next to my lovely Sister, I address;

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Sail with your Husband, for a prosperous breeze
Your voyage shall attend. We your protectors
And your twin Brothers, on our coursers borne
Over the waves, will guide you to your country,
But after you have finish'd life's career,
You shall be call'd a Goddess, shall partake
With us the rich oblations, and receive
The gifts of men: for thus hath Jove decreed.
But where the son of Maia plac'd you first,
When he had borne you from the Spartan realm,
And form'd by stealth from the aerial mansions
An image of your person, to prevent
Paris from wedding you, there is an isle
(28) Near the Athenian realm, which men shall call
Helen in future times, because that spot
Receiv'd you, when in secrecy convey'd
From Sparta. The Heavens also have ordain'd
The wanderer Menelaus shall reside
Among the happy islands. For the Gods
To those of nobler minds no hatred bear;
At their command tho' grievous toil await
The countless multitude.

THEOCLYMENUS.

Ye sons of Jove
And Leda, I the contest will decline
Which I at first so violently urg'd,
Hoping your lovely Sister to obtain,
And my own Sister's life resolve to spare:
Let Helen to her native shores return,
If 'tis the will of Heaven: but be assur'd,
The same high blood ye spring from with the best
And chastest Sister: hail then, for the sake
Of Helen with a lofty soul endued,
Such as in female bosoms seldom dwells.

(28) "The island here spoken of is Cranaë, situated at a small dis-"tance off the promontory of Sunium." BARNES. See Homer Il. L. 3. v. 445; and Strabo, p. 399, ed. Paris, 1620.

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CHORUS.

A thousand shapes our varying Fates assume;
The Gods perform what least we could expect,
And oft the things for which we fondly hop'd
Come not to pass: but Heaven still finds a clue
To guide our steps thro' life's perplexing maze,
And thus doth this important business end.

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I O N.

Mens ardua semper
A puero, teneris & jam fulgebat in annis
Fortunæ majoris honos. CLAUDIAN.

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PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

MERCURY.

ION.

CHORUS OF CREUSA'S FEMALE ATTENDANTS.

CREUSA.

XUTHUS.

OLD MAN.

SERVANT OF CREUSA.

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

MINERVA.

SCENE — THE VESTIBULE OF APOLLO'S TEMPLE AT DELPHI.

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ION.

MERCURY.

By a (1) celestial dame, was he who bears
On brazen shoulders the incumbent load
Of yonder starry heaven, where dwell the Gods
From antient times, illustrious Atlas, Sire
To Maia, and from her I, Hermes, spring,
The faithful messenger of mighty Jove.
Now to this land of Delphi am I come,
Where, seated on the centre of the world,
His oracles, Apollo, to mankind
Discloses, ever chaunting both events
Present and those to come. Of no small note
In Greece, there is a city which derives
Its name from Pallas, by her golden spear
Distinguish'd; Phœbus in this realm compress'd
With amorous violence Erectheus' daughter,
Creusa, underneath those craggy rocks
North of Minerva's citadel, the kings
Of Athens call them Macra. She endur'd,
Without the knowledge of her Sire (for such
Was the God's will), the burden of her womb:
But at the stated time, when in the palace

(1) "The name of the goddess was Pleione, daughter of Oceanus and "Tethys. She married Atlas, and bore him seven daughters, called the "Pleiades; Sterope, who had an amour with Mars; Alcyone and Ce-"læno, with Neptune; Electra, Taygeta, and Maia, the mother of "Mercury, with Jupiter; but the seventh, called Merope, married "Sisyphus." BARNES.—Ovid says of the Pleiades, in his Fasti, septem dici sex tamen esse solent; and supposes that Electra, the mother of Dardanus, concealed herself, because she could not endure to behold the dreadful spectacle of Troy in ruins.

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She had brought forth a son, she to that cave,
Where she th' embraces of the God had known,
Convey'd and left the child, to death expos'd,
Lodg'd in the hollow of an orbed chest,
Observant of the customs handed down
By her progenitors, and Ericthonius,
That earth-born monarch of her native land,
Whom Pallas, daughter of imperial Jove,
Placing two watchful dragons for his guard,
To the three (2) damsels from Agraulos sprung
Entrusted. Hence, among Erectheus' race,
E'en from those times, an usage hath prevail'd
Of nurturing, 'midst serpents wrought in gold,
Their tender progeny. Creusa left,
Wrapt round her infant, whom she thus to death
Abandon'd, all the ornaments she had.
Then this request, on my fraternal love
Depending, Phœbus urg'd: " My Brother, go
" To those blest children of their native soil,
" The fam'd Athenians (for full well thou know'st
" Minerva's city), from the hollow rock
" Taking this new-born infant, and the chest
" In which he lies with fillets swath'd around,
" Convey to my oracular abode,
" And place him in the entrance of my fane:
" What still is left undone, my care shall add;
" For know he is my son. I, to confer
A kindness on my brother Phœbus, bore
The wicker chest away; and having op'd
Its cover that the infant might be seen,

(2) " Apollodorus relates, that Agraulos was the wife of Cecrops, " and had three daughters, Aglauros, Herse, and Pandrosos, who are " sufficiently known from the account given of them by Ovid, Met. " Lib. ii, v. 722—832. The Athenian women swore by Agraulos, Aris- " tophanes, Thesmoph. v. 540. Many, even of the antient writers, " confound her with her daughter Aglauros, particularly Hesychius, " under the article Αγλαυρος." Dr. MUSGRAVE.

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Just at the threshold of this temple lodg'd.
But when the fiery coursers of the Sun
Rush'd from heaven's eastern gate in swift career,
Entering the mansion whence the God deals forth
His oracles, a priestess on the child
Fix'd her indignant eyes, and wonder'd much
What shameless nymph of Delphi could presume
By stealth to introduce her spurious brood
Into Apollo's house. She was inclin'd
At first to cast him from the sacred threshold;
But, by compassion mov'd, the cruel deed
Forbore, and, with paternal love, the God
Aided the child, nor from his hallow'd mansion
Allow'd him to be banish'd: him she took
And nurtur'd, tho' she knew not from what mother
He sprung, or that Apollo was his Sire.
To both his parents too the boy himself
Remain'd a stranger: while he yet was young,
Around the blazing altars, whence he fed,
Playful he roam'd: but after he attain'd
Maturer years, the Delphic citizens,
(3) As guardian of the treasures of the God,
Employ'd, and found him faithful to his trust:
Still in this fane he leads an holy life.
Meanwhile Creusa, who the infant bore,
Wedded to Xuthus: fortune this event
Thus brought to pass; a storm of war burst forth
'Twixt the Athenian race and them who dwell

(3) Milton's frequent imitations of Euripides have been pointed out by various commentators; in one of his Latin poems addressed to Mr. John Rouse, keeper of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, he evidently alludes to the above passage;

Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris
Quam cui præfuit Iön
Clarus Erechtheides,
Opulenta Dei per templa parentis,
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica
Ion Actæâ genitus Creusâ. v. 53—60.

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In Chalcis, on Eubœa's stormy coast.
In concert with the former having toil'd,
And join'd in the destruction of their foes,
A royal bride, Creusa, he obtain'd,
Tho' not in Athens but Achaia born,
The son of Æolus, who sprung from Jove:
He and his Consort have been childless long,
And therefore to these oracles of Phœbus
Are come in quest of issue. This event
The God hath caus'd to happen, nor forgets
His son, as some suppose; for he, on Xuthus,
Will, at his entering this prophetic dome,
Freely bestow, and call the stripling his;
That, when he comes to the maternal house,
Creusa may acknowledge him she bore,
While her amour with Phœbus rests conceal'd,
And this her son obtains th' inheritance
Of his maternal ancestors: thro' Greece
Th' immortal father hath decreed his son
Shall be call'd Ion, the illustrious founder
(4) Of Asiatic realms. But I must go
Among the laurel's shadowy groves, and learn
From this young prophet, what the Fates ordain;
For I behold Apollo's son come forth,
To hang the branches of the verdant bay
Before the portals of the fane. Now first
Of all the Gods I hail him by his name,
The name of Ion which he soon shall bear.

[*Exit* MERCURY.

ION.

Now the resplendent chariot of the Sun
Shines o'er the earth: from its etherial fires,

(4) "Ion, the son of Apollo, or of Xuthus and Creusa, led colonies "of Athenians into Asia, which colonies were from his name called "Ionia. But the thirteen cities of Ionia were these, Ephesus, Miletus, "Myus, Priené, Colophon, Teus, Lesbos, Erythræ, Phocæa, Clazo-"mené, Chius, Samos, Smyrna. See the word Ἴων in Suidas, and "Stephanus Byzanthus." BARNES.

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Beneath the veil of sacred night, the stars
Conceal themselves. Parnassus' eloven ridge,
Too steep for human footsteps to ascend,
Receives the lustre of its orient beams,
And thro' the world reflects them; while the smoke
Of fragrant myrrh ascends Apollo's roof;
The Delphic Priestess on the holy tripod
Now takes her seat, and to the listening sons
Of Greece, those truths in mystic notes unfolds,
With which the Gods inspire her labouring breast.
But, O ye Delphic ministers of Phœbus,
Now to Castalia's silver fount repair,
And when ye have perform'd the due ablutions,
Enter the temple, let no word escape
Your lips, of evil omen, mildly greet
Each votary, and expound the oracles
In your own native language. But the toils
Which I from childhood to the present hour
Have exercis'd, with laureat sprays and wreaths
Worn at our high solemnities, to cleanse
The vestibule of Phœbus, I repeat,
Sprinkling the pavement with these lustral drops,
And with my shafts will I repel the flocks
Of birds who taint the offerings of the God.
For like a friendless orphan, who ne'er knew
A mother's or a father's fostering care,
In Phœbus shrine which nurtur'd me, I serve.

O D E.

I.

In recent verdure ever gay,
Hail, O ye scions of the bay,
Which sweep Apollo's fane;
Cropt from the Gods adjacent bowers,
Where rills bedew the vernal flowers,
And with perpetual streams refresh the plain;

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The sacred myrtle here is found,
Whose branches o'er the consecrated ground
I wave, as day by day ascends
The Sun with rapid wing,
Waking to toil which never ends,
And zealous in the service of my King.
O Pæan, Pæan, from Latona sprung,
Still may'st thou flourish blest and young!

II.

My labours with renown shall meet;
O Phœbus, the prophetic seat
Revering, at thy fane
A joyful minister I stand,
Serving with an officious hand
No mortal, but the blest immortal train.
Nor by these glorious toils oppress
Am I ignobly covetous of rest;
For dread Apollo is my Sire;
To him to him I owe
My being, nurtur'd in his choir,
And in the fostering God a Father know.
O Pæan, Pæan, from Latona sprung,
Still may'st thou flourish blest and young!

But from this painful task will I desist,
And with the laurel cease to sweep the ground:
Next, from a golden vase, is it my office
To pour the waters of Castalia's fount
Sprinkling its lustral drops: for I am free
From lust and its pollutions. May I serve
Apollo ever thus, or cease to serve him
When I some happier fortune shall attain!
But, ha! the birds are here, and leave their nests
Upon Parnassus: wing not to this dome
Your flight, and on the gilded battlements
Forbear to perch. My arrows shall transpierce thee,
Herald of Jove, O thou, whose hooked beak

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Subdues the might of all the feather'd tribes.
But lo another comes! the Swan his course
Steers to the altar. Wilt thou not retire
Hence with those purple feet? Apollo's lyre,
In concert warbling with thy dulcet strains
Shall not redeem thee from my bow: direct
Thy passage to the Delian lake, obey,
Or streaming blood shall interrupt thy song.
But what fresh bird approaches? would she build
Under these pinnacles a nest to hold
Her callow brood? Soon shall the whizzing shaft
Repel thee. Wilt thou not comply? Where Alpheus
Winds thro' the channel'd rocks his passage, go,
And rear thy twittering progeny, or dwell
Amid the Isthmian groves, that Phœbus' gifts
And temples no defilement may receive.
For I am loth to take away your lives,
Ye winged messengers, who to mankind
Announce the will of the celestial Powers.
But I on Phœbus must attend, performing
The task assign'd me with unwearied zeal,
And minister to those who give me food.

CHORUS, ION.

CHORUS.

'Tis not in Athens only that the fane
Where duteous homage to the Gods is paid,
Or altar for Agyian Phœbus rear'd
With many a stately column is adorn'd;
But in these mansions of Latona's son
From those (5) twin Deities portray'd there beams
An equal splendor on the dazzled sight.

(5) Brodæus interprets διδυμων φρουτιδων, the portraits of the twin Deities, Apollo and Diana. Barnes and Carmelli think the author is here speaking of the sight of our two eyes; Dr. Musgrave interprets it as spoken of the two fronts of the temple. The first of these constructions appeared to me to claim the preference. For the distribution of the succeeding dialogue, I am chiefly indebted to Dr. Musgrave.

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SEMICHORUS I.

See there Jove's (6) son, who with his golden falchion
Slays the Lernæan Hydra; O my friend,
Observe him well.

SEMICHORUS II.

I do.

SEMICHORUS I.

Another stands
Beside him brandishing a kindled torch.

SEMICHORUS II.

He whose exploits I on my woof describ'd?

SEMICHORUS I.

The noble Iolaus, who sustain'd
Alcides' shield, and in those glorious toils
Was the sole partner with the son of Jove.
(7) Him also mark who on a winged steed
Is seated, how with forceful arm he smites
The triple-form'd Chimæra breathing fire.

SEMICHORUS II.

With thee these eyes retrace each varied scene.

SEMICHORUS I.

Look at the Giants' conflict with the Gods
Depictur'd on the wall.

SEMICHORUS II.

There, there, my friends.

SEMICHORUS I.

Behold'st thou her who 'gainst Enceladus
The dreadful Ægis brandishes?

SEMICHORUS II.

I see
Pallas my Goddess.

SEMICHORUS I.

And the forked flames,

(6) Hercules, who, though not born till near two hundred years after Ion, is again mentioned in this Tragedy as having consecrated to Apollo the tapestry he found among the spoils of the Amazons.

(7) Bellerophon riding on Pegasus.

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With which th' impetuous thunderbolt descends
Hurl'd from the skies by Jove's unerring arm?

SEMICHORUS II.

I see, I see: its livid flashes smite
Mimas the foe, and with his pliant thyrsus
Another earth-born monster Bacchus slays.

CHORUS.

On thee I call, O thou who in this fane
Art station'd: is it lawful to advance
Into the inmost sanctuary's recess
With our feet bare?

ION.

This cannot be allow'd,
Ye foreign Dames.

CHORUS.

Wilt thou not answer me?

ION.

What information wish ye to receive?

CHORUS.

Say, is it true that Phœbus' temple stands
On the world's center?

ION.

'Tis with garlands deck'd,
And Gorgons are plac'd round it.

CHORUS.

So fame tells.

ION.

If ye before these portals have with fire
Consum'd the salted cates, and wish to know
Aught from Apollo, to this altar come;
But enter not the temple's dread recess
Till sheep are sacrific'd.

CHORUS.

I comprehend thee;
Nor will we break the God's establish'd laws,
But with the pictures which are here without
Amuse our eyes.

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ION.

Ye may survey them all
At leisure.

CHORUS.

Hither have our rulers sent us,
The sanctuary of Phœbus to behold.

ION.

Inform me to what household ye belong.

CHORUS.

Minerva's city is the place where dwell
Our sovereigns — But lo she herself appears
To whom the questions thou hast ask'd relate.

CREUSA, ION, CHORUS.

ION.

Thy countenance, whoe'er thou be, O woman,
Proves thou art noble, and of gentle manners:
For by their looks we fail not to discern
Those of exalted Birth. But with amazement,
Closing those eyes, thou strik'st me, and with tears
Largely bedewing those ingenuous cheeks,
Since thou hast seen Apollo's holy fane.
Whence can such wayward grief arise? The sight
Of this auspicious sanctuary, which gives
Delight to others, causes thee to weep.

CREUSA.

Stranger, you well may wonder at my tears,
For since I view'd these mansions of the God,
I have been thinking of a past event;
And tho' myself indeed am here, my soul
Remains at home. O ye unhappy Dames!
O most audacious outrages committed
By the immortal Gods! to whom for justice
Can we appeal, if thro' the wrongs of those
Who rule the world with a despotic power
We perish?

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ION.

What affliction unreveal'd
Makes thee despond?

CREUSA.

None. I have dropt the subject.
What follows, I suppress, nor must you seek
To learn aught farther.

ION.

But say, who thou art,
Whence cam'st thou, in what region wert thou born,
And by what name must we distinguish thee?

CREUSA.

Creusa is my name, my Sire Erectheus,
In Athens first I drew my vital breath.

ION.

O thou in that fam'd city who resid'st,
And by illustrious parents hast been nurtur'd,
How much do I revere thee!

CREUSA.

I thus far
But in nought else am blest.

ION.

I by the Gods
Conjure thee, answer, if the world speak truth.

CREUSA.

What question's this you would propose, O stranger?
I wish to learn.

ION.

Sprung the Progenitor
Of thy great Father from the teeming earth?

CREUSA.

Thence Ericthonius — But my noble race
Avails me not.

ION.

And did Minerva rear
The warrior from the ground?

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CREUSA.

With virgin arms,
For she was not his Mother.

ION.

Of the child
Disposing as in pictures 'tis describ'd?

CREUSA.

To Cecrops' daughters him she gave for nurture,
With strict injunctions never to behold him.

ION.

I hear those virgins op'd the wicker chest
In which the Goddess lodg'd him.

CREUSA.

Hence their doom
Was death, and with their gore they stain'd the rock.

ION.

Let that too pass. But is this rumour true,
Or groundless?

CREUSA.

What's your question? for with leisure
I am not overburden'd.

ION.

Did Erectheus,
(8) Thy royal father, sacrifice thy sisters?

CREUSA.

He fear'd not in his country's cause to slay
Those virgins.

(8) Apollodorus gives the following account of Erectheus' sacrificing his daughters: "A war breaking out between the Athenians and "Eleusinians, Eumolpus, the Son of Neptune and Chioné, came to the "assistance of the latter with a large body of Thracian troops. Erec-"theus in this emergency consulted the oracle, and received for an-"swer, that the Athenians should prove victorious, if he offered up "one of his daughters for a victim; upon which he sacrificed the young-"est, and the others slew themselves, having, as some say, sworn to "perish by each other's hands. After the sacrifice a battle was fought, "in which Erectheus slew Eumolpus." L. iii, c. 14, s. 4.

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ION.

By what means didst thou alone
Of all thy sisters 'scape?

CREUSA.

A new-born infant,
I still was in my mother's arms.

ION.

Did Earth
Indeed expand her jaws, and swallow up
Thy Father?

CREUSA.

Neptune with his trident smote
And slew him.

ION.

Is the spot on which he died
Call'd Macra?

CREUSA.

For what reason do you ask
This question? To my memory what a scene
Have you recall'd!

ION.

Doth not the Pythian God
Revere, and with his radiant beams adorn,
That blest abode?

CREUSA.

Revere! but what have I
To do with that? Ah, would to heaven I ne'er
Had seen the place!

ION.

What then! dost thou abhor
What Phœbus holds most dear?

CREUSA.

Not thus, O stranger;
Tho' I know somewhat base that has been done
Under those caverns.

ION.

What Athenian Lord,

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Receiv'd thy plighted hand?

CREUSA.

No citizen
Of Athens; but a sojourner, who came
Out of another country.

ION.

Who? he sure
Was of some noble lineage?

CREUSA.

Xuthus, son
Of Æolus, who sprung from Jove.

ION.

How gain'd
This foreigner the hand of thee, a native?

CREUSA.

Eubœa is a region on the confines
Of Athens.

ION.

With the briny deep between,
As fame relates.

CREUSA.

Those bulwarks he laid waste,
With Cecrops' race a comrade in the war.

ION.

He thither came perhaps as an ally,
And afterwards obtain'd thee for his bride.

CREUSA.

In me the dower of battle, and the prize
Of his victorious spear, did he receive.

ION.

Alone, or with thy Husband, art thou come
These oracles to visit?

CREUSA.

With my Lord:
But to (9) Trophonius' cavern he is gone.

"(9) Of this Trophonius and his cave, which is become proverbial, Nice-
"phorus Gregoreas, in his Scholia upon Synesias on Dreams, gives the fol

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ION.

As a spectator only, or t' explore
The mystic will of Fate?

CREUSA.

He hopes to gain
From him and from Apollo one response.

ION.

Seek ye the general fruit earth's bosom yields,
Or children?

CREUSA.

We are childless, tho' full long
Have we been wedded.

ION.

Hast thou never known
The pregnant mother's throes? Art thou then barren?

" lowing account: 'There was a certain man named Trophonius, a Seer " by profession, who, through vainglory, entering a cave, and there hiding " himself, ended his life. But the cave, 'tis said, utters oracles to those " who enter and ask questions on any subject. "The situation is thus de- " scribed by Strabo, in his Bœotica, p. 414. 'At Lebadia is the oracle of " Jupiter Trophonius, with a passage into the bowels of the earth, which " it is necessary for those who consult the oracle to descend: it is situated " between Helicon and Chæronea, near Coronea.' This also is to be re- " marked in regard to the cave of Trophonius, 'that there was one " fountain there called Lethe, whose waters were to be drunk by those " who were descending, that they might forget all they had previously " seen; and another called Mnemosuné, a draught of which impressed " on their memory all they were about to behold in those subterraneous " regions." BARNES.—Pausanias, from whose Bœotica, p. 790, ed. Kuhnii, the latter part of the above note is extracted, says, that Trophonius was the son of Erginus, king of the Minyæ, or, according to some, of Apollo. He and his brother Agamedes were celebrated architects, and constructed an edifice, in which Hyrcius lodged his treasures; having placed a stone in the wall, so that they could remove it when they pleased, they committed frequent robberies there undiscovered; but upon Agamedes being caught in a snare, Trophonius cut off his brother's head, lest he should discover his accomplice: the murderer was soon after swallowed up in a chasm of the earth. The account Pausanias gives of Trophonius's cave, and the ceremonies observed by those who went to consult the oracle there, is very long and minute.

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CREUSA.

Phœbus well knows I am without a son.

ION.

O wretched woman, who in all beside
Art prosperous: Fortune here, alas, deserts thee.

CREUSA.

But who are you? How happy do I deem
Your mother!

ION.

An attendant on the God
They call me; and, O woman, such I am.

CREUSA.

Sent from your city as a votive gift,
Or by some master sold?

ION.

I know this only,
That I am call'd Apollo's.

CREUSA.

In return,
I too, O stranger, pity your hard fate.

ION.

Because I know not either of my parents.

CREUSA.

Beneath this fane, or some more lowly dome
Reside you?

ION.

This whole temple of the God
Is my abode, here sleep I.

CREUSA.

While an infant,
Or since your were a stripling, came you hither?

ION.

The persons who appear to know the truth,
Assert I was a child.

CREUSA.

What Delphic nurse
Perform'd a mother's office?

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ION.

I ne'er clung
To any breast — She rear'd me.

CREUSA.

Hapless youth
Who rear'd you? how have I discover'd woes
Which equal those I suffer!

ION.

Phœbus' Priestess,
Whom as my real mother I esteem.

CREUSA.

But how were you supported till you reach'd
Maturer years?

ION.

I at the altar fed,
And on the bounty of each casual guest.

CREUSA.

Whoe'er she was, your mother sure was wretched,

ION.

Perhaps to me some woman owes her shame.

CREUSA.

But say, what wealth you have? for you are drest
In a becoming garb.

ION.

I am adorn'd
With these rich vestments by the God I serve.

CREUSA.

Did you make no researches to discover
Your parents?

ION.

I have not the slightest clue
To guide my steps.

CREUSA.

Alas, another dame
Like sufferings with your mother hath endur'd.

ION.

Who? tell me. Thy assistance would'st thou give,

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I should rejoice indeed.

CREUSA.

She for whose sake
I hither came before my Lord arrive.

ION.

What are thy wishes in which I can serve thee?

CREUSA.

I would obtain an oracle from Phœbus
In private.

ION.

Name it: for of all beside
Will I take charge.

CREUSA.

Now to my words attend—
Yet shame restrains me.

ION.

Then wilt thou do nothing:
For Shame's a Goddess not for action form'd.

CREUSA.

One of my friends informs me, that by Phœbus
She was embrac'd.

ION.

A woman by Apollo!
Use not such language, O thou foreign Dame.

CREUSA.

And that without the knowledge of her Sire,
She bore the God a son.

ION.

This cannot be;
Her modesty forbids her to confess
What mortal wrong'd her.

CREUSA.

No; she suffer'd all
That she complains of, tho' her tale be wretched.

ION.

In what respect, if by the bonds of love
She to the God was join'd?

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CREUSA.

The son she bore
She also did cast forth.

ION.

Where is the boy
Who was cast forth, doth he behold the light?

CREUSA.

None knows; and for this cause would I consult
The oracle.

ION.

But if he be no more,
How died he?

CREUSA.

Much she fears the beasts devour'd
Her wretched child.

ION.

What proof hath she of this?

CREUSA.

She came where she expos'd, and found him not.

ION.

Did any drops of blood distain the path?

CREUSA.

None, as she says; although full long she search'd
Around the field.

ION.

But since that hapless boy
Perish'd, how long is it?

CREUSA.

Were he yet living,
His age would be the same with yours.

ION.

The God
Hath wrong'd her, yet the mother must be wretched.

CREUSA.

Since that hath she produc'd no other child.

ION.

But what if Phœbus bore away by stealth

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His son, and nurtur'd him?

CREUSA.

He acts unjustly
Alone enjoying what to both belongs.

ION.

Ah me! such fortune bears a close resemblance
To my calamity.

CREUSA.

I make no doubt,
O stranger, but your miserable mother
Wishes for you.

ION.

Revive not piteous thoughts
By me forgotten.

CREUSA.

I my questions cease;
Now finish your reply.

ION,

Art thou aware
In what respect thou hast unwisely spoken?

CREUSA.

Can aught but grief attend that wretched dame?

ION.

How is it probable the God should publish
By an oracular response, the fact
He wishes to conceal?

CREUSA.

If here he sit
Upon his public tripod to which Greece
Hath free access.

ION.

He blushes at the deed;
Of him make no enquiries.

CREUSA.

The poor sufferer
Bewails her fortunes.

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ION.

No presumptuous seer
To thee this mystery will disclose: for Phœbus
In his own temple with such baseness charg'd,
Justly would punish him who should expound
To thee the oracle. Depart, O woman;
For of th' immortal Powers we must not speak
With disrespect. This were the utmost pitch
Of frenzy should we labour to extort
From the unwilling Gods those hidden truths
They mean not to disclose, by slaughter'd sheep
Before their altars, or the flight of birds.
If 'gainst Heaven's will we strive to reach down blessings,
In our possession they become a curse:
But what the Gods spontaneously confer
Is beneficial.

CHORUS.

In a thousand forms,
A thousand various woes o'erwhelm mankind;
But life can scarce afford one happy scene.

CREUSA.

Elsewhere as well as here art thou unjust
To her, O Phœbus, who tho' absent speaks
By me. For thou hast not preserv'd thy Son
Whom thou wert bound to save; nor wilt thou answer
His Mother's questions, Prophet as thou art:
That, if he be no more, there may a tomb
For him be heap'd; or haply if he live,
She may at length behold her dearest child.
But now no more of this, if me the God
Forbid to ask what most I wish to know.
Conceal, O gentle Stranger, (for I see
My lord the noble Xuthus is at hand,
Who from the cavern of Trophonius comes)
What thou hast heard, lest I incur reproach
For thus divulging secrets, and my words,
Not as I spoke them, should be blaz'd abroad:

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For the condition of our sex is hard,
Subject to man's caprice; and virtuous dames,
From being mingled with the bad, are hated:
Such, such is woman's miserable doom.

XUTHUS, CREUSA, ION, CHORUS.

XUTHUS.

I to the God begin t' address myself:
Him first I hail; and you my Consort next.
Hath my long stay alarm'd you?

CREUSA.

No: thou com'st
To her who is opprest with anxious thoughts.
Say from Trophonius what response thou bring'st;
Doth hope of issue wait us?

XUTHUS.

He refus'd
T' anticipate the prophesies of Phœbus,
All that he said was this; nor I, nor thou,
Shall from this temple to our home return
Thus destitute of children.

CREUSA.

Holy (10) Mother
Of Phœbus, to our journey grant success;
And O may fortune yet have bliss in store
For those on whom thy son erst deign'd to smile.

XUTHUS.

Thy vows shall be accomplish'd: but what Prophet
Officiates in this temple of the God?

ION.

I here without am station'd: but within,
O Stranger, others near the tripod take
Their seat, from Delphi's noblest citizens
Chosen by lot.

XUTHUS.

'Tis well: I have attain'd

(10) Latona.

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The utmost of my wishes, and will enter
The sanctuary, for here before the temple,
I am inform'd, the oracles in public
To foreigners are utter'd; on this day
(For 'tis a solemn feast) we mean to hear
The God's prophetic voice. O woman, take
Branches of laurel, and at every altar
Offer up vows to the immortal Powers,
That I from Phœbus' temple may procure
This answer, that my wishes shall be crown'd
With an anspicious progeny.

CREUSA.

Depend
On their completion: but were Phœbus' self
Dispos'd to make atonement for past wrongs,
He now, alas! no longer can to me
Entirely be a friend: yet I from him
Whate'er he pleases am constrain'd to take,
Because he is a God. [*Exeunt* XUTHUS *and* CREUSA.

ION.

In mystic words,
Why doth this foreign Dame, against our God
Still glance reproaches, thro' a strong attachment
To her for whom she hither to consult
The oracle is come; or doth she hide
Some circumstance unfit to be disclos'd?
But with Erectheus' Daughter what concern
Have I, what interest in th' Athenian realm?
I'll go and sprinkle from the golden vase
The lustral waters. Yet must I condemn
Phœbus: what means he? To the ravish'd Maid
Unfaithful hath he prov'd: his Son, by stealth
Begotten, left neglected to expire.
Act thou not thus; but since thou art supreme
In majesty, let virtue too be thine.
For whosoever of the human race
Transgresses, with severity the Gods

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Punish his crimes: then how can it be just
For you, whose written laws mankind obey,
Yourselves to break them? Tho' 'twill never be,
This supposition will I make, that Thou,
Neptune, and Jove who in the Heaven bears rule,
Should make atonement to mankind for those
Whom ye have forcibly deflour'd; your temples
Must ye exhaust to pay the fines impos'd
On your base deeds: for when ye follow pleasure,
Heedless of decency, ye act amiss;
No longer is it just to speak of Men
As wicked, if the conduct of the Gods
We imitate: our censures rather ought
To fall on those who such examples give. [*Exit* ION.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I.

O thou who aid'st the matron's throes,
(11) Come Eilithya, for to thee I sue;
Minerva next with honours due
I hail, who by Prometheus' aid arose
In arms refulgent from the front of Jove,
Nor knew a mother's fostering love;

(11) "The Goddess here invoked under the title of Ilithya, is fixed "by the return of the sentence, where the Chorus expressly calls her "the Daughter of Latona, to imply Diana: because the title of Ilithya "is not alone sufficient, as this is often applied to another Grecian "Goddess incompatible with Diana; thus this Ilithya is described "as present at the travail of Latona, the mother of Diana, by the "author of the Hymn to Apollo ascribed to Homer. Callimachus "makes Diana, in his Hymn to this Goddess, declare that from her "birth she was destined to preside over the travail of women. In "regard to the derivation of the word Ilithya, Phurnutus deduces "it either from ειλυμαι, in allusion to her constant revolution round "the Earth, as the Moon, or from ειμι, to come, as attending the "call of pregnant women: but according to Wesselingius, in his edi-"tion of Diodorus Siculus, this word is of Phœnician extraction, and "comes from a term in that language, signifying to bring forth."
Mr. JODRELL.

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Victorious Queen, arm'd with resistless might
O'er Pythian fanes thy plumage spread,
Forsake awhile Olympus' golden bed,
O wing thy rapid flight
To this blest land where Phœbus reigns,
This center of the world his chosen seat.
Where from his tripod in harmonious strains,
Doth he th' unerring prophesy repeat:
With Latona's Daughter join,
For thou like her art spotless and divine;
Sisters of Phœbus, with persuasive grace,
Ye Virgins sue, nor sue in vain,
That, from his oracles, Erectheus' race
To the Athenian throne a noble Heir may gain.

II.

Object of Heaven's peculiar care
Is he whose Children, vigorous from their birth,
Nurs'd on the foodful lap of earth,
Adorn his mansion, and his transports share:
No patrimonial treasures can exceed
Theirs who by each heroic deed
Augment the fame of an illustrious Sire,
And to their children's children leave
Th' invaluable heritage entire.
In troubles we receive
From duteous Sons a timely aid,
And social pleasure in our prosperous hours.
The daring youth, in brazen arms array'd,
Guards with protended lance his native towers.
To lure these eyes, tho' gold were spread,
Tho' Hymen wanton'd on a regal bed,
Such virtuous offspring would my soul prefer.
The lonely childless life I hate,
And deem that they who choose it greatly err,
Blest with a teeming couch, I ask no kingly state.

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III.

Ye shadowy groves where sportive Pan is seen,
Stupendous rocks whose pine-clad summits wave,
Where oft near Macra's darksome cave,
Light spectres, o'er the consecrated green,
(12) Agraulos' Daughters lead the dance
Before the portals of Minerva's fane
To the shrill flute's varied strain.
When from thy caverns, thro' the vale around,
O Pan, the cheering notes resound.
Under those hanging cliffs (abhorr'd mischance!)
Some Nymph a Son to Phœbus bore,
Whom she to ravenous birds a bloody feast
Expos'd, and to each savage beast;
Her shame, her conscious guilt, deplore.
Nor at my loom, nor by the voice of Fame
Have I e'er heard it said,
The base-born issue of some human Maid,
Begotten by a God, to bliss have any claim.

ION, CHORUS.

ION.

O ye attendants on your noble mistress,
Who watch around the basis of this fane,

(12) "Agraulos, the wife of Cecrops, has been mentioned in a "former note. Aglauros her Daughter had a temple beneath the "Acropolis, according to Herodotus, L. 8, c. 55, where the situation "is accurately described. Pausanias, Att. c. 18, calls it a grove, to "give the reader to understand that there was an area round the "temple. The Athenian women swore by Pandrosos: Aristophanes, "Lysistrate, v. 444; whence it is evident, that she also had divine "honours paid to her. The same appears in regard to Herse from "the word Αρρηφια in Suidas, with whom the rest of the Gramma-"rians accord. Again, see what is said of Aglauros in Hesychius, "under the word Διιπολια. This account of the Daughters of Cecrops "leading the dance after their death, may be compared with the "fable of Protesilaus, who is said after he was dead to have been "seen running and performing various gymnastic exercises in the "Thracian Chersonesus. See also what the Geographers, to whom "add Tzetzes on Lycophron, v. 192, say of the Course of Achilles."

DR. MUSGRAVE.

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Say, whether Xuthus have already left
The tripod and oracular recess,
Or in the temple doth he stay to ask
More questions yet about his childless state?

CHORUS.

He is within, nor yet hath pass'd the threshold
Of these abodes, O Stranger: but we hear
The sounding hinges of yon gates announce
His coming forth: and see my lord advances.

XUTHUS, ION, CHORUS.

XUTHUS.

On thee, my Son, may every bliss attend:
For such an introduction suits my speech.

ION.

With me all's well: but learn to think aright,
And we shall both be happy.

XUTHUS.

Give thy hand,
And suffer me t' embrace thee.

ION.

Are your senses
Yet unimpair'd, or hath the secret curse
Some Gods inflicts, O Stranger, made you frantic?

XUTHUS.

In my right mind am I, if having found
Him whom I hold most dear, I wish t' embrace him.

ION.

Desist, nor touch me, lest your rude hand tear
The garlands of the God.

XUTHUS.

Now in these arms
Thee I have caught, no pledge will I receive;
For I've discover'd my beloved Son.

ION.

Wilt thou not leave me, ere these shafts transpierce
Your vitals?

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XUTHUS.

But why shun me, now thou know'st
That I to thee by such strong ties am bound?

ION.

Because to me it is (13) no welcome office
Foolish and frantic strangers to recall
To their right reason.

XUTHUS.

Take my life away,
And burn my corse; but if thou kill me, thou
Wilt be thy father's murderer.

ION.

How are you
My father? Is not this ridiculous?

XUTHUS.

In a few words to thee would I explain
Our near connection.

ION.

What have you to say?

XUTHUS.

I am thy Sire, and thou art my own Son.

ION.

Who told you this?

XUTHUS.

Apollo, by whose care
Thou, O my Son, wert nurtur'd in this fane.

ION.

You for yourself bear witness.

XUTHUS

Having search'd
The oracles of this unerring God—

(13) The reading of the Aldus edition is οφελω, which, being inadmissible on account of the first syllable being short, Scaliger, and after him Barnes, read ω φιλω, which appears to me more conformable to the dialogue. Dr. Musgrave is of a different opinion, and proposes reading ὃν φιλω; Carmelli ωφελω, and to make the speech interrogative.

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ION.

Some phrase of dubious import have you heard,
Which hath misled you.

XUTHUS.

Heard I not aright?

ION.

What said Apollo?

XUTHUS.

That the man who meets me—

ION.

Where?

XUTHUS.

As I from the temple of the God
Am going forth.

ION.

What fortunes him await?

XUTHUS.

Those of my Son.

ION.

By birth or thro' adoption?

XUTHUS.

A gift and my own Child.

ION.

Am I the first
You light on?

XUTHUS.

I have met none else, my Son.

ION.

Whence springs this strange vicissitude of fortune?

XUTHUS.

The same event with wonder strikes us both.

ION.

To you, what mother bore me?

XUTHUS.

This I know not.

ION.

Did not Apollo say?

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XUTHUS.

I was delighted
With what he had reveal'd, and search'd no farther.

ION.

From mother Earth I surely sprung.

XUTHUS.

The ground
Brings forth no children.

ION.

How can I be yours?

XUTHUS.

I know not; but refer thee to the God.

ION.

Some other subject let us now begin.

XUTHUS.

This is a topic, O my Son, to me
Most interesting.

ION.

The joys of lawless love
Have you experienced?

XUTHUS.

Yes, thro' youthful folly.

ION.

Ere you were wedded to Erectheus' Daughter?

XUTHUS.

Not ever since.

ION.

Did you beget me then?

XUTHUS.

The time just tallies.

ION.

But how came I hither?

XUTHUS.

This quite perplexes.

ION.

From a distant land?

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XUTHUS.

In this I also find new cause for doubt.

ION.

Did you ascend erewhile the Pythian rock?

XUTHUS.

To celebrate the festivals of Bacchus.

ION.

But to what host did you repair?

XUTHUS.

The same

Who me with Delphic maids —

ION.

Initiated?

Or what is it you mean?

XUTHUS.

The Mænades

Of Bromius too.

ION.

While sober, or o'erpower'd

By wine?

XUTHUS.

The joys of Bacchus had ensnar'd me.

ION.

Hence it appears I was begotten then.

XUTHUS.

Fate hath at length discover'd thee, my Son.

ION.

But to this fane how could I come?

XUTHUS.

The Nymph

Perhaps expos'd thee.

ION.

I from servitude

Have made a blest escape.

XUTHUS.

Now, O my Son,

Embrace thy Sire.

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ION.

I ought not to distrust
The God.

XUTHUS.

Thou think'st aright.

ION.

And is there aught
That I can wish for more —

XUTHUS.

Thou now behold'st
As much as it concerns thee to behold.

ION.

Than from Jove's Son to spring?

XUTHUS.

Which is thy lot.

ION.

May I embrace the author of my birth?

XUTHUS.

To the God yielding credence.

ION.

Hail, my Father.

XUTHUS.

With ecstasy that title I receive.

ION.

This day —

XUTHUS.

Hath made me happy.

ION.

My dear Mother,
Shall I e'er see thee? More than ever now
(Be who thou wilt) I for that moment long.
But thou perhaps art dead, and I for thee
Can now do nothing.

CHORUS.

With our Monarch's house
We share the glad event: yet could I wish
My royal mistress and Erectheus' race

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With children had been blest.

XUTHUS.

The God, my Son,
In thy discovery hath done well; to him
I owe this happy union; thou too find'st
A Father, tho' thou never knew'st till now
By whom thou wert begotten: with thy wishes
Mine, O my Son, conspire, that thou may'st find
Thy Mother, and that I may learn who bore thee.
By leaving this to time, we may at length
Perhaps discover her: but now forsaking
Apollo's temple and this exil'd state,
With duteous zeal accompany thy Sire
To Athens, where this heritage awaits thee,
A prosperous sceptre and abundant wealth:
Nor tho' thou want one parent, can the name,
Or of ignoble, or of poor be thine:
But for thy noble birth shalt thou be fam'd,
And thy abundant treasures. Art thou silent?
Why dost thou fix thine eyes upon the ground?
Thy anxious thoughts return, and thou, thus chang'd
From thy past cheerfulness, alarm'st my soul.

ION.

Things at a distance wear not the same semblance
As when on them we fix a closer view.
I certainly with gratitude embrace
My better fortunes, having found in you
A Father. But whence rose my anxious thoughts
Now hear: in Athens, I am told, a Native
Is deem'd a glorious name, not so the race
Of aliens: I its gates shall enter laden
With these two evils; from a foreign Sire
Descended, and myself a spurious child.
Branded with this reproach, doom'd to continue
In base obscurity, I shall be call'd
A man of no account: but if intruding
Into the highest stations in the city,

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I aim at being great, I shall incur
Hate from the vulgar, for superior power
Is to the people odious; but the friends
Of virtue, they whose elevated souls
With real wisdom are endu'd, observe
A modest silence, nor with eager haste
Rush into public business; such as these
Will laugh and brand me with an ideot's name,
For not remaining quiet in a land
Which with tumultuous outrages abounds.
Again, will those of a distinguish'd rank
Who at the helm preside, when I attempt
To raise myself to honours, be most wary
How on an alien they their votes confer,
For thus, my Sire, 'tis ever wont to be;
They who possess authority and rank
Loathe their competitors. But when I come,
Unwelcome stranger, to a foreign house
And to the childless matron; partner once
In your calamity, of all her hopes
Now reft, with bitter anguish will she feel
In private this misfortune: by what means
Can I escape her hatred, at your footstool
When I am seated, but she still remaining
A childless consort, with malignant eyes
The object of your tenderness beholds?
Then or, betraying me, will you regard
Your wife: or by th' esteem for me exprest,
A dire confusion in your palace cause.
For men, by female subtlety, how oft
Have poisons been invented to destroy;
Yet is my pity to your Consort due,
Childless and hastening to the vale of years;
Sprung from heroic sires she ill deserves
To pine thro' want of issue. But the face
Of Empire whom we foolishly commend
Is fair indeed, tho' in her mansions Grief

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Hath fix'd her loath'd abode. For who is happy,
Who fortunate, when his whole life is spent
In circumspection and in anxious fears?
Rather would I in an ignoble state
Live blest, than be a Monarch who delights
In evil friends, and hates the good, still fearing
The stroke of death. Perhaps you will reply
That gold can all these obstacles surmount,
And to grow rich is sweet. I would not hear
Tumultuous sounds, or grievous toils endure,
Because these hands my treasures still retain.
May I possess an humbler rank exempt
From sorrow! O my Sire, let me describe
The blessings I have here enjoy'd; first ease,
To man most grateful, by the busy crowd
I seldom was molested, from my path
No villain drove me: not to be endur'd
Is this, when we to base competitors
Are forc'd to yield pre-eminence. I pray'd
Fervently to the Gods, or minister'd
To mortals, and with those who did rejoice
I never griev'd. Some strangers I dismiss'd,
But others came. Hence a new object still
Did I remain, and each new votary please.
What men are bound to wish for, even they
Who with reluctance practise what they ought,
The laws conspir'd to aid my natural bent,
And in the sight of Phœbus made me just.
These things maturely weighing in my breast,
I deem my situation here exceeds
What Athens can bestow. Allow me then
The privilege of living to myself:
For 'tis an equal blessing, or to taste
The splendid gifts of fortune with delight,
Or in an humbler station rest content.

CHORUS.

Well hast thou spoken: could thy words conduce

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To the felicity of those I love!

XUTHUS.

Cease to speak thus, and learn how to be happy:
For on the spot where thee I found, my Son,
Will I perform due rites, the social board
Crown with a public banquet, and slay victims
In celebration of thy natal day,
Which with no sacrifice hath yet been grac'd.
But now conducting thee, as if a guest
Enter'd my doors, thee with a splendid feast
Will I regale, and to th' Athenian realm
Lead thee as one who comes to view the land,
Not as my Son; because I would not grieve
My Consort who is childless, while myself
In thee am blest: yet will I seize at length
Some happy moment, and on her prevail
To let thee wield my sceptre. By the name
Of Ion, I accost thee, which best suits
Th' event that happen'd, since, as I came forth
From Phœbus' temple, thou didst meet me first.
Collecting therefore all thy band of friends,
Previous to thy departure from the city
Of Delphi, with the victim ox regale them.
But I command you, Damsels, to conceal
What I have said; for if ye to my Wife
Disclose it, ye shall die. [*Exit* XUTHUS.

ION.

Then will I go:
Yet is there one thing wanting to complete
My better fortunes: for I cannot live
With comfort, if I find not her who bore me.
If I might yet presume to wish for aught,
O may my Mother prove to be a dame
Of Athens, that from her I may inherit
Freedom of speech! For if a stranger come
Into that city pure from foreign mixture,
Altho' he be a denizen in name,

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By servile fear his faltering tongue is tied,
Nor dares he freely utter what he thinks. [*Exit* ION.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

I view the tears which from her eyes shall flow
The sorrows that shall rend her breast,
Soon as my Queen th' unwelcome truth shall know
That with an Heir her Lord is blest,
While she forlorn and childless pines.
What Priest, O Phœbus, chanted thy decrees?
Who bore this Stripling nurtur'd in thy shrines?
Suspected frauds my soul displease,
Unwonted terrors rend my heart,
While thou to him unfold'st a blest event.
The Boy is vers'd in every treacherous art,
To him her choicest gifts hath Fortune lent,
Rear'd, base-born alien, in a foreign land.
These obvious truths who fails with me to understand?

II.

Shall we, my friends, to our Queen's wounded ear
Without the least disguise relate
How he proves false who to her soul is dear,
Her partner in each change of fate,
That Lord in whom her hopes were plac'd?
But he is happy now, while she descends
Thro' misery to the vale of years in haste:
Disdain'd by all his virtuous friends
Shall Xuthus droop, thro' Fortune's power,
To our rich mansions, who a stranger came,
Nor duly priz'd her gift, the royal dower:
Perish the traitor to our honour'd Dame!
Ne'er may his incense to the Gods ascend!
Creusa shall know this.—I am our Sovereign's friend.

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III.

With his new Son th' exulting Sire
Already to the festive banquet hies,
Where steep Parnassus' hills aspire,
Whose rocky summits touch the skies,
Where Bacchus lifts a blazing pine,
And the gay Mænades to join
His midnight dances haste.—With footsteps rude
Ne'er may this Boy intrude
Into my city: rather may he die,
And quit life's radiant morn:
For groaning Athens would with scorn,
And jealous eyes, the alien view,
Should Xuthus' fraud such cause for scorn supply.
Enough for her that o'er her plain
Erst did Erectheus stretch a wide domain,
Still be each patriot to his children true.

CREUSA, OLD MAN, CHORUS.

CREUSA.

Thou venerable man, who didst attend
Erectheus the deceas'd, my honour'd Sire,
Now mount the God's oracular abode,
That thou my joys, if Phœbus mighty King
The birth of children shall foretell, may'st share.
For surely to be happy with our friends
Is most delightful: but (which Heaven forbid!)
Should any evil happen, to behold
The face of a benignant man is sweet.
For tho' I am thy Queen, as thou didst erst
Honour my Father, in that Father's stead
I reverence those grey hairs.

OLD MAN.

You still retain
A courtesy of manners, which, O Daughter,
Suits your illustrious lineage: you bely not

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Those first great ancestors from whom you spring,
Sons of the teeming Earth. O lead me, guide
To the prophetic mansion, for to me
Th' ascent is steep: but let thy needful aid
Support me while with aged steps I move.

CREUSA.

Follow me now, look where thou tread'st.

OLD MAN.

These feet
Indeed are tardy, but my zeal is swift.

CREUSA.

Lean on thy staff, while up the winding path
Thou striv'st to climb.

OLD MAN.

'Tis darkness all, my eye-sight
So fails me.

CREUSA.

Thou speak'st truth, but let not this
Make thee dejected.

OLD MAN.

Not with my consent
Thus do I suffer: but on me, tho' loth,
What Heaven inflicts, have I no power to heal.

CREUSA.

Ye faithful females, who have serv'd me long,
Attending at the distaff or the loom,
What fortunes to my Husband were reveal'd?
Left he the temple with a blest assurance
Of children, whom t' obtain we hither came?
Inform me: for with acceptable tidings
If ye can greet me, ye will not confer
Such favour on a Mistress who distrusts
The truth of what ye utter.

CHORUS.

Ruthless Fate!

CREUSA.

This prelude to your speech is inauspicious,

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CHORUS.

Ah, wretched me! but wherefore am I wounded
By oracles that to my lords belong?
No more. Why should I venture to relate
A tale for which my recompence is death (15)?

CREUSA.

What means this plaint, and whence arise your fears?

CHORUS.

Shall we speak out, shall we observe strict silence,
Or how shall we proceed?

CREUSA.

Tell what you know
Of the misfortune which invades your Queen.

CHORUS.

Yes, thou should'st hear it all, tho' twofold death
Awaited me. Ne'er shall those arms sustain,
Nor to thy bosom shalt thou ever clasp
The wish'd-for progeny.

OLD MAN.

Alas, my Daughter,
Would I were dead!

CREUSA.

Wretch that I am! the woes
Ye have reveal'd, my friends, make life a curse.

OLD MAN.

We perish, O my Daughter.

CREUSA.

Grief, alas!
Pierces my vitals.

OLD MAN.

Those untimely groans
Suppress.

CREUSA.

My plaints unbidden force their way.

(15) Xuthus having, at his leaving the stage, v. 667, edit. Barnes, threatened the Attendants of Creusa, who compose the Chorus, that he would put them to death if they informed their mistress of what the oracle had declared in regard to the birth of Ion.

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OLD MAN.

Before we learn —

CREUSA.

Alas, what farther tidings
Can I expect?

OLD MAN.

Whether our Lord endure
The same, and share your woes, or you alone
To adverse fortune are expos'd.

CHORUS.

On him,
Thou aged man, Apollo hath bestow'd
A Son, this blessing singly he enjoys
Without his Consort.

CREUSA.

You to me unfold
The greatest of all evils, an affliction
Which claims my groans.

OLD MAN.

But is the Son you speak of
To spring hereafter from some Dame unknown,
Or did Apollo's oracle declare
That he is born already?

CHORUS.

To thy Lord
Phœbus an offspring gives, already born,
Who hath attain'd the age of blooming manhood:
For I was present.

CREUSA.

What is this you say?
To me have you related such a tale
As no tongue ought to utter.

OLD MAN.

And to me.

CREUSA.

But by what means, yet undisclos'd, the God
This oracle to its completion brings,

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Inform me more explicitly, and who
This stripling is.

CHORUS.

Apollo to thy Husband
Gave for a Son him whom he first should meet,
As from the temple of the God he came.

CREUSA.

But as for me, alas! thro' my whole life
Accurs'd and sentenc'd to a childless state,
In solitary mansions shall I dwell.
What youth was by the oracle design'd?
Whom did the Husband of unhappy me
Meet in his passage; how, or where behold him?

CHORUS.

Know'st thou that stripling, O my dearest Queen,
Who swept the temple? he is Xuthus' son.

CREUSA.

Ah, would to Heaven that I could wing my flight,
Thro' the dark air beyond the Grecian land
To the Hesperian stars! How great, how great
Are the afflictions I endure!

OLD MAN.

What name
His Father gave him, know you, or is this
Yet undetermin'd?

CHORUS.

Ion was he call'd,
Because he first his happy Father met.

OLD MAN.

Who was his Mother?

CHORUS.

That I cannot tell:
But to acquaint thee, O thou aged man,
With all that's in my power, her Husband went,
In privacy to offer up a victim
For the discovery, and the natal day
Of his new Son, and in the hallow'd tent

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With him will celebrate a genial banquet.

OLD MAN.

My honour'd Mistress, (for with you I grieve)
We are betray'd by your perfidious Lord,
Wrong'd by premeditated fraud, and cast
Forth from Erectheus' house: I speak not this
Thro' hatred to your Husband, but because
I love you more than him, who wedding you
When to the city he a stranger came,
Your palace too and whole inheritance
With you receiving, on some other Dame
Appears to have begotten sons by stealth:
How 'twas by stealth I'll prove; when he perceiv'd
That you were barren, he was not content
To share the self-same fate, but on a slave
Whom he embrac'd in secrecy, begot
And to some Delphic matron gave this Son,
That in a foreign realm he might be nurtur'd:
He to the temple of Apollo sent,
Is here train'd up in secret. But the Sire,
Soon as he knew the stripling had attain'd
The years of manhood, hath on you prevail'd
Hither to come, because you had no child.
The God indeed hath spoken truth; not so
Xuthus, who from his infancy hath rear'd
The boy, and forg'd these tales; that, if detected,
His crimes might be imputed to the God:
But coming hither, and by length of time
Hoping to skreen the fraud, he now resolves
He will transfer the sceptre to this stripling,
For whom at length he forges the new name
Of Ion, to denote that he went forth
And met him. Ah, how do I ever hate
Those wicked men who plot unrighteous deeds,
And then adorn them with delusive art!
Rather would I possess a virtuous friend
Of mean abilities, than one more wise

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And profligate. Of all disastrous fates
Yours is the worst, who to your house admit
Its future Lord, whose Mother is unknown,
A youth selected from th' ignoble crowd,
The base-born issue of some female slave.
For this had only been a single ill
Had he persuaded you, since you are childless,
T' adopt, and in your palace lodg'd the son
Of some illustrious dame: but if to you
This scheme had been disgustful; from the kindred
Of Æolus his sire should he have sought
Another Consort. Hence is it incumbent
On you to execute some great revenge
Worthy of woman; with the lifted sword,
Or by some stratagem or deadly poison,
Your Husband and his offspring to dispatch
Ere you by them are murder'd: you will lose
Your life if you delay, for when two foes
Meet in one house, some mischief must befall,
Or this or that. I therefore will with you
Partake the danger, and with you conspire
To slay that stripling, entering the abode
Where for the sumptuous banquet he is making
Th' accustom'd preparation; while I view
The Sun, and e'en in death, will I repay
The bounty of those Lords who nurtur'd me.
For there is one thing only which confers
Disgrace on slaves, the name; in all beside
No virtuous slave to freeborn spirits yields.

CHORUS.

I too, O my dear Mistress, am resolv'd
To be the stedfast partner of your fate,
And die with glory, or with glory live.

CREUSA.

How, O my tortur'd soul, shall I be silent?
But rather how these hidden loves disclose?
Shall I shake off all shame? for what retards

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My farther progress? to how dire a struggle
Doth my beleaguer'd virtue lie expos'd?
Hath not my Lord betray'd me? For of house
And children too am I depriv'd. All hopes
Are vanish'd now of which I fondly sought
T' avail myself, but could not, by concealing
The loss of my virginity, those throes
Concealing which I ever must bewail.
But by the starry throne of Jove, the Goddess
Who haunts my rocks, and by the sacred banks
Of (16) Triton's lake whose waters never fail,
I my disgrace no longer will suppress,
For having cleans'd my soul from that pollution,
I shall have shaken off a load of cares.
My eyes drop tears, and sorrow rends my soul,
Assail'd with treachery both by men and Gods
Whom I will prove to have been false, devoid
Of gratitude to those they lov'd. O thou,

(16) "Triton is a lake in Africa, through which flows a large river "of the same name; some say that Minerva was the Daughter of Nep- "tune and this lake, but that being severely chidden by her Father, she "came in wrath to Jupiter, and was adopted by him. It is reported at "least that she received the name of Tritonia from making her first ap- "pearance at this lake, of which we meet with the following account in "Lucan:

"Hanc ut fama Deus, quem toto littore pontus
"Audit ventosâ perflantem murmura conchâ,
"Hanc et Pallas amat, patrio quæ vertice nata
"Terrarum primam Libyen (nam proxima cælo est,
"Ut probat ipse calor) tetigit: stagnique quietâ
"Vultus vidit aquâ, posuitque in margine plantas,
"Et se dilectâ Tritonida dixit ab undâ." BARNES.

"These waters to the tuneful God are dear,
"Whose vocal shell the sea-green Nereids hear;
"These Pallas loves, so tells reporting Fame,
"When first from Heaven to Earth the Goddess came,
"(Heaven's neighbourhood the warmer climes betrays,
"And speak the nearer Sun's immediate rays)
"Here her first footsteps on the brink she staid,
"Here in the watry glass her form survey'd,
"And call'd herself from hence the chaste Tritonian maid." ROWE.

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Whose skilful hand attunes the sevenfold chords
Of the melodious lyre, from lifeless shells
Eliciting the Muses' sweetest strains,
Son of Latona, I this day will publish
A tale to thee disgraceful: for thou cam'st,
Thou cam'st resplendent with thy golden hair,
As I the crocus gather'd, in my robe
Each vivid flower assembling to compose
Garlands of fragrance: thou my snowy wrist
Didst seize and drag me to the cave, with shrieks
While to my Mother for her aid I cried:
'Twas impudently done, thou lustful God,
To gain the favour of the Cyprian Queen.
In evil hour, to thee I bore a Son,
Whom, fearful of my Mother's wrath, I cast
Into that cave, where thou with wretched me
Didst join thyself in luckless love. Alas!
Now is our miserable son no more,
On him have vultures feasted, But meanwhile
Thy festive Pæans to the sounding harp
Dost thou repeat. O offspring of Latona,
To thee I speak, who from thy golden tripod
Dost in this center of the world dispense
Thy oracles. My voice shall reach thy ears,
O thou false paramour, who, from my Lord
Tho' thou no favours ever didst receive,
A Son into his mansions hast convey'd:
Meanwhile the offspring whom to thee I bore
Hath died unnotic'd, by the vultures torn;
Lost are the bandages in which his Mother
Had wrapp'd him. Thee thy Delos doth abhor,
The branches of whose laurel rise to meet
The palm, and form that shade, where thee her son
With arms divine Latona first embrac'd.

CHORUS.

Ah me! how inexhaustible a source
Of woes is open'd, such as must draw tears

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From every eye.

OLD MAN.

O Daughter, on your face,
Still with unsated rapture do I gaze,
My reason have I lost: for while I strive
From my o'erburden'd spirit to discharge
The waves of woe, fresh torrents at the poop
Rush in and overwhelm me, since the words
Which you have utter'd, from your present ills
Digressing to the melancholy track
Of other sufferings, What is it you say?
What charge would you allege against Apollo?
What son is this whom you assert you bore?
And in what quarter of your native city
To beasts did you expose him for a prey?
To me repeat the tale.

CREUSA.

Thou aged man,
Thy presence makes me blush: yet will I speak.

OLD MAN.

Full well do I know how to sympathize
With my afflicted friends.

CREUSA.

Then hear my tale.
Thou must remember, on the northern side
Of the Cecropian rock, the cave call'd Macra.

OLD MAN.

I know it; on that spot Pan's temple stands,
And near it blaze his altars.

CREUSA.

'Twas the scene
Of my unhappy conflict.

OLD MAN.

Say: what conflict?
Your history makes me weep.

CREUSA.

The amorous God

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Apollo held me in a forc'd embrace.

OLD MAN.

Was this, my Daughter, then, what I perceiv'd?

CREUSA.

I know not; but will openly declare
The truth, if thy conjectures light on it.

OLD MAN.

When you in silence wail'd some hidden woe?

CREUSA.

Those evils happen'd then which I to thee
Without disguise reveal.

OLD MAN.

But by what means
Your union with Apollo did you hide?

CREUSA.

I bore a Son — with patience hear me speak,
O venerable man.

OLD MAN.

Where? who perform'd
Th' obstetric part? did you alone endure
The grievous throes of childbirth?

CREUSA.

All alone
Within that cave where I my honour lost.

OLD MAN.

But where's the boy, that in this childless state
Thou may'st remain no longer?

CREUSA.

He is dead,
Old man, to beasts was he expos'd.

OLD MAN.

How! dead!
Was Phœbus then so base as not to aid you?

CREUSA.

No aid he gave: but in the dreary house
Of Pluto is our hapless offspring nurtur'd.

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OLD MAN.

But who expos'd him? sure it was not you?

CREUSA.

I in the midnight gloom around him wrapp'd
A mantle.

OLD MAN.

To th' exposure of your Son
Was no man privy?

CREUSA.

I had no accomplice
But Secrecy with evil Fortune leagu'd.

OLD MAN.

And how could you endure to leave the child
Within that cavern?

CREUSA.

How? these lips did utter
Full many piteous words.

OLD MAN.

The cruelty
Which you here show'd was dreadful: but the God
Than you was still more cruel.

CREUSA.

Had you seen
The child stretch forth his suppliant hands to me—

OLD MAN.

Sought he the fostering breast, or to recline
In your maternal arms?

CREUSA.

Hence torn he suffer'd
From me foul wrong.

OLD MAN.

But whence could such a thought
Enter your soul as to expose your Son?

CREUSA.

Because I hop'd Apollo who begot,
Would save him.

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OLD MAN.

Ah, what storms have overwhelm'd
The fortunes of your house!

CREUSA.

Why, covering up
Thy head, thus weep'st thou, O thou aged man?

OLD MAN.

Because I see you and your Father wretched.

CREUSA.

Such is the doom of frail mortality:
Nought rests in the same state.

OLD MAN.

But let us dwell
No more, O Daughter, on the piteous theme.

CREUSA.

What must I do? the wretched can devise
No wholesome counsel.

OLD MAN.

On the God who wrong'd you
First wreak your vengeance.

CREUSA.

How can I a mortal
O'ercome the potent Deities?

OLD MAN.

Set fire
To Phœbus' aweful temple.

CREUSA.

Fear restrains me,
And I endure sufficient woes already.

OLD MAN.

Dare then to do what's feasible, to kill
Your Husband.

CREUSA.

I revere the nuptial bed,
For when I first espous'd the noble Xuthus,
My Lord was virtuous.

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OLD MAN.

Slay at least this boy
Who is produc'd your interest to oppose.

CREUSA.

Ah, by what means? how greatly should I wish
This done, if it were possible.

OLD MAN.

By arming
With swords your followers.

CREUSA.

I will go: but where
Shall this be executed?

OLD MAN.

In the tent
Where with a banquet he regales his friends.

CREUSA.

This were a public outrage, and my band
Of followers is but weak.

OLD MAN.

Alas! your courage
Deserts you: forge yourself some better scheme.

CREUSA.

I too have schemes both subtle and effective.

OLD MAN.

In both will I assist you.

CREUSA.

Hear me then:
Full well thou know'st the history of that war
Wag'd by Earth's brood.

OLD MAN.

Against the Gods I know
The Giants fought on the Phlægrean plain.

CREUSA.

There Earth produc'd the Gorgon, dreadful monster.

OLD MAN.

To aid her sons in battle, and contend
With the immortal Powers.

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CREUSA.

E'en so, and Pallas
Daughter of Jove, the virgin Goddess, slew
This prodigy.

OLD MAN.

But by what horrid form
Was it distinguish'd?

CREUSA.

Hissing serpents twin'd
Around its chest.

OLD MAN.

Is this the tale I heard
In days of yore?

CREUSA.

That Pallas wears its hide
To guard her bosom.

OLD MAN.

Which they call the Ægis,
The garment of Minerva.

CREUSA.

It obtain'd
This name, amidst the combat of the Gods
When she advanc'd.

OLD MAN.

But how can this, O Daughter,
Destroy your foes?

CREUSA.

Old man, art thou acquainted
With Ericthonius, or an utter stranger
To his whole history?

OLD MAN.

Him whom Earth brought forth,
The founder of your race.

CREUSA.

Minerva gave
To him when newly born —

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OLD MAN.

Gave what? you speak
With hesitation.

CREUSA.

Of the Gorgon's blood
Two drops.

OLD MAN.

On mortals what effect have these?

CREUSA.

The one produces death, the other heals
Each malady.

OLD MAN.

In what were they contain'd?
Did Pallas to the body of the child
Affix them?

CREUSA.

To his golden bandages:
He gave them to my Sire.

OLD MAN.

But when he died,
Did they devolve to you!

CREUSA.

To me they came,
And them e'en now around my wrists I wear.

OLD MAN.

But of what wondrous qualities, O say,
Consists this twofold present of the Goddess?

CREUSA.

That blood which issued from the monster's vein.

OLD MAN.

What is the use of this? and with what virtues
Is it endued?

CREUSA.

Diseases it repels,
And nourishes man's life.

OLD MAN.

But what effect

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Arises from the second drop you speak of?

CREUSA.

Inevitable death; for 'tis the venom
Of serpents which around the Gorgon twine.

OLD MAN.

These drops together mingled, do you bring,
Or separate?

CREUSA.

Separate. For with evil, good
Ought not to be confounded.

OLD MAN.

You possess,
My dearest Daughter, all that you can need.

CREUSA.

By this the boy must die: but to dipatch him
Shall be your office.

OLD MAN.

Where and by what means
Can I dispatch him? it is yours to speak,
But mine to execute.

CREUSA.

When at my house
In Athens he arrives.

OLD MAN.

In this you speak
Unwisely; for you treat with scorn my counsels.

CREUSA.

What mean'st thou? has thou form'd the same suspicions
Which have just enter'd my misgiving soul?

OLD MAN.

Although this boy you slay not, you will seem
To have contriv'd his death.

CREUSA.

'Tis well observ'd:
For every tongue asserts that stepdames envy
Their Husband's children.

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OLD MAN.

Kill him therefore here,
You then will be enabled to deny
That by your means he perish'd.

CREUSA.

Ere it comes,
I that blest hour anticipate.

OLD MAN.

Your Husband
Will you deceive e'en in that very point
In which he strives t' o'erreach you.

CREUSA.

Know'st thou then
How to proceed? This antient golden vase
Wrought by Minerva, at my hand receiving,
Go where my Lord in secret offers up
His victims; when the banquet is concluded,
And they prepare to pour forth to the Gods
The rich libation, by thy robe conceal'd
Infuse into the goblet of the youth
Its venomous contents; for him alone,
Who in my house hereafter hopes to reign,
A separate draught, but not design'd for all.
Should he once swallow this, he ne'er will reach
The fam'd Athenian gates, but here remain
A breathless corse.

OLD MAN.

This mansion, for the purpose
Of public hospitality design'd,
Now enter: I meanwhile will execute
The business I'm employ'd in. Aged feet,
Grow young again by action, tho' past time
Can ne'er be measur'd back: attend, my Queen,
Bear me to him I hate, aid me to slay
And drag him forth from the polluted temple!
For in their prosperous fortunes men are bound

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To be religious: but no law obstructs
His progress, who resolves to smite his foes.

[*Exeunt* CREUSA *and* OLD MAN.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I. 1.

(17) O Trivia, Ceres' Daughter, who presid'st
O'er the nocturnal passenger,
And him by day who travels: if thou guid'st
Th' envenom'd cup, it shall not err
Before it reach the destin'd lip
Of him to whom my venerable Queen
Sends the Gorgon's blood to sip,
Who treacherously intruding would debase
Her Ancestors' imperial race.
No alien's brood in Athens shall be seen;
The city where Erectheus fill'd the throne
Shall still be rul'd by his posterity alone.

I. 2.

But if in vain to slay the foe she tries,
Should fortune too desert my Queen,
And hope which now promotes the bold emprise;
The biting falchion's edge I ween,

(17) "The Deity, here invoked by the Chorus under the appellation "of Ερσεφα, is Proserpine or Hecate: the same epithet again occurs in "the Helena of our Poet, and is also used by Sophocles, in his Anti-"gone: it implies the Patroness of public ways, and is synonimous with "the Roman Trivia: thus, according to this idea, Virgil addresses the "infernal Hecate:

"Noctivagaque Hecate triviis ululata per urbes.
Æn. L. iv, v. 609.

"Hear, thou dire Hecate! from hell profound,
"Whose rites nocturnal thro' the streets resound." PITT.

"As she presided over poison, which the Tutor was now preparing for "Ion, Barnes remarks the propriety of this address of the female "Chorus." Mr. JODRELL.

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Or, twin'd around her neck, the noose,
Will finish these accumulated woes.
Then the flitting spirit, loose
From earthly gyves, in other forms shall live.
For she will never tamely give
Consent, that he, to foreign realms who owes
His birth, shall seize the palace of her Sires:
Hence from her vivid eyes thick flash indignant fires.

II. 1.

Shame for (18) that injur'd God I feel
To whom the Muse awakes her varied strain,
Intruding with officious zeal,
Around Callichore's fam'd spring,
On the moon's twentieth eve, should he profane
The kindled torches, and his tribute bring,
A sleepless votary, mingling with his train,
When in the dance the starry sky
Of Jove, with the resplendent moon, unites,
And fifty maids, the progeny
Of Nereus, sport midst ocean's rapid tide,
Or where exhaustless rivers glide,
To Proserpine and Ceres' mystic rites
Yielding due homage: from the Delphic fane,
Yet there this vagrant hopes to reign,
And satiate his rapacious soul's desire
With wealth, which others' toils acquire.

II. 2.

Ye Bards who crowd each hostile page
With tales of wives beguil'd by lawless love,

(18) Brodæus, Barnes, Carmelli, Dr. Musgrave, and Mr. Jodrell, unanimously concur in thinking that Bacchus is here meant, and support their opinions by observing that Homer gives him the same epithet, Πολυΰμνος, and that he was worshipped jointly with Ceres in the Eleusinian mysteries, particularly in the festivals, called a few lines lower ἀγυιεύς, held on the *twentieth* of each moon, and celebrated with extraordinary pomp on the twentieth of August. Heath abruptly contradicts the rest of the commentators, saying, that the poet here means Apollo, and not Bacchus, but assigns no satisfactory reason for such conjecture.

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And war with feeble woman wage,
View with impartial eye our deeds,
And listen for a moment while I prove
How greatly female chastity exceeds
Man, whom unbridled passions prompt to rove.
Oft have rude songs profan'd our name,
Now let the Muse man's haughty sex assail,
And publish deeds replete with shame.
For he who from Jove's sons derives his birth,
Is void of gratitude and worth,
Nought could the throne his Consort gave, avail
To make the nuptial bed his scene of joy:
He hath obtain'd this spurious boy,
By the seducing wiles of Venus led
To some ignoble damsel's bed.

SERVANT, CHORUS.

SERVANT.

Where, O ye noble matrons, shall I find
My Queen, Erectheus' Daughter? for in quest
Of her thro' the whole city have I rang'd,
But cannot meet with her.

CHORUS.

O thou who tend'st
On the same lords with me, what fresh event
Hath happen'd? wherefore mov'st thou with such speed?
And what important tidings dost thou bring?

SERVANT.

We are pursued: the rulers of this land
Search after her, resolv'd that she shall die,
Thrown headlong from the rock.

CHORUS.

Ah me! what say'st thou?
Could we not then conceal our scheme of slaying
The boy?

SERVANT.

We are detected, and her danger

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Is now most imminent.

CHORUS.

But by what means
Were these our hidden stratagems brought forth
To public view?

SERVANT.

The God hath found injustice
Too weak to cope with justice, nor allows
His shrine to be polluted.

CHORUS.

I entreat thee
Say how this happen'd: for when we have heard
Whether our doom be death, we shall die gladly,
Or if we live, with pleasure view the sun.

SERVANT.

When from the God's oracular abode
With his new son Creusa's husband went
To hold a feast, and for th' immortal Powers
Prepar'd oblations; Xuthus sought the hill
Whence Bacchus' flames burst forth, that he might sprinkle
Parnassus' cloven summit with the blood
Of slaughter'd victims: celebrating thus
The blest discovery of his long-lost son,
Whom thus the Sire accosted; "Here remain,
"And bid the builders labour to erect
"Such tent as shall inclose an ample space
"On every side: but when I to those Gods
"Who bless the natal hour have sacrific'd,
"If I stay long, before thy friends who here
"Are present, place the genial feast." Then taking
The heifers, he departed. But the Youth
Attentive to his pious task, on columns
Erected the light roof, to which no walls
Lent their support; he guarded it with care,
Both from the flaming sun's meridian rays,
And from the western aspect; then the sides
An acre each in length did he extend,

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With equal angles; in the central space
Was there an area, each of the four sides
Its length extended to six hundred feet,
A perfect square, which skilful artists say
Was calculated well to entertain
All Delphi at the feast: the sacred tapestry
Then taking from the treasures of the God,
He cover'd o'er the whole, a wondrous sight
To all beholders: first he o'er the roof
Threw robes, which Hercules, the son of Jove,
To Phœbus at his temple brought, the spoils
Of vanquish'd Amazons, a votive gift,
On which these pictures by the loom were wrought;
Heaven in its vast circumference all the stars
Assembling; there his coursers too the Sun
Impetuous drove, till ceas'd his waning flame,
And with him drew in his resplendent train,
Vesper's clear light; but clad in sable garb
Night hasten'd onward with her chariot drawn
By steeds unyok'd; the stars accompanied
Their Goddess; thro' mid air the Pleiades,
And with his falchion arm'd Orion mov'd;
But plac'd on high, around the northern pole
The Bear in an averted posture turn'd;
Then full-orb'd Cynthia, who the months divides,
Darted her splendor from the realms above;
Next came the Hyades, a sign well known
To sailors, and Aurora's dawning light
The stars dispelling. But the sides he cover'd
With yet more tapestry, the Barbaric fleet
(19) To that of Greece oppos'd, was there display'd;

(19) Barnes's ingenious conjecture, that the victory of the Athenians over the fleet of Xerxes, in the sea-fight at Salamis, which happened on the day when Euripides was born, is here alluded to, has been adopted by Mr. Heath and Dr. Musgrave, but is objected to by Mr. Jodrell, who thinks the anachronism too great to have been tolerated by an Athenian audience, and is for either referring it to the Argonautic ex-

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Follow'd a monstrous brood, half horse, half man,
The Thracian monarch's furious steeds subdu'd,
And lion of Nemæa; at the gate
Close to his Daughters Cecrops roll'd along
On scaly folds; this was a votive gift
From some Athenian citizen unknown.
He in the center of the festive board
Plac'd golden cups. An aged Herald went
On tiptoe, and each citizen of Delphi
Invited to attend the sumptuous feast.
They, crown'd with garlands, when the tent was fill'd,
Indulg'd their genius: after the delight
Of the repast was o'er, an aged man
Into the midst advancing, took his stand,
And from the guests by his officious zeal

pedition, or considering it as a mere poetical image, unconnected with any historical event. The anachronisms of Euripides, particularly in the Tragedy before us, are so frequent, that any attempt to reduce the figures on the tapestry to the smallest degree of uniformity must immediately fall to the ground: Hercules, who is said to have presented it, lived (as I have already mentioned) near two hundred years after Ion. By the very next lines are universally understood the Centaurs, Diomedes' savage horses, the brazen-footed Stag and Nemean Lion, subdued or caught by him; then follows a piece of real antiquity, the transformation of Cecrops the first king of Athens, the present of some unknown Citizen. On the modern stage we daily see that the mention of any recent and glorious event, however unseasonably introduced, hardly ever fails to extort the loudest peals of applause. Allusions to circumstances little known, and which neither accord with vulgar tradition, nor the Poet's own language in other parts of his writings, such as the Argonauts having equipped a *fleet* instead of a *single ship*, require to be marked out with a much greater degree of minuteness than is here done, and the vague picture of a *sea-fight*, without any precise meaning, would disgrace the rest of its accompaniments in the Delphic tent. The very circumstance objected to by Mr. Jodrell, that some of the spectators of this play at Athens had probably fought at Salamis, appears to me to give additional strength to Barnes's conjecture, by shewing that it might have been deemed indelicate for the Author to have added any thing more than a bare mention of the fleets of Greeks and Barbarians being opposed to each other, when his actors were addressing an audience, who could with ease retrace all that passed before their eyes in that decisive battle.

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Provok'd abundant laughter (20): from huge urns
He pour'd the water forth to lave their hands,
And scatter'd all around from blazing myrrh
A rich perfume, over the golden cups
Presiding, and assuming to himself
That office. But at length, when the shrill pipe
Utter'd its notes harmonious, and the wine
Again went round, the jovial veteran cried;
" These smaller cups remove, and in their stead
" Large goblets bring, that all may cheer their souls
" More expeditiously:" then toil'd the servants
Beneath the silver vessels which they bore,
And golden beakers by the sculptor wrought:
But he selecting one of choicest mold,
As if he only meant to shew respect
To his young Lord, presented it fill'd high
Up to the brim, infusing midst the wine
A deadly poison, which 'tis said his Queen
Gave him, that the new offspring of her Lord
Might perish, but without its being known
To any man what caus'd the stripling's death.
While he, whom Xuthus has declar'd his son,
Surrounded by his comrades, in his hands
Held the libation, some reproachful word
Was utter'd by a servant, which the Youth,
Who had receiv'd his nurture in the fane
And midst experienc'd prophets, thought an omen
Most unpropitious, and another goblet
Commanded to be fill'd: but, on the ground,
As a libation to the Delphic God
Pour'd forth the first, and bade his comrades follow
Th' example which he gave, A general silence

(20) " Because such office belonged to boys, and not men advanced " in years. Athenæus in the tenth book of his Deipnosophists observes, " that among the antients it was customary for boys of the noblest fami- " lies to pour out the wine; and Cicero, in his oration against Piso, says, " filthy slaves wait, even some old men." BRODÆUS.

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Succeeded: we the holy goblets fill'd
With water and with Biblian wine: while thus
We were employ'd, there flew into the tent
A flock of doves, (for they beneath the roof
Of Phœbus dwell secure:) but of the wine
When they had tasted, after they had dipp'd
Their beaks which thirsted for the luscious draught,
And the rich beverage down their feather'd throats
Quaff'd eagerly, innoxious did it prove
To all beside, but she, who on the spot
Had settled where the new-discover'd stripling
Pour'd his libation down, no sooner tasted
The liquor, than she shook her wings, cried out
With a shrill plaintive voice, and groaning, utter'd
Notes unintelligible. Every guest
The struggles of the dove amaz'd; she died
Torn with convulsions, and her purple feet
Now loos'd their hold. But at the social board,
He whom the oracle declar'd the son
Of Xuthus, rent his garments, bar'd his breast,
And cried, "what miscreant strove to slay me? speak,
"Old man, for this officious zeal was thine,
"And from thy hand the goblet I receiv'd."
Then with impetuous grasp his aged arm
He caught, and question'd him, that in the fact
Of bearing venom'd drugs he might detect him;
Hence was the truth laid open: thro' constraint,
At length did he reluctantly declare
Creusa's guilt, and how her art contriv'd
The scheme of ministring th' envenom'd draught.
Forth from the banquet with his comrades rush'd
The youth, whom Phœbus' oracles pronounc'd
To be the son of Xuthus; standing up
Among the Pythian nobles, thus he spoke;
"O sacred land, the Daughter of Erectheus,
"A foreign dame, would take away my life
"By poison." Delphi's rulers have decreed

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My Queen shall be thrown headlong from the rock,
Nor hath one single voice, but the consent
Of all, adjudg'd her death, because she strove
E'en in the temple to have slain the Priest.
Pursu'd by the whole city, hither bend
Her inauspicious steps. She thro' a wish
For children to Apollo came: but now
She perishes with all her hop'd-for race.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

CHORUS.

No means are left for wretched me
The ruthless hand of death to 'scape;
For all too plainly see,
Mixt with the purple juices of the grape,
The baleful drops of viper's blood:
'Tis manifest what victims were design'd
To cross the dreary Stygian flood.
My life is doom'd to close in woe,
At me huge rocky fragments will they throw.
How, O my royal Mistress, shall I find
Pinions to speed my rapid flight?
How shall I penetrate earth's inmost womb,
And in the realms of night
Avoid this miserable doom;
Avoid the stones which vengeance hurls around,
When at our heads she aims the wound?
Shall I the fleetest steed ascend,
Or the tall prow which cleaves the billowy main?
No art can hide so foul a stain,
Unless some God his sheltering aid extend.
How sorely, O my wretched Queen,
Will thy tortur'd spirit grieve!
And shall not we, who have been seen
Striving to work another's bane,
The woes we would inflict, receive,
As justice doth ordain?

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CREUSA, CHORUS.

CREUSA.

My faithful followers, they pursue my flight,
Resolv'd to slay me; by the public vote
Of all the Pythian citizens condemned,
I shall be yielded up.

CHORUS.

We are no strangers
To thy calamities; may'st thou escape,
Favour'd by fortune!

CREUSA.

Whither shall I fly?
These feet were hardly swift enough t' outstrip
Impending death: but from my foes escap'd,
By stealth I come.

CHORUS.

What shelter canst thou need
More than these altars furnish?

CREUSA.

How can they
Avail me?

CHORUS.

'Tis unlawful to destroy
The suppliant.

CREUSA.

But the law hath sentenc'd me
To perish.

CHORUS.

Hadst thou by their hands been caught.

CREUSA.

But the relentless ministers of vengeance,
Arm'd with drawn swords, haste hither.

CHORUS.

Take thy seat
Close to the altar, for if there thou die,
Thy blood will on thy murderers fix a stain

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That ne'er can be effac'd. But we with patience
Are bound to suffer what the fates inflict.

ION, CREUSA, CHORUS.

ION.

Cephisus, O thou aweful (21) Sire, who bear'st
The semblance of a Bull, what viper's this
Thou hast begotten, or what dragon darting
Flames most consuming from her murderous eyes!
She with unbounded boldness is endued,
And pestilent as those envenom'd drops
Of Gorgon's blood with which she sought to kill me.
Seize her; Parnassus' rocks shall tear away
The graceful ringlets of her streaming hair,
When headlong from its summit she is thrown.
Me hath propitious fortune here detain'd,
Else to th' Athenian city had I gone,
And fallen into a cruel step-dame's snares.
But while I yet among my friends remain,
Thy heart have I explor'd, how great a pest,
And foe thou art to me, for at thy doors
Hadst thou receiv'd me, thou to Pluto's realm
Would'st instantly have hurl'd me down. (22) Behold
The sorceress, what a complicated scene
Of treachery hath she fram'd, yet trembles not
The altar of Apollo to approach,
As if Heaven's vengeance could not reach her crimes.

(21) "Cephisus was father of Diogenæa, who married Phrasimus, to "whom she bore Praxithea the wife of Erectheus, and mother of Creusa. "The Cephisus here spoken of was an Athenian river; the reader will "find others of the same name in any of the antient geographers." Barnes proceeds to assign several reasons for Rivers being frequently said by the poets to resemble Bulls, from the bellowing sound of their currents, their furrowing up the ground, or from the cattle haunting their banks, being attracted thither by the richness of the pasture.

(22) I have in my translation placed the three last verses of this speech, as recommended by Dr. Musgrave in his note, before those four, which in all the editions immediately precede them, as the context appears to be thereby greatly improved.

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But neither shall this altar nor the temple
Of Phœbus save thy life: for the compassion
Thou would'st excite, is rather due to me
And to my Mother; for although, in person,
She be not here, yet is that much-lov'd name
Ne'er absent from my thoughts.

CREUSA.

To spare my life
In my own name I warn you, and in that
Of the vindictive God before whose altar
We stand.

ION.

But what hast thou to do with Phœbus?

CREUSA.

Myself I to the Delphic God devote.

ION.

Tho' thou his priest by poison wouldst have slain.

CREUSA.

Phœbus in you had at that time no right,
Because you were your Father's.

ION.

I was once
Apollo's, and still call myself his son.

CREUSA.

To him indeed you formerly belong'd,
But now am I his votary, and no claim
Have you to such a title.

ION.

Thy behaviour
Is impious, mine was pious erst.

CREUSA.

I sought
To take away the life of you, a foe
To me, and to my house.

ION.

Did I with arms
Invade thy country?

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CREUSA.

Yes, and you have fir'd
The mansions of Erectheus.

ION.

With what brands,
What flames?

CREUSA.

You in my palace would have dwelt,
Seizing it 'gainst my will.

ION.

My Sire bestowing
On me the realm his valour had obtain'd.

CREUSA.

But by what claim rule Æolus's race
Over Minerva's city?

ION.

With his sword
He rescued it, and not with empty words.

CREUSA.

He was but an ally, nor was that land
His proper residence.

ION.

Thro' the mere dread
Of what might happen, would'st thou then have slain me?

CREUSA.

Lest I should perish if your life were spar'd.

ION.

With envy art thou stung, because my Sire
Discover'd me, while thou remain'st yet childless.

CREUSA.

Would you invade the childless matron's house?

ION.

But have not I some title to a share
Of my Sire's wealth?

CREUSA.

A shield and spear are all
Your Father had, and all that you can claim.

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ION.

Leave Phœbus' altar and this hallow'd seat.

CREUSA.

Where'er she dwell, to your own Mother give
Such admonitions.

ION.

Shalt thou 'scape unpunish'd
For thy attempt to slay me?

CREUSA.

If you mean
To take away my life, let it be here
Within this temple.

ION.

What delight to thee
Can it afford, amid the votive wreaths
Of Phœbus to expire?

CREUSA.

I shall afflict
One by whom I have greatly been afflicted.

ION.

Oh! 'tis most wondrous, how, for man t' observe,
The Deity, such laws as are not good
Or prudent, hath enacted. For th' unjust
(23) Before their altars ought to find no seat,
But thence to be expell'd; for 'tis not fit
The statues of the Gods by impious hands
Should be profan'd; but every virtuous man
Who is oppress'd ought to find shelter there.
Yet is it most unseemly, for the just
And the unjust, when here they meet together,
T' experience the same treatment from the Gods.

(23) "I know not whether this passage on the privilege of Asylums is "any where more copiously treated, than by the illustrious Sir Thomas "More, in his English history of King Edward the Fifth." BARNES.

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PYTHIAN PRIESTESS, ION, CREUSA. CHORUS.

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

Refrain thy rage, my Son; for I the Priestess
Of Phœbus, who the tripod's antient rites
Maintain, selected from the Delphic maids,
Leave his oracular abode and pass
This consecrated threshold.

ION.

Hail, dear Mother.
Altho' you bore me not.

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

Yet call me such,
That name is not ungrateful.

ION.

Have you heard
The stratagems she form'd to murder me?

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

I heard them; and thou also hast transgress'd
Through cruelty.

ION.

How! can it be unjust,
Those who would slay me, to reward with death?

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

Wives with inveterate hatred ever view
Their Husbands' Sons sprung from another bed.

ION.

And we who have by them been greatly wrong'd,
Abhor those Step-dames.

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

Banish from thy soul
This rancour, now the temple thou art leaving,
And on thy journey to thy native land.

ION.

How then would you advise me to proceed?

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PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

Go unpolluted to th' Athenian realm
With prosperous omens.

ION.

Sure the man who slays
His foes is unpolluted.

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

Act not thus:
But with attentive ear receive my counsels.

ION.

O speak: for your benevolence to me
Will dictate all you utter.

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

Dost thou see
The chest beneath my arm?

ION.

An antient chest,
With garlands deck'd, I see.

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

In this, thee erst
A new-born infant, I receiv'd.

ION.

What mean you?
A fresh discovery opens.

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

I have kept
These tokens secret; but display them now.

ION.

How could you hide them such a length of time
As since you took me up?

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

The God requir'd
Thy service in his temple.

ION.

Doth he now
No longer need it? who this doubt will solve?

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PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

By pointing out thy Sire, he from these realms
Dismisses thee.

ION.

But is it by command,
Or from what motive, that this chest you keep?

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

Apollo's self inspir'd me with the thought—

ION.

Of doing what? O speak, conclude your tale.

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

With care preserving to the present time
What I had found.

ION.

But how can this to me
Cause either gain or damage?

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

Know'st thou not,
That round thee close these fillets were entwin'd?

ION.

What you produce may aid me in th' attempt
To find my Mother.

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

With the God's consent,
Which he did erst withhold.

ION.

O day, that bring'st
Blest visions to delight these wondering eyes!

PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

Observe these hints, and diligently search
For her who bore thee: traversing all Asia,
And Europe's farthest limits, thou shalt know
The truth of what I speak; thee, O my Son,
I nurtur'd, thro' a reverence for the God,
And here surrender to thy hands the pledges
Which 'twas his will I should receive and keep,
Tho' not commanded: but I cannot tell

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What motive sway'd him. For, that I possess'd
These tokens, was by no man known, or where
They were conceal'd. Farewell, my love for thee
Is equal to a Mother's. With these questions
Thou should'st commence thy search for her who bore thee;
First, whether she was any nymph of Delphi,
Who thee, the burden of her womb, expos'd
Here in this fane; but be thy next enquiry,
If any Grecian dame. For thou deriv'st
All the advantages thou hast, from me,
And from Apollo, who in this event
Hath been concern'd.

ION.

Alas! what plenteous tears
Steal from these eyes, while shuddering I revolve
How she who bore me, having erst indulg'd
A secret passion, did by stealth expose,
Nor at her breast sustain me: but unknown
I in the temple of Apollo led
A servile life. The God indeed was kind,
But Fortune harsh: for at the very time
When in maternal arms I should have sported,
And tasted somewhat of the joys of life,
I of my dearest Mother's fostering care
Was cruelly depriv'd. She from whose womb
I sprung, is wretched too, she hath endur'd
The self-same pangs with me, and lost the bliss
She might have hop'd for from the son she bore.
But now this antient coffer will I take
And carry for a present to the God;
O may I hence discover nought to blast
My wishes! For if haply she who bore me
Should prove some slave, it were a greater evil
To find my Mother than to let her rest
In silence.—I this votive gift, O Phœbus
Lodge in thy fane. But what presumptuous deed!

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Oppose I the benignant God who sav'd
These tokens to assist me in discovering
My Mother? I am bound to ope the lid,
And act with courage: for what fate ordains
I ne'er can supersede. Why were ye hidden
From me, O sacred wreaths and bandages
In which I was preserv'd? This orbed chest
Behold, how by some counsel of the God
It hath been freed from the effects of age;
Still is its wicker substance undecay'd,
Although the time which interven'd was long
For such a store to last.

CREUSA.

Ah me! what vision
Most unexpected do I see?

CHORUS.

Thou oft
Didst heretofore know when thou should'st be silent.

CREUSA.

My situation now no more admits
Of silence: cease these counsels; for I view
The chest in which I, O my Son, expos'd you,
While yet a tender infant, in the cave
Of Cecrops midst th' encircling rocks of Macra.
I therefore from this altar will depart,
Tho' death should be the consequence.

ION.

O seize her:
For she, with frenzy smitten by the God,
Leaps from the hallow'd altar: bind her arms.

CREUSA.

The execution of your bloody purpose
Suspend not: for this chest, and you, and all
The hidden relics it contains of yours,
My son, will I hold fast.

ION.

Are not these arts
Most dreadful? with what specious words e'en now

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She claims me for a pledge!

CREUSA.

Not thus: but you
Whom they hold dear, are by your friends discover'd.

ION.

Am I a friend of thine, and yet in secret
Would'st thou have murder'd me?

CREUSA.

Yea, and my Son;
A name to both thy Parents ever dear.

ION.

Cease to contrive these fraudful stratagems:
For I will clearly prove that thou art guilty.

CREUSA.

Ah, would to Heaven that I could reach the mark
At which I aim my shaft!

ION.

Is that chest empty,
Or fill'd with hidden stores?

CREUSA.

Here are the garments
In which I erst expos'd you.

ION.

Canst thou tell
What name they bear before thine eyes behold them?

CREUSA.

If I aright describe them not; to die
Will I be nothing loth.

ION.

Speak; for thy boldness
Is somewhat wonderful.

CREUSA.

Observe the robe
Which erst I wove, when yet a maid.

ION.

What sort
Of garment is it? for the virgins' loom
Produces various woofs.

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CREUSA.

Not yet complete;
The sketch bespeaks a learner.

ION.

In what form,
That here thou may'st not take me unawares?

CREUSA.

The Gorgon fills the center of that vest.

ION.

O Jove, what fate pursues me!

CREUSA.

And the margin
With serpents is encompass'd like the Ægis.

ION.

Lo this is the same garment. We have made
Such a complete discovery as resembles
The oracles of Heaven.

CREUSA.

O woof which erst
My virgin shuttle wrought.

ION.

Canst thou produce
Aught else, or in this evidence alone
Art thou successful?

(24) CREUSA.

In a style antique
Dragons with golden cheeks, Minerva's gift,
Who bids us rear our children 'mong such forms,
In imitation of our ancestor
Great Ericthonius.

ION.

What is their effect,
Or what can be their use? To me explain

(24) Heath, Pierson, and Dr. Musgrave, all concur in ascribing the three lines, here translated as one continued sentence, to Creusa: for whence, as the former of these critics observes, could Ion possibly know, that these golden dragons were the gift of Minerva?

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These golden ornaments.

CREUSA.

Them, O my Son,
Around his neck the new-born child should wear.

ION.

Here are the Dragons: but I wish to know
What's the third sign.

CREUSA.

Then round your brow I plac'd
A garland of that olive which first grew
On Pallas' rock; this, if it still be here,
Hath not yet lost the verdure of its leaves,
But flourishes unwither'd like the tree
From which 'twas taken.

ION.

O my dearest Mother,
With what delight do I behold thy face!
And on those cheeks with what delight imprint
The kiss of filial rapture!

CREUSA.

O my Son,
Who in a mother's partial eyes outshine
The splendor of Hyperion, (for the God
Will pardon me) I clasp you in these arms
Found unexpectedly, you whom I thought
To have been plung'd beneath the silent grave,
And dwelt with Proserpine.

ION

But while thou fling'st,
O my dear Mother, thy fond arms around me,
To thee I seem like one who hath been dead,
And is restor'd to life.

CREUSA.

Thou wide expanse
Of radiant ether, in what grateful tone
Shall I express myself? By clamorous shouts?
Whence hath such unexpected pleasure reach'd me?
To whom am I indebted for this joy?

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ION.

Sooner could I have look'd for aught, O Mother,
Happening to me, than the discovery made
In this auspicious hour, that I am thine.

CREUSA.

With fear I tremble yet lest thou should'st lose—

ION.

The Son who meets thy fond embrace?

CREUSA.

Such hopes
I from my soul had banish'd. Whence, O Woman,
Didst thou with fostering arms receive my child?
By whom to Phœbus' temple was he borne?

ION.

'Twas the God's doing. But may prosperous fortune
Be'ours thro' the remainder of our lives,
Which have been wretched hitherto.

CREUSA.

My Son,
Not without tears were you brought forth; your Mother
Midst bitter lamentations from her arms
Cast you to earth: but now, while to your cheeks
I press my lips, again I breathe, I taste
The most ecstatic pleasures.

ION.

What thou say'st,
May to us both with justice be applied.

CREUSA.

No longer am I left without an heir,
No longer childless; my paternal house
Acquires new strength, and the Athenian realm
Hath yet its native monarchs. E'en Erectheus
Grows young again, nor shall our earth-born race
Be cover'd with the shades of night, but view
The sun's resplendent beams.

ION.

But, O my Mother,
Since my Sire too is present, let him share

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The transports I to thee have given.

CREUSA.

What words
Are these which you have utter'd, O my Son?

ION.

Who proves to be the author of my birth.

CREUSA.

Why speak of this? For from another Sire
You spring, and not from Xuthus.

ION.

Me, alas!
In thy unwedded state, a spurious child,
Thou then didst bear.

CREUSA.

Nor yet had Hymen wav'd
For me his torch, or led the choral dance,
When, O my dearest Son, for you I felt
A Mother's throes.

ION.

From what ignoble race
Am I descended?

CREUSA.

Witness she who slew
The Gorgon.

ION.

Ha! what mean'st thou by these words?

CREUSA.

Who on my rocks, whence with spontaneous shoot
The fragrant olive springs, my native hills,
Fixes her seat.

ION.

To me thou speak'st so darkly,
That what thou mean'st I cannot comprehend.

CREUSA.

Beneath the rock where her harmonious lays
The nightingale attunes, I by Apollo—

ION.

Why dost thou name Apollo?

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CREUSA.

Was embrac'd
In secrecy —

ION.

Speak on: for fair renown,
And prosperous fortune, will to me accrue
From the event which thou relat'st.

CREUSA.

To Phœbus,
While in its orbit the tenth moon revolv'd,
I bore a son, whom I conceal'd.

ION.

Most grateful
Are these strange tidings, if thou utter truth.

CREUSA.

The fillets which I erst, while yet a maid,
Wove with my shuttle I around you twin'd:
But you ne'er clung to this maternal breast,
Nor did these hands for you the laver hold,
But in a desert cavern, were you thrown
To perish, torn by the remorseless beaks
Of hungry vultures.

ION.

What a horrid deed
Was this, in thee, O Mother!

CREUSA.

By my fears
Held fast in bondage, O my Son, your life
I would have cast away, would then, tho' loth,
Have murder'd you.

ION.

Thou too didst scarce escape
From being slain by my unholy rage.

CREUSA.

Such were my wretched fortunes then, and such
The apprehensions which I felt. Now here,
Now there, we by calamity are whirl'd,
Then sport anew in prosperous fortune's gales,

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Which often veer: but may they fix at last!
May what I have endur'd suffice! But now,
My Son, doth a propitious breeze succeed
The tempest of our woes.

CHORUS.

Let no man think
Aught wonderful that happens, when compar'd
With these events.

ION.

O Fortune, who hast wrought
A change in countless multitudes, whom first
Thou hast made wretched, and then blest anew;
What an important crisis of my life
Is this which I have reach'd, and been expos'd
To dangers imminent, of slaying her
Who bore me, and enduring such a death
As I deserv'd not! While we view the sun
Perform his bright career, fresh truths like these
Each day lie open for the world to learn.
My Mother, (blest discovery!) thee I find,
Nor have I any reason to complain
Of being sprung from an ignoble Sire.
But I would tell the rest to thee alone:
Come hither; let me whisper in thine ear,
And over these transactions cast a veil
Of darkness. Recollect, if at the time
When thou thy virgin purity didst forfeit,
Thou wert not by some secret paramour
Betray'd, and afterwards induc'd to charge
The God with having ruin'd thee; my scorn
Endeavouring to avoid, by the assertion
That Phœbus is my Father, tho' by him
Thou wert not pregnant.

CREUSA.

No, by her who fought,
Borne in a car sublime, for thundering Jove
Against the Giant's earth-born race, Minerva

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Victorious Goddess, by no mortal Sire
Were you, my Son, begotten, but by him
Who nurtur'd you, Apollo mighty king,

ION.

What motive then had he for yielding up
His offspring to another Sire, pretending
That I am Xuthus' Son?

CREUSA.

The God asserts not
That Xuthus was the author of your birth,
But you, his offspring, doth on him bestow.
For to a friend a friend may give his son
T' inherit his possessions.

ION.

O my Mother,
An anxious doubt, whether the God speak truth,
Or utter a fallacious oracle,
Is cause sufficient to disturb my soul.

CREUSA.

Hear then, my Son, what thoughts to me occur;
Your benefactor Phœbus places you
In an illustrious house: but were you call'd
The offspring of the God, you would receive
For your inheritance, nor wide domains,
Nor aught of rank paternal. For from him
With whom my luckless union I conceal'd,
And secretly attempted to have slain you,
How could you look for aught? But he, promoting
Your interest, to another Sire consigns you.

ION.

I cannot rashly credit tales like these.
But I will go into the fane, and ask
Apollo, whether from a mortal Sire
I spring, or whether I am Phœbus' son.
Ha! who is that, who on the pinnacles
Of this high dome ascending, like the Sun,
Displays her front celestial? let us fly,

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My Mother, lest perchance we view the Gods
(25) When we are not permitted to behold them.

MINERVA, ION, CREUSA, CHORUS.

MINERVA.

O stay, for 'tis from me you fly, who bear
To you no hate, but in th' Athenian realm,
And here am equally your friend: I, Pallas,
From whom your native land derives its name,
Am hither come with swift career dispatch'd
By Phœbus, in your presence, who himself
Deems it not meet t' appear, lest his past conduct
In foul reproach involve him: but the God
Sends me t' inform you that Creusa bore,
And Phœbus was the father who begot you.
But you, the God, as he sees fit, bestows,
Not upon him who is your real Sire,
But hath contriv'd this plot that you may gain
The heritage of an illustrious house.
For when the holy oracle pronounc'd
This riddle, fearing, by a Mother's wiles,
Lest you should bleed, or with vindictive hand
That Mother slay, he by a stratagem
Hath extricated both. The royal Seer
Meant to have kept this secret, till at Athens
He had proclaim'd that you derive your birth

(25) Spanheim, in his notes on the following similar passage in Callimachus's Hymn on the Bath of Pallas, which is referred to by Dr. Musgrave,

Ος κε τιν αθανατων σεο μη θεος αυτος ιδηται,
Αθρητι, μισθω τοιον ιδεσ μεγαλω.

cites these two last lines of Ion's speech, and the two first of Minerva's reply, and observes that the voluntary appearances of the Gods to men, particularly such as were vouchsafed to the pious at the mystic solemnities, were supposed, instead of causing blindness, as in the case of Tiresias, or any instant mischief, to bring health to the body, and virtue to the soul.

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From Phœbus and Creusa. But this matter
That I may finish now, and the contents
Of those important oracles reveal,
Which to explore ye by your harness'd steeds
Were hither drawn, attend.—Creusa, take
Thy son, to the Cecropian land repair,
And place him on the throne; for from the race
Of great Erectheus sprung, he is entitled
To rule my favour'd realm, and shall be fam'd
Thro' Greece: for his four sons, sprung from one root,
Shall, on their country, and its tribes who dwell
Upon my sacred rock, their name confer;
Geleon the first; then Hoples, Argades,
And, from the shield I bear, a chief call'd Ægis
Shall rule th' Ægichori. But their descendants
Born at a period by the Fates assign'd,
Amid the Cyclades shall dwell, in towns
Encircled by the billowy deep, and havens
Which to my realm will add new strength: the shores
Of either continent shall they possess,
Asia and Europe, but, from Ion, styl'd
Ionians, they with glory shall be crown'd.
But from thee too and Xuthus shall descend
A noble race; Dorus, the mighty founder
Of the fam'd Doric realm; in the domain
Of antient Pelops, shall your (26) second son
Achæus be the Monarch of the coast
Bordering on Rhium's steep ascent, with pride
That nation shall adopt their leader's name.
In all things hath Apollo acted right;
First without pain he caus'd thee to bring forth,
Lest to thy friends thy shame should be reveal'd:

(26) "Achæus, the second son of Xuthus, having unwittingly committed an act of homicide, retreated into Sparta, and from him was the name of Achaians given to the inhabitants of the sea coast near Rhium, a promontory of Peloponesus situated on the mouth of the Corinthian bay." BRODÆUS and BARNES.

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But after thou hadst borne this Son, and swath'd
Those fillets round him, he bade Hermes bring
The infant to this fane, and nurtur'd him,
Nor suffer'd him to die. Now therefore keep
Strict silence, nor declare that he is thine,
That Xuthus may exult in the idea
Of being Father to the youth, while thou,
O woman, shalt enjoy the real bliss.
Farewell, for from this pause in your afflictions
I to you both announce a happier fate.

ION.

O Pallas, daughter of imperial Jove,
Thy words I disbelieve not: for from Phœbus
And this illustrious Dame am I convinc'd
That I derive my birth, which from the first
Was not improbable.

CREUSA.

To what I speak
Now give attention: I commend Apollo,
Tho' erst I blam'd him; for he now restores
To me the Son he formerly neglected.
Now are these portals pleasing to my sight,
And this oracular abode of Phœbus,
Which I so lately loath'd. I now these rings
Seize with exulting hands, and at the threshold
Utter my grateful orisons.

MINERVA.

The praises
Which thou bestow'st on Phœbus, I applaud,
And this thy sudden change: for tho' the aid
The Gods afford be tardy, it at length
Proves most effectual.

CREUSA.

Let us, O my Son,
Repair to our own Athens.

MINERVA.

Thither go,

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And I will follow.

CREUSA.

Deign t' accompany
Our steps, and to our city prove a friend.

MINERVA.

Upon the throne of thy progenitors,
There take thy seat.

ION.

To me will such possession
Be honourable.

CHORUS.

O Phœbus, son of Jove,
And of Latona, hail. Whene'er his house
Is shaken by calamity, the man
Who pays due reverence to the Gods, hath cause
To trust in their protection: for at length
The virtuous shall obtain their due reward,
Nor shall the wicked prosper in the land.

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HERCULES DISTRACTED.

Σχετλιος, αδημαρτος, ος ου θυτ' αστυδα ρεζων. HOMER.

Quid apud Euripidem Hercules, cum ut Euristhei filios, ita suos configebat sagittis, cum uxorem interimebat, cum conabatur etiam patrem, non perinde movebatur falsis ut veris moveretur?

CICERO.

Qualem, jussu Junonis iniquæ
Horruit Alcides viso jam Dite, Megæram. LUCAN.

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PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

AMPHITRYON.

MEGARA.

CHORUS OF THEBAN OLD MEN.

HERCULES.

LYCUS.

IRIS.

A FIEND.

MESSENGER.

THESEUS.

SCENE—BEFORE THE ALTAR OF JUPITER, AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE HOUSE OF HERCULES IN THEBES.

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HERCULES DISTRACTED.

AMPHITRYON, MEGARA.

AMPHITRYON.

Is there on earth, a stranger to the man (1)
Who shar'd the same auspicious nuptial bed
With Jove, Amphitryon born at Argos, sprung
From Perseus' son Alcæus, me the Sire
Of Hercules? He in these regions dwelt,
Where from the soil a helmed crop arose;
Mars, a small number of that race, preserv'd,
Whose children's children people Cadmus' city.
Hence Creon king of Thebes, Menœceus' son,
Derives his birth, and Creon is the Sire
Of this unhappy Megara, to grace
Whose hymeneal pomp, each Theban erst
Attun'd the jocund lute, into my house
When Hercules conducted her. But leaving
This realm where I resided, and his Consort,
And kindred, my Son chose to fix his seat
Within the walls of Argos, of that city
Erected by the Cyclops, whence I fled
Stain'd with (2) Electryon's gore: but to alleviate

(1) Similar to this is the language of Amphitryon in Plautus,

" Pol me haud pœnitet
" Scilicet boni dimidium mihi dividere cum Jove."
A. v. sc. 1, v. 78.

and Tyndarus on his first entrance on the stage in the Orestes of our Author, is complimented by his son in law Menelaus as having been most fortunate in the honour of Jupiter's becoming a partner in his nuptial bed.

(2) Apollodorus, in the passage referred to by Barnes, informs us that Amphitryon, having recovered some oxen belonging to Electryon,

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My woes, and in his native land obtain
A quiet residence, this great reward
He on Eurystheus promis'd to bestow,
That he would rid the world of every pest:
Harrass'd by Juno's stings, or envious Fate,
With her conspiring: but, his other labours
Accomplish'd, he thro' Tænarus' jaws at length
Went to the house of Pluto, to drag forth
Into the realms of day hell's triple hound:
He thence returns not. But an old tradition
Among the race of Cadmus hath prevail'd,
That (3) Lycus, Dirce's husband, erst bore rule
Over this city, till Jove's sons, Amphion,
And Zethus, who on milk-white coursers rode,
Became its Sovereigns. Lycus' son who bears
His Father's name, no Theban, but arriving
From the Eubœan state, slew royal Creon,
And having slain him, seiz'd the throne, invading
The city with tumultuous broils convuls'd.
But the affinity which we have form'd
With Creon, seems to be my greatest curse:
For while my Son stays in the realms beneath,
Lycus th' egregious monarch of this land

the father of his wife Alcmena, was driving them home, and throwing his staff at one which ran away, it glanced from the horns of the beast on Electryon's head, and killed him. Sthenelus took advantage of this misfortune to expel Amphitryon from the territory of Argos.

(3) This first Lycus, Father of the Lycus who is one of the characters in the tragedy before us, was brother of Nycteus, and son of the Spartan Cthonius. He was first married to Antiope, whom he divorced and kept in chains, and afterwards to Dirce; but Zethus and Amphion, the two sons of Antiope by Jupiter, enraged at the injurious treatment their Mother experienced, destroyed Dirce, who is spoken of as being very instrumental in the cruelties exercised on her rival, by tying her to the horns of a wild bull: as to Lycus, it appears from Euripides that they did not kill, but banish him to the island of Eubœa, where this son of his, the younger Lycus, was born after his exile; which in some measure accounts for the length of time that intervened before he seized the Theban throne.

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Would with the Children of Alcides kill
His Consort, by fresh murders to extinguish
The past, and kill me too, (if one thro' age
So useless may be number'd among men)
Lest when the boys attain maturer age,
They should avenge their Grandsire Creon's death.
But I (for my Son left me here to tend
His children, and direct the house, since he
Enter'd the subterraneous realms of night,)
With their afflicted Mother, lest the race
Of Hercules should bleed, for an asylum
Have chosen this altar of protecting Jove,
Which my illustrious son for a memorial
Of his victorious arms did here erect,
When he in battle had subdued the Minyans.
But we, tho' destitute of every comfort,
Of food, drink, clothing, tho' constrain'd to lie
On the bare pavement, here maintain our seat,
For every hospitable door is barr'd
Against us, and we have no other hope
Of being sav'd. Some of our friends I see
Are faithless, and the few who prove sincere,
Too weak to aid us. Such is the effect
Of adverse fortune o'er the race of men;
May he to whom I bear the least attachment,
Never experience that unerring test
Of friendship.

MEGARA.

Thou old man, who erst didst storm
The Taphian ramparts, when thou with renown
Didst lead the host of Thebes; the secret will
Of Heaven, how little can frail mortals know!
For to me too of no avail have prov'd
The fortunes of my Father, who elate
With wealth and regal power, (whence at the breasts
Of its possessors spears are hurl'd by those

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Whose souls the lust of mad ambition fires)
And having children, gave me to thy Son
Joining a noble consort in the bonds
Of wedlock with Alcides, thro' whose death
These blessings are all fled. Now I, and thou,
Old Man, are doom'd to perish with the sons
Of Hercules, whom, as the bird extends
Her sheltering wings over her callow brood,
I guard. By turns they come and question me;
" O Mother, whither is my Father gone?
" What is he doing? when will he return?"
Tho' now too young sufficiently to feel
How great their loss, thus ask they for their Sire.
I change the theme, and forge a soothing tale,
But am with wonder smitten when the doors
Creak on their massive hinges, and at once
They all start up, that at their Father's knees
They may fall prostrate. But what hope hast thou
Of saving us, or what support, Old Man?
For I to thee look up. We from the bounds
Of these domains unnotic'd cannot scape;
Mightier than us, a watchful guard is plac'd
At every avenue, and in our friends
No longer for protection can we trust.
Explain thyself, if thou hast any scheme,
By which thou from impending death canst save us;
But let us strive to lengthen out the time,
Since we are feeble.

AMPHITRYON.

'Tis no easy task
In such a situation, O my Daughter,
To form a sure and instantaneous judgement.

MEGARA.

What is there wanting to complete thy woes,
Or why art thou so fond of life?

AMPHITRYON.

That blessing

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I still enjoy, still cherish pleasing hopes.

MEGARA.

I also hope, old man: but it is folly
To look for what we never can attain.

AMPHITRYON.

We by delaying might avert our fate.

MEGARA.

But I in this sad interval of time
Feel piercing anguish.

AMPHITRYON.

The auspicious gales
Of Fortune, O my Daughter, yet may waft
Both you and me out of our present troubles,
If e'er my Son your valiant Lord return.
But O be pacified yourself, and cause
Your children to dry up their streaming tears;
With gentle language and delusive tales
Beguile them, tho' all fraudful arts are wretched.
For the disasters which afflict mankind
Are wearied out; the stormy winds retain not
Their undiminish'd force; nor are the blest
Perpetually blest: for all things change,
And widely differ from their former state.
The valiant man is he who still holds fast
His hopes; but to despair bespeaks the coward.

CHORUS, AMPHITRYON, MEGARA.

CHORUS.

Propp'd on my faithful staff, from home,
And from the couch of palsied age,
In melancholy guise I roam,
Constrain'd to chaunt funereal strains,
As the expiring swan complains,
A war of words alone I wage,
In semblance, but a flitting sprite,
An airy vision of the night.
I totter; yet doth active zeal

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This faithful bosom still inspire.
Ye Children who have lost your Sire,
Thou Veteran, and thou aged Dame,
Doom'd for thy Lord these griefs to feel,
Whose Pluto's dreary mansions claim;
O weary not your tender feet.
Like steeds by galling harness bound,
To turn the ponderous mill around,
I would advance my friends to meet,
Yet are my utmost efforts vain,
This shatter'd frame I scarce sustain:
Draw near, O take this trembling hand,
And holding fast my robe, support
My steps, thy needful aid I court,
Because I am too weak to stand.
Lead on the Chief, tho' now by years
Bow'd down, who marshall'd on the strand,
His comrades erst a hardy band;
With him in youth we launch'd our spears,
Nor then belied our native land.
See how their eyes dart liquid fire,
Those Children emulate their Sire;
But still hereditary fate,
Pursues with unrelenting hate
Their tender years, nor can their charms
Redeem them from impending harms.
What valiant champions of thy cause,
O Greece, thy violated laws,
When these thy great supports shall fail,
Torn from thy fostering land wilt thou bewail.

But I behold the Monarch of the realm
Tyrannic Lycus, who these doors approaches.

LYCUS, AMPHITRYON, MEGARA, CHORUS.

LYCUS.

This question, (if I may) I to the Sire

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And Consort of Alcides would propose;
(But, as your King, I have a right to make
Any enquiries I think fit) how long
Seek ye to spin out life? what farther hope
Have ye in view, what succour to ward off
The stroke of death? expect ye that the Father
Of these deserted children, who lies stretch'd
Amid the realms beneath will thence return,
That ye bely your rank, and meanly utter
These clamorous plaints on being doom'd to die?
Thro' Greece hast *thou* diffus'd an idle boast,
That Jove enjoy'd thy consort, and begot
An offspring like himself; while *you* exulted
In being call'd Wife to the first of Heroes.
But what great action hath your Lord perform'd,
In having slain that Hydra at the lake,
Or the Nemæan lion whom with snares
He caught, and then did arrogantly boast,
That he had strangled in his nervous arms?
Will these exploits enable you to vie
With me? and for such merit am I bound
To spare the sons of Hercules, who gain'd
A name which he deserv'd not? He was brave
In waging war with beasts, in nought beside,
With his left hand he never did sustain
The shield, nor fac'd he the protended spear,
But with his bow, that weapon of a dastard,
Was still prepar'd for flight: such arms afford
No proof of courage; but the truly brave
Is he who in the ranks where he is station'd
Maintains his ground, and sees with steadfast eye
Those ghastly wounds the missile javelin gives.
Old man, I act not thus thro' cruelty,
But caution; for I know that I have slain
Creon *her* Father, and possess his throne.
These children therefore will not I allow
To live till they attain maturer years,

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Lest they should punish me for such a deed.

AMPHITRYON.

Jove will assert the cause of his own Son.
But as for me, O Hercules, my care
Shall be to prove the folly of this Tyrant:
For thy illustrious name I will not suffer
To be reproach'd. First from a hateful charge,
(And that of cowardice I deem most hateful)
Calling the Gods to witness, am I bound
To vindicate thy honour. I appeal
To Jove's own thunder, and th' impetuous steeds,
Which drew Alcides' chariot when he sped
Those winged arrows to transpierce the flanks
Of earth-born Giants, and among the Gods
Triumphant revell'd at the genial board.
Go next to Pholoe's realm, thou worst of Kings,
And ask the Centaurs' monstrous brood, what man
They judge to be most brave, whether that title
Belongs not to my Son, who only bears,
As you assert the semblance of an hero?
But should you question the Eubœan mount
Of Dirphys, where your infancy was nurtur'd,
It cannot sound your praise: you have perform'd
No glorious action for your native land
To testify, yet scorn that wise invention
The quiver fraught with shafts: attend to me
And I will teach you wisdom. By his arms
Encumber'd, stands the warrior who is sheath'd
In ponderous mail, and thro' the fears of those
Who fight in the same rank, if they want courage,
Loses his life; nor, if his spear be broken,
Furnish'd with nought but courage, from his breast
Can he repel the wound; but he who bends
With skilful hand the bow, hath this advantage,
Which never fails him; with a thousand shafts
He smites the foe, no danger to himself
Incurring, but securely stands aloof,

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And wreaks his vengeance while they gaze around,
Without perceiving whence the weapon comes;
His person he exposes not, but takes
A guarded post: for what in war displays
The greatest prudence, is to vex the foe,
Nor rush at random on their pointed spears.
Such reasoning on the subject in debate
With yours indeed agrees not: but what cause
Have you for wishing to destroy these children?
How have they injur'd you? In one respect
I deem you wise, because you dread the race
Of valiant men, and feel yourself a coward:
Yet is it hard on us, if we must bleed
Your apprehensions to remove; you ought
To suffer all we would inflict, from us
Whose merit is superior far to yours,
Were Jove impartial. Would you therefore wield
The sceptre of this land, let us depart
As exiles from the realm, or you shall meet
With strict retaliation, when the gales
Of wavering fortune alter. O thou land
Of Cadmus, (for to thee I now will speak,
But in reproachful accents,) such protection
Afford'st thou to the sons of Hercules,
Who (4) singly warring with the numerous host
Of Minyæ, caus'd the Thebans to lift up
Their free-born eyes undaunted? I on Greece
No praises can bestow, nor will pass over

(4) The people here spoken of inhabited a district of Bœotia, and were first called Minyæ, from their King Minyas, the Grandson of Neptune, and afterwards Orchomenians, from Orchomenus, the son and successor of Minyas. Homer has united the names, and, in his list of the Grecian fleet, ὁ τῶν Ὀρχομενὸν Μινυάων are described as following the banners of Ascalaphus to the siege of Troy, while the rest of the Bœotians are commanded by Peneleus. By a passage from Diodorus Siculus, referred to by Dr. Musgrave in his note, it appears that Hercules actually obtained this victory over the Minyans, not indeed by his own single arm, but in the capacity of a private man leading a body of his friends.

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In silence its base treatment of my Son,
For 'twas its duty in these children's cause,
Bearing flames, pointed spears, and glittering mail,
To have march'd forth, and recompens'd the toils
Of their great Father, who hath purg'd the sea
And land from all its monsters. Such protection
Nor doth the Theban city, O my children,
Nor Greece afford you: but ye now look up
To me a feeble friend who can do nought,
But plead for you with unavailing words.
For all the vigour which I once possess'd
Hath now deserted me; old age assails
My trembling limbs and this decrepid frame.
Were I again endued with youthful strength,
I would snatch up my javelin, and defile
With gore the yellow ringlets on the head
Of that Oppressor, whom his fear should drive
Beyond the most remote Atlantic bounds.

CHORUS.

Are there not causes such as may provoke
Those who are virtuous to express their thoughts,
Tho' destitute of eloquence?

LYCUS.

'Gainst me
Speak what thou wilt, for thou art arm'd with words,
But for injurious language by my deeds
Will I requite thee. Go, send woodmen, some
To Helicon, some to Parnassus' vale,
Bid them fell knotted oaks, and having borne them
Into the city, heap their ponderous trunks
Around the altar, and with kindled flames
Consume the bodies of this hated race;
So shall they learn that Creon the deceas'd
No longer is the ruler of this land,
But that I wield the sceptre. As for you
Who thwart my counsels, O ye aged men,
Not for the Sons of Hercules alone

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Shall ye lament, but for those evil fortunes
Which ye and your own house are doom'd to suffer:
But this shall ye remember, that to me
Your Monarch, ye are Slaves.

CHORUS.

O ye the race
Of Earth, whom Mars erst sow'd, when he had torn
From the huge Dragon's jaws th' envenom'd teeth,
With those right hands why will ye not uplift
The staves on which ye lean, and with his gore
Defile the head of this unrighteous man,
Not born at Thebes, but in a foreign realm,
From inconsiderate youths who gains that homage
Which he deserves not? but in evil hour
O'er me shalt thou bear rule, nor shall my wealth
Acquir'd by many toils be ever thine:
Go, act the tyrant in Eubœa's land,
From whence thou hither cam'st: for while I live,
The Sons of Hercules thou ne'er shalt slay,
Nor is their mighty Father plung'd so deep
Beneath earth's surface, that he cannot hear
His children's outcries. Thou to whom this land
Owes its destruction dost possess the throne:
But he its benefactor is depriv'd
Of the rewards he merits. Me thou deem'st
Officious, for protecting those I love
E'en in the grave, where friends are needed most.
O my right arm, how dost thou wish to wield
The spear, but thro' enfeebling age hast lost
Thy vigour: else would I have quell'd thy pride
Who dar'st to call me slave, and in this Thebes,
Where thou exult'st, with glory dwelt. A city
Diseas'd thro' mutiny and evil counsels
Is void of wisdom, or would ne'er have chosen
Thee for its lord.

MEGARA.

Ye veterans, I applaud

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Your zeal: for indignation at the wrongs
His friends endure becomes the virtuous friend.
But let not anger 'gainst your lord expose you
To suffer in our cause. My judgement hear,
Amphitryon, if to thee in aught I seem
To speak discreetly. I these children love,
(And how can I help loving those I bore?)
For whom I have endur'd the painful throes
Of childbirth. And to die is what I think of
As of a thing most dreadful: but the man
Who with necessity contends I hold
An ideot. But let us, since die we must,
Not perish in the flames to furnish scope
Of laughter to our foes, which I esteem
An ill beyond e'en death: for much is due
To the unsullied honour of our house,
For thee who erst in arms hast gain'd renown,
To die with cowardice, were a reproach
Not to be borne. My Lord, tho' I forbear
To dwell on his just praises, is so noble,
He would not wish these children sav'd, to bear
The imputation of an evil name:
For thro' the conduct of degenerate sons
Reproach oft falls on their illustrious sires;
And the examples which my Husband gave me,
I ought not to reject. But view what grounds
Thou hast for hope, that I of these may form
A proper estimate. Dost thou expect
Thy Son to issue from the realms beneath?
What chief deceas'd from Pluto's loath'd abode
Did e'er return? can we by gentle words
Appease this Tyrant? No: we ought to fly
From fools who are our foes; but to the wise
And generous yield: for we with greater ease
May make a friend of him in whom we find
A sense of virtuous shame. But to my soul
This thought occurs, that we, the children's sentence,

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By our entreaties, haply might obtain
Converted into exile: yet this too
Is wretched, at th' expence of piteous need
To compass our deliverance. For their friends
Avoid the face of guests like these, and look
No longer kindly on the banish'd man
(5) After one day is over. Rouse thy courage,
And bleed with us, thee too, since death awaits.
By thy great soul, O Veteran, I conjure thee.
Although the man who labours to repel
Evils inflicted by Heaven's wrath, is brave,
Yet doth such courage border upon frenzy:
For what the Fates ordain, no God can frustrate.

CHORUS.

While yet these arms retain'd their youthful strength,
Had any one insulted thee, with ease
Could I have quell'd him; but I now am nothing:
On thee, Amphitryon, therefore 'tis incumbent
To think how best thou may'st henceforth ward off
Th' assaults of Fortune.

AMPHITRYON.

No unmanly fear,
No wish to lengthen out this life, prevents
My voluntary death: but I would save
The children of my Son, though I appear
To grasp at things impossible. Behold
I bare my bosom to the sword; pierce, slay,
Or cast me from the rock. But I, O King,
For this one favour sue to you; dispatch
Me and this hapless Dame before the children,

(5) By making use of the term of "a single day" the Poet seems too much to narrow the bounds of antient hospitality. In Homer we find, that when Bellerophon came to Lycia, bearing with him the letters of Prætus, which directed that some means should be devised for putting him to death, the King of that country, whom we collect to have been an utter stranger, feasted him sumptuously for nine successive days, without making any enquiries into the errand on which he came, and delayed asking for his credentials till the tenth morning.

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Lest them we view, most execrable sight,
In death's convulsive pangs, to her who bore them,
And me their Grandsire, shrieking out for aid.
But as for all beside, do what you list,
For we have now no bulwark which from death
Can save us.

MEGARA.

I entreat one favour more,
Which to us both will equally be grateful.
Permit me in funereal robes to dress
My Children; for that purpose be the gates
Thrown open, (for the palace now is clos'd
Against us) that they from their Father's house
This small advantage may obtain.

LYCUS.

Your wishes
Shall be complied with. I my servants bid
Unbar the gates. Go in, bedeck yourselves;
The costly robes I grudge not: but no sooner
Shall ye have put them on, than I to you
Will come, and plunge you in the shades beneath.

[*Exit* LYCUS.

MEGARA.

Follow your hapless Mother, O my Children,
To your paternal house, where, tho' our wealth
Be in the hands of others, our great name
We still preserve.

AMPHITRYON.

O Jove, 'twas then in vain
That thou didst deign to share my nuptial couch,
In vain too, of thy Son have I been styl'd
The Father, for thou hast not prov'd the friend
Thou didst appear to be. I, tho' a man,
Exceed in virtue thee a mighty God;
Because I to their foes have not betray'd
The sons of Hercules: but thou, by stealth,
Entering my chamber, to another's wife

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Without permission cam'st; yet know'st not how
To save thy friends: thou surely art a God
Either devoid of wisdom, or unjust.

[*Exeunt* AMPHITRYON *and* MEGARA.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

For Linus' death, by all the tuneful Nine
Bewail'd, doth Phœbus' self complain,
And loudly uttering his auspicious strain (6),
Smite with a golden quill the lyre: but mine
Shall be the task, while songs of praise
I chant and twine the laureat wreath,
His matchless fortitude t' emblaze,
Who sought hell's inmost gloom, the dreary shades beneath;
Whether I call the Hero son of Jove,
Or of Amphitryon; for the fame
To which his labours have so just a claim,
Must e'en in death attract the public love:
In the Nemæan forest first he slew
That Lion huge, whose tawny hide
And grinning jaws extended wide,
He o'er his shoulders threw.

I. 2.

The winged arrows whizzing from his bow,
Did on their native hills confound

(6) Instead of making any alteration in the word αλυχα, with Reiskius and Dr. Musgrave, which I should readily have done, rather than adopt the opinions of Æmilius Portus, Barnes, and Carmelli, in considering this passage as an instance of the word Αλινον being used for songs of joy as well as sorrow; I look upon the epithet αλυχα as applicable only to the harmonious tones of the song itself, and not the nature of the theme which occasions it, and have the pleasure of finding the two antient Latin versions of Dor. Camillus and Melancthon, both making use of the very same words, cantum lugubrem quidem felici cantione: this account of the labours of Hercules accordingly closes with his descent to the infernal regions, whence the Chorus suppose he is never to return.

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The Centaurs' race with many a deadly wound:
Alcides' matchless strength doth Peneus know,
Distinguish'd by his limpid waves,
The fields laid waste of wide extent,
With Pelion, and the neighbouring caves
Of Homoles, uprooting from whose steep ascent,
Tall pines that cast a venerable shade,
The monsters arm'd their forceful hands,
And strode terrific o'er Thessalia's lands:
Then breathless on th' ensanguin'd plain he laid
That Hind distinguish'd by her golden horns,
And still in Dian's temple seen
His prize, to glad the Huntress Queen,
Oenöe's walls adorns.

II. 1.

The chariot with triumphal ensigns grac'd
Ascending, to his stronger yoke
He Diomedes' furious coursers broke,
Scorning the bit, in hateful stalls who plac'd
By their fell lord, the flesh of man
Raging devour'd, accursed food;
A stream from their foul mangers ran,
Fill'd with unholy gore, and many a gobbet crude.
O'er Hebrus' silver tide at the command
Of Argos' unrelenting King
Eurystheus, he these captive steeds did bring,
(7) Close to Anauros' mouth on Pelion's strand.
Inhuman Cycnus, Son of Mars, next felt
The force of his resounding bow,
Unsocial wretch, the stranger's foe,
Who in Amphanea dwelt.

(7) The river Anauros in Thessaly flowed into the sea near Iolchos, in the province of Magnesia: though we meet with accounts of this river in the Poets, we cannot wonder at its being omitted by many of the antient Geographers, when we recollect its being a stream of very inconsiderable width. Apollonius Rhodius speaks of Jason's fording it,

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II. 2.

Then came he to th' harmonious Nymphs, that band
Who in Hesperian gardens hold
Their station, where the vegetative gold
Glows in the fruitage; with resistless hand
To snatch the Apple from its height;
The Dragon wreath'd his folds around
The tree's huge trunk, portentous sight,
In vain: that monster fell transfix'd with many a wound.
Into those straits of the unfathom'd main
He enter'd, with auspicious gales,
Where fear'd the mariner t' unfurl his sails,
And fixing limits to the watery plain
His Columns rear'd: then from the Heaven's huge load
The wearied Atlas he reliev'd,
His arm the starry realms upheav'd,
And propp'd the Gods' abode.

III. 1.

Foe to the Amazons' equestrian race
He cross'd the boisterous Euxine tide,
And gave them battle by Mæotis' side.
What friends thro' Greece collected he to face
Hippolita, th' intrepid maid,
That he the (8) belt of Mars might gain,
And tissued robe with golden braid.
Still doth exulting Greece the virgin's spoils retain,

without experiencing any other inconveniences than the losing of one of his sandals in the mud: Hesiod however says, that its floods in winter rose to such a height as utterly to deface the monument of Cygnus, erected near its banks. The derivation of the word Anauros is illustrated in the following lines by Lucan:

Quique nec humentes nebulas, nec rore madentem
Aera, nec tenues ventos suspirat Anauros.

"No breezy air near calm Anauros flies,
"No dewy mists, nor fleecy clouds arise." ROWE.

(8) Hippolita, according to the passage of Apollodorus, referred to by Barnes, wore the belt of Mars as a token of her superiority in war, συμβολον της πρωτειας αγωνων.

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Lodg'd in Mycene's shrine, with gore imbrued.
The Dog of Lerna's marshy plain,
Who unresisting multitudes had slain,
The hundred-headed Hydra, he subdued,
Aided by fire, and winged shafts combin'd,
These from his well-stor'd quiver flew,
And triple-form'd Geryon slew,
Fierce Erythræa's hind.

III. 2.

But having finish'd each adventurous strife,
At length in evil hour he steers
To Pluto's mansion, to the house of tears,
The goal of labour, there to end his life,
Thence never never to return:
His friends dismay'd forsake these gates,
In hopeless solitude we mourn.
Hell's stern award is pass'd, the boat of Charon waits
To their eternal home his sons to bear,
Most impious lawless homicide!
For thee, O Hercules, thee erst his pride,
Thy Sire now looks with impotent despair.
Had I the strength which I possess'd of yore,
I with my Theban friends, array'd
In brazen arms, thy sons would aid:
But youth's blest days are o'er.

Clad in funereal vestments I behold
The Children of Alcides erst the great,
With his lov'd Wife and his decrepid Sire
Conducting them. O wretched me! no longer
Can I restrain the fountain of these tears
Which gush incessant from my aged eyes.

MEGARA, AMPHITRYON, CHORUS.

MEGARA.

Come on. What Priest, what Butcher is at hand
To slay these wretched children, or transpierce

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My bosom? Now the victims stand prepar'd
For their descent to Pluto's loath'd abode.
By force, my children, are we borne along
United in th' unseemly bands of death;
Decrepid age with helpless infancy
And intermingled matrons. O dire fate
Of me and of my sons, whom these sad eyes
Shall never more behold! alas I bore,
I nurtur'd you, to be the scorn, the sport,
Of our inveterate foes, and by their hands
To perish. Each fond hope, which from the words
Of your departed Father erst I form'd,
Hath prov'd fallacious. The deceas'd to (9) *thee*
Allotted Argos, in Eurystheus palace
Wert *thou* to dwell a mighty king, and wield
The sceptre of Pelasgia's fruitful land,
Then with the Lion's hide himself had worn
Thy front he cover'd: *you* were to ascend
The throne of Thebes for brazen chariots fam'd,
Possessing my hereditary fields,
Such were the hopes of your exulting Sire,
Who to *your* hand consign'd that ponderous mace
Deceitful gift of Dædalus: on *thee*,
Thou little one, he promis'd to bestow
Oecalia, which his shafts had erst laid waste:
To you all three, these realms in threefold portions
Did he distribute; for your Father's views
Were all magnanimous: but I mark'd out
Selected Consorts for you, and form'd schemes
Of new affinities, from the domains
Of Athens, Sparta, and the Theban city;

(9) The names of these three sons of Hercules; Therimachus, Creontiades, and Deicoon, which I find inserted by Barnes in his Latin version, and by Brumoy in a marginal note, are taken it seems from Apollodorus, for Euripides himself does not once mention either of them. See Freinshemii, Suppl. Livian, L. 131, c. 46, where Antony in a similar manner talks of portioning out kingdoms among his children by Cleopatra.

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That binding up your cables, and secure
From the tempestuous deep, ye might enjoy
A happy life: these prospects now are vanish'd:
For to your arms hath changeful Fortune given
The Destinies to be your brides, while tears
Are your unhappy Mother's lustral drops.
Your Grandsire celebrates the nuptial feast,
O'er which he summons Pluto to preside,
The Father of your Consorts. But, alas!
Whom first of you my children, or whom last
To this fond bosom shall I clasp, on whom
Bestow a kiss, whom in my arms sustain?
How like the bee with variegated wings
Shall I collect the sorrows of you all,
And blend the whole together in a flood
Of tears exhaustless? O my dearest Lord,
If any of those spirits who reside
In Pluto's realms beneath, can hear the voice
Of mortals, in these words to thee I speak;
O Hercules, thy Father, and thy Sons
Are doom'd to bleed, I perish too who erst
On thy account was by the world call'd happy.
Protect us, come, and to these eyes appear,
Tho' but a ghost; thy presence will suffice:
For these thy children's murderers, when with thee
Compar'd, are dastards.

AMPHITRYON.

To appease the Powers
Of Hell beneath, O Woman, be thy care.
But lifting to the skies my suppliant hands,
I call on thee, O Jove, that, if thou mean
To be a friend to these deserted children,
Thou interpose without delay and save them,
For soon 'twill be no longer in thy power:
Thou oft hast been invok'd; but all my prayers
Are ineffectual; die, it seems, we must.
But, O ye aged men, the bliss which life

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Can yield is small, contrive then how to pass
As sweetly as is possible the hours
Which fate allots you, e'en from morn till night
Shaking off every grief: for Time preserves not
Our hopes entire, but on his own pursuits
Intent, deserts us, borne on rapid wings.
Look but on me, amid the sons of men
Conspicuous erst performing glorious deeds;
And yet hath Fortune in one single day
Taken all from me, like a feather wafted
Into the trackless air. I know not him
To whom collected stores of wealth or fame
Are durable. Farewell, for this, my comrades,
Is the last time ye shall behold your friend.

HERCULES, MEGARA, AMPHITRYON, CHORUS.

MEGARA.

Ha! O thou aged Man, do I behold
My dearest Husband? how shall I find utterance?

AMPHITRYON.

I know not, O my Daughter; for I too
Am with amazement seiz'd.

MEGARA.

This sure is he
Who as we heard was in the realms beneath;
Else doth some vision in the noon-tide glare
Delude our senses. But what frantic words
Were those I spoke as if 'twas all a dream?
This is no other than thy real Son,
Thou aged Man. Come hither, O my Children,
Cling to your Father's robe, with speed advance,
Quit not your hold, for ye in him shall find
An equal to our great protector Jove.

HERCULES.

All hail, thou mansion, and thou vestibule
Of my abode; thee with what joy once more

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Do I behold, revisiting the light.
Ha! what hath happen'd? I my Children see
With garlands on their temples, and my Wife
Amidst a throng of men, my Father too
Weeping for some mischance. I'll go to them,
And ask the cause. What recent ill, O woman,
Hath happen'd to this house?

MEGARA.

My dearest Lord,
O thou who to thy aged Father com'st
A radiant light, in safety hast thou reach'd,
At this important crisis, the abodes
Of those thou lov'st.

HERCULES.

What mean you by these words?
What tumults, O my Sire, are we involv'd in?

MEGARA.

We are undone: but, O thou aged Man,
Forgive, if I've anticipated that
Thou would'st have said to him: for in some points
Our sex are greater objects of compassion
Than males. I deem my children dead, I too
Am perishing.

HERCULES.

O Phœbus! with what preludes
Do you begin your speech?

MEGARA.

My valiant Brothers,
And aged Sire, alas! are now no more.

HERCULES.

Who slew them, how, or with what weapon?

MEGARA.

Lycus,
The monarch of this city, was their murderer.

HERCULES.

With arms did he oppose them, or prevail,
When foul sedition thro' the land diffus'd

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Its pestilent contagion?

MEGARA.

By revolt
He holds the sceptre of the Theban realm.

HERCULES.

But wherefore hath this sudden panic reach'd
You and my aged Sire?

MEGARA.

He would have slain
Thy Father, me, and these defenceless children.

HERCULES.

What mean you? could he fear my orphan race?

MEGARA.

Lest they hereafter might avenge the death
Of Creon.

HERCULES.

But what garb is this they wear,
Which suits some corse?

MEGARA.

Already in these vestments
For our funereal rites are we array'd.

HERCULES.

And were ye on the point of perishing
By violence? Ah me!

MEGARA.

Our friends desert us;
For we had heard that thou wert dead.

HERCULES.

Whence rose
This comfortless depression of the soul?

MEGARA.

Eurystheus' heralds the sad tidings bore.

HERCULES.

But for what cause did ye forsake my house,
My sacred Lares?

MAGARA.

From his bed thy Sire

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Was forcibly dragg'd forth.

HERCULES.

So void of shame
Was Lycus as to treat his age with scorn?

MEGARA.

Shame dwells not near the shrine of brutal Force.

HERCULES.

Were we thus destitute of friends when absent?

MEGARA.

What friends abide with him who is unhappy?

HERCULES.

But did they scorn the battles which I fought
Against the Minyans?

MEGARA.

I to thee repeat it,
Calamity is friendless and forlorn.

HERCULES.

Will ye not cast from your dishevell'd hair
These wreaths of Pluto? will ye not look up
To yon bright Sun, and ope your eyes to view
Scenes far more pleasing than the loathsome shades
Of hell beneath? But I, for wrongs like these
Demand my vengeful arm, with speed will go
And overturn the house of that new King,
His impious head I to the ravenous hounds
Lopp'd from his trunk will cast, and each base Theban
Who with ingratitude repays my kindness
With this victorious weapon smite: my shafts
The rest shall scatter, till Ismenos' channel
Be choak'd up with the corses of the slain,
And Dirce's limpid fountain stream with gore.
For whom, in preference to my Wife, my Children,
And aged Father, shall I aid? Farewell,
Ye labours which unwittingly I strove
T' accomplish, mindless of these dearest pledges;
In their defence I equally am bound
To yield up life, if for their Father they

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Were doom'd to bleed. What! shall we call it noble
To war against the Hydra or the Lion,
And execute the mandates of Eurystheus,
If I avert not my own Children's death?
No longer else shall I, as erst, be styl'd
Alcides the victorious.

CHORUS.

It is just
Parents should aid their Sons, their aged Sire,
And the dear partner of the nuptial bed.

AMPHITRYON.

My Son, this mighty privilege is yours,
To be the best of friends to those you love,
And a determin'd foe to those you hate.
But be not too impetuous.

HERCULES.

In what instance
Have I been hastier, O my honour'd Sire,
Than it becomes me?

AMPHITRYON.

To support his cause,
The King hath many, who in fact are poor,
Tho' fame accounts them rich; they rais'd a tumult,
And caus'd the ruin of the state, to plunder
Their neighbours; for the fortunes they possess'd
Are thro' their own extravagance and sloth
Reduc'd to nothing. As the gates you enter'd,
These could not fail to see you: O beware
Lest since you by your foes have been perceiv'd,
You perish when you least foresee your danger,
Oppress by numbers.

HERCULES.

Tho' all Thebes beheld me,
I care not. But when I descried a bird (10)

(10) From the great stress laid by the antients Auguries, the circumstance of Hercules entering the city in disguise on seeing a Bird of evil omen, though he otherwise would not have feared all Thebes,

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Of evil omen perch'd aloof, I knew
That there had some calamity befallen
My house, and therefore with presaging soul
In secrecy I enter'd these domains.

AMPHITRYON.

Draw near with pious awe, my Son, salute
The Lares, and display that welcome face
In your paternal mansions. For to drag
Your Wife and Children forth, with me your Sire,
To murder us, the King himself will come.
But all will prosper, if you here remain,
And a secure asylum will you find,
Nor thro' the city spread a loud alarm
Ere your designs succeed.

HERCULES.

Thus will I act,
For thou hast rightly spoken; I am entering
The palace. From the sunless caves beneath
Of Proserpine, after a long delay
Returning, first to our domestic Gods
Will I be mindful to address my vows.

AMPHITRYON.

Have you indeed then visited the house
Of Pluto, O my Son?

can by no means be considered as any peculiar weakness of superstition, such as derogates from the character for undaunted courage, which is universally ascribed to him. In like manner, Virgil represents the Goddess Juturna, after long driving the chariot of her Brother Turnus through the ranks of war, and manifesting great intrepidity, upon the Fury's coming in the shape of a screech-owl, making this exclamation;

Jam, jam, linquo acies, ne me terrete timentem
Obscœnæ volucres; alarum verbera nosco,
Letbalemque sonum. Æn. L. xii, v. 875.

"Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
"My tender soul, ye baleful Birds of night!
"The lashing of your wings I know too well,
"The sounding flight and fun'ral screams of Hell." DRYDEN.

immediately after which giving up her brother for lost, she retires and leaves him to perish by the sword of Æneas.

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HERCULES.

And thence the dog
With triple-head brought to these realms of light.

AMPHITRYON.

Conquer'd in battle, or on you bestow'd
By Hell's indulgent Goddess?

HERCULES.

I prevail'd
O'er him in combat, and have been so happy
As to behold the far-fam'd mystic (11) orgies.

AMPHITRYON.

But is the beast lodg'd in Eurystheus' palace?

HERCULES.

Him Cthonia's groves and Hermion's walls confine.

AMPHITRYON.

Knows not Eurystheus that you are return'd
Into this upper world?

HERCULES.

He doth not know:
For I came first to learn what passes here.

AMPHITRYON.

But wherefore in the realms beneath, so long
Did you remain?

HERCULES.

I there prolong'd my stay,
My Sire, to bring back Theseus from the shades.

AMPHITRYON.

And where is he, gone to his native land?

HERCULES.

He went to Athens, pleas'd with his escape
From the infernal regions. But attend
Your Father to the palace, O my Sons,
Which now ye enter in a happier state
Than when ye left it: but take courage, cease

(11) "Previous to his descent into the infernal regions, Hercules was "initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries, by Eumolpus, according to the "account given in Apollodorus." BARNES.

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To pour forth floods of tears; and, O my Wife,
Collect thyself, let all thy terrors cease,
And loose my garments; for I have not wings,
Nor would I vanish from my friends. Alas!
Their hold they quit not, but cling faster still,
And faster to my vest. Because ye stand
Upon the verge of ruin, I will take
And bear you hence, as by the ship light boats
Are guided o'er the deep: for I refuse not
The care my children claim. Here all mankind
Are on a level, they of nobler rank
And mean condition, to their progeny
Bear equal love. The gifts of fortune vary,
Some have abundant wealth, and some are poor;
But the whole human race feels this attachment.

[*Exeunt* HERCULES *and* MEGARA, *with the Children.*

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Youth is light, and free from care;
But now a burden on my head
(12) Heavier than Ætna's rock, old age, I bear,
Before these eyes its sable veil is spread.
Not for the wealth of (13) Asiatic Kings,
Or heaps of gold that touch'd yon roof sublime,
Ere would I barter life's enchanting prime;
Hence wealth a brighter radiance flings,

(12) Onus Ætna gravius videor sustinere. Cicero de Senectute.

(13) "The poet here principally marks out the wealth of the Persians "and Phrygians. But Asia in general was so fruitful, that it was con- "sidered as excelling all other parts of the world." Barnes proceeds to illustrate this by quotations from the twelfth Ode of Horace's second book, his own poem of Esther, Cicero's Oration in defence of Ligarius, and Mithridates' speech to his soldiers in Justin; and by references to the treatise of Usher Archbishop of Armagh, on Asia Minor, and the accounts of that country to be met with in the writings of the various Lexicographers.

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And poverty itself can charm:
But thou, curst Dotage, art the sum
Of every fancied, every real harm;
May'st thou be plung'd beneath the deep, nor come
To peopled town, or civilis'd abode,
Go wing thy distant flight along th' aerial road.

I. 2.

Did the Gods with sapient care
Mete out their bounty to mankind,
The good, the gift of twofold youth should share
Unquestion'd token of a virtuous mind,
Behold life's sun its blest career renew,
While the degenerate sleep to wake no more.
We by these means distinctly might explore
Their merits with as clear a view,
As sailors, who each starry spark
Enumerate that adorns the skies.
But now the Gods have by no certain mark
Directed whom we for their worth should prize,
Whom shun as wicked: uninform'd we live,
Revolving Time hath nought but plenteous wealth to give.

II. 1.

Mindful of its antient themes,
This faltering tongue shall ne'er refuse,
Oft as I wander by their haunted streams,
To blend each gentle Grace and tuneful Muse:
O may I dwell among th' harmonious choirs,
My brows still circled with a laureat wreath!
Still shall the Bard, a hoary Veteran, breathe
The strains Mnemosuné inspires:
While memory wakes, I ne'er will cease
Th' exploits of Hercules to sing;
Where Bromius yields the purple vine's increase,
Where Libyan pipes and the lute's sevenfold string
Are heard in dulcet unison; to praise
The Nine who aid the dance, I'll wake my choral lays.

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II. 2.

Delian virgins at the gate
Assembled, festive Pæans sing,
The triumphs of Latona's son relate,
And nimbly vaulting form their beauteous ring.
Into thy temple, by devotion led,
O Phœbus, will I raise my parting breath;
The Swan thus warbles at the hour of death:
Tho' hoary hairs my cheeks o'erspread.
How great the Hero's generous love,
Whose merits aid our votive song,
Alcides the resistless son of Jove;
Those trophies, which to noble birth belong
By him are all surpass'd, his forceful hand
Restoring peace, hath cleans'd this monster-teeming land.

LYCUS, AMPHITRYON, CHORUS.

LYCUS.

Forth from the portals at due season comes
Amphitryon: for 'tis long since ye were deck'd
In robes, and trappings such as suit the dead.
But go, command the Children and the Wife
Of Hercules without these gates t' appear,
Because ye have engag'd that ye will die
By your own hands.

AMPHITRYON.

You persecute, O King,
Me whom already Fortune hath made wretched,
And with sharp taunts insult my dying race:
Although in power supreme, you ought to act
With moderation: but since you impose
This harsh necessity, we must submit,
And execute your will.

LYCUS.

Where's Megara?
Where are the Children of Alcmena's Son?

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AMPHITRYON.

To me she seems, as far as I can guess,
From looking thro' the door —

LYCUS.

What grounds hast thou
For this opinion?

AMPHITRYON.

In a suppliant posture
To sit before the Lares,

LYCUS.

And implore them
With unavailing plaints to save her life.

AMPHITRYON.

In vain too calls she on her Lord deceas'd.

LYCUS.

But he is absent, he can ne'er return.

AMPHITRYON.

Unless some God should raise him up again.

LYCUS.

Go thou, and from the palace lead her hither.

AMPHITRYON.

'Twould make me an accomplice in the murder,
If this I acted.

LYCUS.

Since thy soul recoils,
I, whom such idle scruples cannot move,
Will with their Mother bring the Children forth.
Follow my steps, my servants, that at length
We may behold sweet peace succeed our toils.

[*Exit* LYCUS.

AMPHITRYON.

Depart: for to that place the Fates ordain
You now are on the road; perhaps the sequel
Will be another's province: but expect,
Since you have done amiss, to suffer vengeance.
He, O ye veterans, at a lucky hour

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Enters the palace, for on ambush'd swords
His feet will stumble, while the villain hopes
Those he would murder are too near at hand
To 'scape: but I will go to see him fall
A breathless corse; for when our foe endures
The just requital of his impious deeds,
There is a joy resulting from his death.

[(14) *Exit* AMPHITRYON.

CHORUS.

Chang'd are our evil fortunes. To the shades
He who was erst a mighty King descends.
O Justice, and ye dread vicissitudes
Of Fate, ordain'd by Heaven!

SEMICHORUS.

Thou art at length
Gone thither, where by death thou for those taunts,
With which thou o'er the virtuous didst exult,
Shalt make atonement.

SEMICHORUS II.

My delight bursts forth
In floods of tears: for now is come that day
The Tyrant deem'd would never visit him.

SEMICHORUS I.

But let us also look into the palace,
My aged friend, and mark if yonder miscreant
Be punish'd as I wish.

LYCUS *(within.)*

Ah me! ah me!

CHORUS.

That melody most grateful to mine ear
Beneath you roofs commences; nor is death
Far distant; for these cries the Monarch utters
Are but a prelude to the fatal stroke.

(14) It being the united opinion of Heath, Mr. Tyrwhitt, and Dr. Musgrave, that Amphitryon here leaves the stage, I have distributed the following dialogue accordingly between the Chorus.

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LYCUS *(within.)*

Ye realms of Cadmus, I thro' treachery perish!

SEMICHORUS II.

Others have perish'd by that bloody hand.
Since then the retribution thou endur'st
Is just, endure it bravely.

SEMICHORUS I.

Where is he
Who utter'd 'gainst the blest immortal Powers
His foolish blasphemies, and call'd the Gods
Too weak to punish him.

SEMICHORUS II.

That impious man
Is now no more. Yon vaulted roofs are silent,
Let us begin th' harmonious choral lay;
For, as I wish'd, our comrades prove victorious.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

The sumptuous banquet, with th' enlivening dance,
Now every Theban shall employ;
Dried are our tears, and past mischance
Yields to the lyre abundant themes of joy:
Stretch'd low in dust the Tyrant lies;
But he, who by an antient right
Obtains the sceptre, is our King;
From Acheron's loath'd stream behold him rise,
Revisiting the cheerful realms of light,
And hope, unlook'd-for, doth fresh transports bring.

I. 2.

The Gods take cognizance of broken trust,
Nor are they deaf to holy prayer.
On gold and fortune, power unjust
Attends; man's reason is too weak to bear
The joint temptations. Heaven at length,

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Whose kind protection we invoke,
Deigning with pity to behold
Our woes, to the neglected laws their strength
Restoring, with vindictive fury broke
The (15) sable car which bore the God of Gold.

II. 1.

Now let the flowery wreath, the victor's pride,
Adorn Ismenos; let each street employ
The hours in dance and social joy;
Let Dirce from the silver wave arise,
And old Asopus' daughters by her side,
Forsaking their paternal stream,
Conspire to aid our rapturous theme,
And for Alcides claim the victor's prize.
Ye Pythian rocks, with waving forests crown'd,
And seats of Helicon's melodious choir,
Come every Nymph, with cheerful sound,
Visit these walls which to the clouds aspire;
In helmed crop here warriors fill'd the plains,
Whose lineage undecay'd from age to age remains.

II. 2.

O ye, the partners of one nuptial bed,
Happy Amphitryon, sprung from mortal race,
And Jove, who rush'd to the embrace
Of bright Alcmena; for of thee aright,
Tho' erst, O Jove, I doubted, was it said
Thou didst enjoy that beauteous Dame;
With the renown his triumphs claim,
Time thro' the world displays Alcides' might,
Emerg'd from griesly Pluto's realms abhorr'd,

(15) The following explanation of ὠξὺ κιλλαῖον ἅρμα is given by Barnes in his notes; "a metaphor taken from charioteers, who by driving on "too furiously dash their chariots to pieces. But the poet calls the "chariot of riches black, either because Plutus the God of Riches is "blind, and because gold blinds the souls of men, or because it is dug "out of the ground, and usually kept under locks, in chests, and in "darkness."

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Who quits the darksome caverns of the earth,
To me a far more welcome lord,
Than yon vile Tyrant of ignoble birth.
Now to the bloody strife we lift our eyes;
The vengeful sword is bar'd, if Justice haunt the skies.

SEMICHORUS.

Ha! are we all by the same panic seiz'd?
My aged friends, what spectre, hovering o'er
The palace, do I see? — Those tardy feet
Raise from the ground, precipitate thy flight,
Be gone, — From me, O Pæan, mighty King,
Avert these evils.

IRIS, A FIEND, CHORUS.

IRIS.

O, ye aged men,
Be not dismay'd: the Fiend whom ye behold
Is daughter of old Night, and I am Iris,
The Gods' embassadress. We are not come
To harm your city; for we only war
Against one man, who, sprung 'tis said from Jove
And from Alcmena: till he had perform'd
Severest labours, Fate preserv'd his life;
Nor did his father Jove permit, or me,
Or Juno, e'er to hurt him: but, each toil
Eurystheus' hate enjoin'd, now he hath finish'd,
Those oft-polluted hands with recent gore
Will Juno stain, by urging him to slay
His children; in this scheme I too conspire.
Come on then, arm'd with a relentless heart,
Unwedded Daughter of the pitchy Night;
Instill into that Hero's breast such frenzy
As shall o'erturn his reason, and constrain him
To perpetrate this murder; his wild steps
Goad onward, throw the bloody cable forth,
That having sent this band of graceful Sons,
Slain by their Father's arm, adown the gulph

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Of Acheron, th' effects of Juno's wrath
And mine, he may experience; for the Gods
Would be mere things of no account, but great
Would be the power of man, if he escap'd
Unpunish'd.

FIEND.

I from noble Parents spring,
Night is my Mother; and that blood which stream'd
From the foul wound of (16) Ouranus, my Sire:
To me belongs this praise, I 'gainst my friends
No envious rancour feel, nor with delight
Invade them; but this counsel would suggest
To you and Juno, ere I see you rush
Into a fatal error, if my words
Can move you: He into whose house you send me
Is not obscure, or in the realms beneath,
Or yet among the Gods: for when o'er lands,
Impervious erst, and o'er the stormy waves,
He had establish'd peace, he to the Gods
Their antient honours, which by impious men
Had been abolish'd, singly did restore.
I therefore would dissuade you from contriving
'Gainst him these mischiefs.

IRIS.

Blame not thou the schemes
Devis'd by Juno and by me (17).

FIEND.

Your steps
Into a better path, from that which leads
To evil, would I turn.

(16) The account of the cruel treatment this Father of the Gods (whose name several of the classical writers among the Latins render Cœlus) experienced from his son Saturn, and of the Furies being born of the blood which flowed from his wound, is to be met with in Hesiod.

(17) Instead of κακα, for which Scaliger substitutes κατα, and Canterus, Barnes, and Carmelli, read καλα, I have followed Reiskius and Dr. Musgrave in reading κἠμα, and with the latter ascribe to the Fiend the second line of this speech.

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IRIS.

The Wife of Jove
Sent thee not hither to act thus discreetly.

FIEND.

Witness, thou Sun, reluctant I obey.
But if constrain'd to be the instrument
Of Juno's wrath and your's, I with such speed
As when the hound obeys the huntsman's voice,
Your signal will attend; nor shall the deep
Upheaving with a groan its troubled waves,
The earthquake, or the thunderbolt, whose blast
Is wing'd with fate, outstrip me, when I rush
Into the breast of Hercules: the gates
Will I burst open, and assail the house,
First causing his devoted Sons to bleed;
Nor shall their murderer know that his own hand
Slew those whom he begot, till he is rescued
From the distraction I inspire. Behold
He at the barrier stands, and shakes his head,
And rolls in silence his distorted eyes,
Flaming with anger. To contain his breath
No longer able, like a bull, prepar'd
To make the terrible assault, he bellows,
And calls the Furies from the dire abyss
Of Tartarus. Thee I to a greater height
Of frenzy soon will rouse, and thro' thy soul
Cause my terrific clarion to resound.
O noble Iris, to Olympus' height
Now wing your swift career, while I, unseen,
Will enter the abodes of Hercules.

Exeunt IRIS *and the* FIEND.

CHORUS.

Thou city, groan; thy choicest flower,
The Son of Jove, is cropp'd: O Greece,
Thy benefactor's fatal hour
Impends. To thee for ever lost,
Assail'd by that infernal pest,

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The dauntless Chief, depriv'd of peace,
Shall feel his agonizing breast
With horrible distraction tost.
Hence in her brazen chariot went
The raging Fiend, on mischief bent;
She urges with a scorpion goad
Her steeds along th' etherial road.
That hundred-headed child of Night,
With all those hissing snakes around,
From her envenom'd eye-balls bright
The Gorgon thus directs the wound.
Soon chang'd by Heaven's supreme decree,
Is man's short-liv'd felicity.
Ye infants, soon shall ye expire,
Slain by your own distracted Sire.
Ah me! thy Son, without delay,
Shall be left childless, mighty Jove;
For on his tortur'd soul shall prey
Yon Fiend, and by the Powers above
Vengeance commission'd to destroy.
O mansion erst the scene of joy!
To form a prelude to this dance,
Neither the cheering timbrel's sound,
Nor sportive Menades advance;
Here human gore shall stream around,
Instead of that refreshing juice,
Which Bacchus' purple grapes produce.
Away ye children, danger's nigh,
For he who wakes this hostile strain,
Traces your footsteps as ye fly;
Nor will the Fiend with fruitless rage,
A war beneath those mansions wage.
Alas! we sink o'erwhelm'd with woe,
My tears shall never cease to flow.
I wail the Grandsire hoar with age,
The Mother too who bore that train
Of lovely children, but in vain.

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Lo what a tempest shakes the wall,
And makes th' uprooted mansion fall!
What mean'st thou, frantic Son of Jove?
The hellish uproar thou dost raise,
Filling the palace with amaze,
Is such as vex'd the realms above,
Till issuing with victorious might,
Pallas invincible in fight
The huge Enceladus oppress'd,
And pil'd all Ætna on his breast.

MESSENGER, CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

O ye whose heads are whiten'd o'er with age!

CHORUS.

Why dost thou call me with so loud a voice?

MESSENGER.

Atrocious are the mischiefs which have happen'd
Within the palace.

CHORUS.

I need now call in
No other seer. The boys are slain. Ah me!

MESSENGER.

Indulge your groans, for such events as these
Demand them.

CHORUS.

By a foe, e'en by the hand
Of their own Sire, in whom that foe they found.

MESSENGER.

No tongue can utter woes beyond what we
Have suffer'd.

CHORUS.

What account hast thou to give
Of the dire fate the Father on his Sons
Inflicted? Sent by the avenging Gods,
Say why such mischiefs visited this house,
And how the children miserably fell.

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MESSENGER.

To purify the house were victims brought
Before Jove's altar, after Hercules
Had slain and cast the Monarch of this land
Forth from these doors. Beside the victor stood
His band of graceful Children, with his Sire
And Megara. The sacred vase was borne
Around the altar: from ill-omen'd words
We all abstain'd. But while Alcmena's Son
In his right hand a kindled torch sustain'd,
Ready to dip it in the lustral water,
He made a silent stand; on this delay
The Children stedfastly observ'd their Sire,
But he no longer was the same; his eyes
Were seiz'd with strong convulsions, from their fibres
Blood started forth, his bearded cheeks with foam
Were cover'd: he midst bursts of laughter wild
Cried, "Wherefore need I kindle, O my Father,
"The fire for sacrifice, ere I have slain
"Eurystheus, in a double toil engag'd,
"When I at once might better finish all?
"Soon as I hither bring Eurystheus' head,
"These hands which reek already with the gore
"Of Lycus, will I cleanse. Pour forth those waters,
"Upon the ground, and cast your urns away.
"Who brings my bow, my club? I to Mycene
"Will go: let spades and levers be prepar'd,
"That I from their foundations may o'erturn
"Those walls, which with the plummet and the line
"The Cyclops rear'd." Then eager to depart,
Altho' he had no chariot, yet he talk'd
As if he had one, fancying that he mounted
The seat, and with his hand as with a thong
Drove the ideal steeds. His servants laugh'd,
And at the same time trembled; till one cried,
(As on each other they with eager eyes
Were gazing), "Doth my Master sport with us,

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" Or is he frantic?" Meanwhile thro' the palace
Backward and forward he with hasty step
Was walking: but no sooner did he reach
That spacious hall, where at the genial board
The men are wont t' assemble, than he said
That he was come to (18) Nisus' antient city,
And to th' imperial dome: and on the floor,
As if reclining at the genial board,
Bade us set forth the banquet. But the pause
Which interven'd was short, ere he exclaim'd,
That he was traversing the Isthmian rocks
O'ergrown with woods; then casting off his mantle,
He strove tho' there was no antagonist
With whom to strive, proclaim'd himself the victor,
The name of that imaginary foe
Announcing, over whom he had prevail'd:
But 'gainst Eurystheus he anon did utter
Menaces the most horrible, and talk
As if he at Mycene had been present.
His Father strove to hold his vigorous arm,
And said to him; " What mean you, O my Son?
" What wanderings into distant realms are these?
" Hath not the blood of him you have just slain
" Distracted you?" Then for Eurystheus' Sire
Mistaking his own Father, as he strove
To touch his hand, repell'd the trembling suppliant:
Against his Sons, the quiver and the bow,
Thinking to slay the children of Eurystheus,
He next made ready; they with terror smitten
Ran different ways; the first beneath the robes
Of his unhappy Mother skulk'd; a second
Flew to the shade the lofty column form'd;

(18) " Megara is called the city of Nisus by Pindar, and likewise by " Strabo, who says, that upon Attica being divided into four portions, " Megara was allotted to Nisus. The history of Nisus and Scylla, and " that Monarch's purple lock of hair, is to be met with in the eighth " book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, and in Apollodorus." BARNES.

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Under the altar quivering like a bird,
The last conceal'd himself: their Mother cried,
" What mean'st thou, O thou Father, would'st thou slay
" Thy Sons?" Amphitryon too, that aged man,
And all the servants shriek'd. But round the pillar
The boy pursuing, he at length turn'd short,
And meeting him, as foot to foot they stood,
Transfix'd his liver with a deadly shaft,
Supine he fell, and with his streaming gore
Distain'd the sculptur'd pillars, at whose base
He breath'd his last. But, with a shout, Alcides
Utter'd these boasts; " One of Eurystheus' brood
" Slain by this arm, for the inveterate hate
" His Father bore me, to atone, here lies
" A breathless corse:" against another then,
Who to the basis of the altar fled,
And hop'd to scape unseen, he bent his bow;
But ere he gave the wound, the wretched youth
Fell at his Father's knees, stretch'd forth his hands
To touch his chin, or twine around his neck,
And cried; " O spare my life, my dearest Sire,
" Yours, I am yours indeed; nor will you slay
" Eurystheus' Son." But he with glaring eyes
Look'd like a Gorgon, while the boy press'd on
So close, he had no scope to aim the shaft,
But as the smith the glowing anvil smites,
Full on his auburn tresses he discharg'd
The ponderous mace, the crashing bones gave way.
Scarce had he slain the second, when he ran
To butcher his third son o'er both their corses:
But the unhappy Mother in her arms
Caught up, into an inner chamber bore
The child, and clos'd the doors: but he, as if
He had indeed been at the Cyclops' city,
With levers from their hinges forc'd them, pierc'd
His Wife and Offspring with a single shaft,
And then to slay his aged Father rush'd

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With speed impetuous: but a spectre came,
Which to our eyes the aweful semblance bore
Of Pallas brandishing her pointed spear,
And threw a rocky fragment at the breast
Of Hercules, which check'd his murderous frenzy,
And plung'd him into sleep: upon the ground
Headlong he fell, where midst the ruins lay,
Rent from its pedestal a broken column:
But rallying from our flight, we, by his Sire
Assisted, to the pillar bound him fast
With thongs, that on his wakening from this trance
He might commit no more atrocious deeds.
There doth he taste an inauspicious sleep,
First having slain his children and his consort.
I know no mortal more completely wretched.

[*Exit* MESSENGER.

CHORUS.

There was a murder in the Argive land
Most wondrous and unparallel'd thro' Greece
In days of yore, which the confederate Daughters
Of Danaus perpetrated: but their crimes
By the dire fate of Progne's only son
Were far surpass'd. I of a bloody deed
Now speak which they committed, they whose voice
Equals the (19) Muses' choir: but thou who spring'st
From Jove himself, hast in thy frenzy slain
All thy three sons: for them what groans, what tears,
What invocations to the shades beneath,
Or songs shall I prepare to soothe the rage
Of grisly Pluto? Shiver'd on the ground
The portals of that lofty mansion view,
Behold the corses of the Children stretcht

(19) "The Poet speaks of this murder as committed by the Muses, "because they who perpetrated it were metamorphosed into tuneful "birds; for Progne was changed into a swallow, and Philomela into a "nightingale, a bird eminently dear to the Muses on account of the "sweetness of her song." BARNES.

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Before their miserable Sire, whose senses,
Since he hath slain them, in profoundest sleep
Are buried. Mark those knotty cords around
The brawny limbs of Hercules, entwin'd
And to the columns in the palace fix'd.
But old Amphitryon, like a bird who wails
Over its callow brood, with tardy step
Comes hither in the bitterness of grief.

AMPHITRYON, CHORUS.

The Palace gates thrown open, discover HERCULES *stretcht on the ground and sleeping.*

AMPHITRYON.

Ye aged Thebans, will ye not be silent,
Will ye not suffer him dissolv'd in sleep
His miseries to forget?

CHORUS.

These tears, these groans,
To you, O venerable Man, I pay,
To those slain Children, and the Chief renown'd
For his victorious conflicts.

AMPHITRYON.

Farther still
Retire; forbear, forbear those clamorous sounds,
Lest his repose ye break, and from a trance
The sleeper rouse.

CHORUS.

How dreadful was this slaughter!

AMPHITRYON.

Ha! ha! begone, for he in wild confusion
Is starting up. Why will ye not lament,
Ye aged men, in a more gentle tone?
Lest rous'd from sleep he burst his chains, destroy
The city, smite his Sire, and with the ground
Lay these proud mansions level.

CHORUS.

This I hold

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Impossible.

AMPHITRYON.

Be silent, I will mark
Whether he breathe; O let me place my ear
Still closer.

CHORUS.

Sleeps he?

AMPHITRYON.

An accurst repose,
Alas! he tastes, who hath his Consort slain,
And slain his Sons with that resounding bow.

CHORUS.

Now wail.

AMPHITRYON.

I wail those Children's fate.

CHORUS.

Your Son,
Alas, Old Man, our equal pity claims.

AMPHITRYON.

Observe strict silence, for again he rises
And turns around: I will conceal myself
Beneath that roof.

CHORUS.

Be of good cheer: night seals
The eye-lids of your Son.

AMPHITRYON.

Mark, mark me well,
I am so wretched that without reluctance
I can bid life adieu: but if he kill
Me too who am his Father, guilt on guilt
Shall he accumulate, and join the stings
Of parricide to those which from the Furies
Who haunt him, he already doth endure.

CHORUS.

Better you then had died, when you prepar'd
T' avenge the slaughter'd Brothers of Alcmena,
And storm'd the fortress of the Taphian isle.

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AMPHITRYON.

Fly, leave the palace instantly; avoid
That frantic man, who from his sleep is rous'd,
For adding soon fresh slaughter to the past,
With Bacchanalian transport shall he range
Thro' Cadmus' city.

CHORUS.

Why hast thou, O Jove,
Hated thy Son so bitterly, and plung'd him
Into this sea of troubles?

HERCULES *(waking)*.

Ha! I breathe,
And view each wonted object, air, and earth,
And these bright solar beams. Into what storm,
What dreadful perturbation of the soul
Have I been plung'd! all heated I transpire,
Not from my lungs, but from my feverish heart.
Behold me! wherefore am I bound with chains,
Like a disabled ship tow'd into haven,
And by this youthful chest and nervous arm
Join'd to a broken pillar? Here I sit
Contiguous to the corses of the slain.
My winged shafts lie scatter'd on the ground,
With that unerring bow which erst I bore
In war to guard me, and with care preserv'd.
Sent by Eurystheus, am I then arriv'd
A second time at the drear shades beneath?
Neither the rock of Sisiphus, nor Pluto,
Nor Ceres' sceptred Daughter, do I see.
I sure am stricken senseless with amazement,
And know not where I am. But ho! what friend
Is near, or at a distance, who will come
To give me information? For each object
Which I was erst acquainted with seems strange.

AMPHITRYON.

Shall I approach this scene of my afflictions,
Ye aged men?

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CHORUS.

I will attend your steps,
Nor meanly in calamity betray you.

HERCULES.

Why dost thou weep, my Sire, and veil those eyes,
Retiring far from thy beloved Son?

AMPHITRYON.

My Son — for tho' unhappy, you are mine.

HERCULES.

But what calamity do I endure
That causes thee to shed these tears?

AMPHITRYON.

Your woes
Are such, that any God, if he endur'd
The same, would groan.

HERCULES.

This hath a dreadful sound:
But you, my fortunes have not yet explain'd.

AMPHITRYON.

Because if you your senses have recover'd
Yourself behold them.

HERCULES.

Tell me what thou mean'st.
If to my charge thou lay'st some recent crime.

AMPHITRYON.

If you no longer to the Powers of Hell
Are subjected, the truth will I unfold.

HERCULES.

Alas! how darkly thou again allud'st
To what my soul suspects.

AMPHITRYON.

Your looks I watch
To see if reason wholly be restor'd.

HERCULES.

I recollect not that I e'er was frantic.

AMPHITRYON *to the* CHORUS.

Shall I unbind the shackles of my Son,

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Or how must we proceed?

HERCULES.

Say who was he
That bound me, for with scorn have I been treated?

AMPHITRYON.

Thus much of your afflictions may you know:
Forbear all farther questions.

HERCULES.

Is thy silence
Sufficient then to teach me what I wish
To learn?

AMPHITRYON.

O Jove, dost thou behold the curses
Hurl'd on thy Son from envious Juno's throne?

HERCULES.

What dire effects of her inveterate rage
Have I endur'd?

AMPHITRYON.

Of that vindictive Goddess
No longer think: but to your own afflictions
Attend.

HERCULES.

Alas! I utterly am ruin'd!
What farther ill would'st thou disclose?

AMPHITRYON.

See there
The corses of your murder'd children lie.

HERCULES.

Alas! what dreadful objects strike these eyes!

AMPHITRYON.

My Son, against your progeny you wag'd
An inauspicious war.

HERCULES.

Why talk of war?
Who slew them?

AMPHITRYON.

You, your arrows, and the cause,

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Of all these mischiefs, that remorseless Goddess.

HERCULES.

What mean'st thou, or what crime have I committed,
My Father, O thou messenger of ill?

AMPHITRYON.

By frenzy urg'd. But you such questions ask,
As I with grief must answer.

HERCULES.

Have I murder'd
My Consort also?

AMPHITRYON.

All these deeds of horror
That single arm did perpetrate.

HERCULES.

Alas!
A cloud of griefs surrounds me.

AMPHITRYON.

For this cause
Your fortunes I lament.

HERCULES.

Have I demolish'd
My own house too, with Bacchanalian rage
Inspir'd?

AMPHITRYON.

The whole of what I know amounts
To this, that that you are most completely wretched.

HERCULES.

Where did this fatal madness seize me first?

AMPHITRYON.

As round the altar, you, a flaming brand,
To expiate the foul murder which distains
Your hands, were bearing.

HERCULES.

Ah! why lengthen out
A guilty life, when of my dearest Children
I am become the murderer? why delay
To leap from the high rock, or with a sword

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Transpierce this bosom, on myself their blood
Avenging? or t' avert that infamy
Which waits me, shall I rush into the flames?
But Theseus comes to bar these desperate counsels,
My kinsman and my friend; in a true light
To him shall I appear, and the pollution
I have incurr'd by slaying my own Sons
Will be conspicuous to my dearest comrade.
What shall I do; or where can I find out
A solitude impervious to my woes?
On rapid wings, O could I mount, or plunge
Into the nether regions of the earth?
Give me a veil to darken o'er my head.
For 'tis with shame I think on the offence
Caus'd by this deed: but to myself alone
Ascribing the defilement of their blood,
I wish not to contaminate the guiltless.

THESEUS, AMPHITRYON, HERCULES, CHORUS.

THESEUS.

An armed squadron of Athenian youths
I hither bring, who near Asopus' stream
Are station'd to assist your Son in battle.
For to the city of Erectheus' race
A rumour came, that Lycus, having seiz'd
The sceptre of this land, is waging war
'Gainst you. O aged Man, I to repay
The benefits which Hercules conferr'd
On me, whom from the dreary shades beneath
In safety he redeem'd, on your behalf
Attend, if of this arm, or of my troops,
Ye need the help. But, ha, what means the floor
With weltering corses heap'd? hath my design
Prov'd ineffectual? am I then arriv'd
Too late to remedy the dreadful mischiefs
Which have already ta'en effect? who slew

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Those Children, or whose Consort was the Dame
Whom I behold? for where the boys are laid,
No signs appear of any battle fought:
But sure I of some other recent ill
Now make discovery.

AMPHITRYON.

O thou Goddess, thron'd
Upon that hill where verdant olives spring.

THESEUS.

Why speak you to me in this piteous tone,
And with such prelude?

AMPHITRYON.

Grievous are the ills
Which we endure thro' Heaven's severe behest.

THESEUS.

What boys are they o'er whose remains you weep?

AMPHITRYON.

Them did my miserable Son beget,
And when begotten slay, this impious murder
He dar'd to perpetrate.

THESEUS.

Express yourself
In more auspicious terms.

AMPHITRYON.

I wish t' obey
Th' injunctions thou hast given.

THESEUS.

What dreadful words
Are these which you have utter'd.

AMPHITRYON.

In a moment
Were we undone.

THESEUS.

What mean you, what hath happen'd?

AMPHITRYON.

This frenzy seiz'd him sprinkled with the venom,
Which from the hundred-headed Hydra flow'd.

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THESEUS.

Such Juno's wrath. But who, O aged Man,
(20) Stands 'mong the dead?

AMPHITRYON.

My Son, my valiant Son,
Inur'd to many toils, who in that war
Where Earth's Gigantic brood were slain, advanc'd
Among the Gods to the Phlegræan field
Arm'd with his buckler.

THESEUS.

Ah, what mighty chief
Was e'er so wretched?

AMPHITRYON.

Scarcely shalt thou know
A man with greater labours vex'd, and doom'd
To wander thro' more regions.

THESEUS.

But why veils he
Beneath that robe his miserable head?

AMPHITRYON.

Because thy presence, friendship's sacred ties
Added to those of kindred, and the gore
Of his slain children, fill his soul with shame.

THESEUS.

I with his griefs am come to sympathise;
Uncover him.

AMPHITRYON.

That garment from your eyes
Remove, display your visage to the sun.
It ill becomes my dignity to weep:
Yet I a suppliant strive to touch your beard,

(20) The evident corruption of the antient reading does not appear to have been remedied by any manuscript; instead therefore of τις δολια πομπος, which it is impossible to make sense of, almost every editor and commentator has furnished his own conjecture; among a variety of which I have met with none that seems to me preferable to τις δ' ου' τι πομπος, proposed by Mr. Heath.

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Your knees, your hand, and shed these hoary tears.
O curb your soul, my Son, whose fierceness equals
That of the lion, else 'twill hurry you
To bloody impious rage, and make you add
Mischiefs to mischiefs.

THESEUS.

Ho! on thee I call,
On thee, who to that seat of misery seem'st
Fast rivetted; permit thy friends to see
Thy face: for darkness hath no cloud so black
As to conceal thy woes. Why dost thou wave
Thy hand, and point to those whom thou hast slain,
Lest by this converse I pollute myself?
I am not loth to share thy woes: I erst
Was happy (which my soul is ever bound
To recollect with gratitude) when thou
From hell's loath'd gloom, the mansion of the dead,
Didst safely bear me to the realms of light.
For I abhor th' attachment of those friends
Which time impairs, him too who would enjoy
Their better fortunes, but refuse to sail
In the same bark with those who prove unblest.
Rise up, unveil thy miserable head
And look on me. A noble mind sustains
Without reluctance what the Gods inflict.

HERCULES.

Did you, O Theseus, see me slay my Children?

THESEUS.

I heard, and now behold the ills thou speak'st of.

HERCULES.

Then why didst thou uncover to the sun
My guilty head?

THESEUS.

Why not? canst thou, a man,
Pollute the Gods?

HERCULES.

Avaunt, O wretch, avaunt,

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For I am all contagion.

THESEUS.

To a friend
No mischief from his friend can be transmitted.

HERCULES.

Your conduct I applaud, nor will deny
That I have serv'd you.

THESEUS.

I who erst receiv'd
Those favours at thy hands, now pity thee.

HERCULES.

I am indeed an object of your pity,
From having slain my Sons.

THESEUS.

For thee I weep,
Because to me thou heretofore wert kind
When vex'd by other ills.

HERCULES.

Did you e'er meet
With those who were more wretched?

THESEUS.

Thy afflictions
Are of such giant bulk, that they to Heaven
Reach from this nether world.

HERCULES.

Hence am I ready
For instant death.

THESEUS.

Canst thou suppose the Gods
Regard thy threats?

HERCULES.

Self-will'd are they and cruel
And I defy the Gods.

THESEUS.

Restrain thy tongue,
Lest thou by uttering such presumptuous words
Encrease thy sufferings.

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HERCULES.

I with woes am fraught
Already, nor remains there space for more.

THESEUS.

But what design'st thou? whither art thou borne
With frantic rage?

HERCULES.

In death will I return
To those abodes beneath, whence late I came.

THESEUS.

Thou speak'st the language of a vulgar man.

HERCULES.

Exempt from all calamity yourself,
On me these admonitions you bestow.

THESEUS.

Are these fit words for Hercules to use,
Who many toils endur'd?

HERCULES.

I had not suffer'd
Thus much, if any bounds had circumscrib'd
My labours.

THESEUS.

Benefactor of mankind,
And their great friend?

HERCULES.

From them no aid I find;
But Juno triumphs.

THESEUS.

Greece will not permit thee,
To perish unregarded.

HERCULES.

Hear me now,
That I with reason your advice may combat;
To you will I explain both why it is
And long hath been impossible for me
To live; and first, because from him, I spring,
Who, having slain the Father of Alcmena,

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Defil'd with murder, wedded her who bore me.
When thus the basis of a family
Is laid in guilt, the children must be wretched.
But Jove (or some one who assum'd the name
Of Jove) begot me; hence to Juno's hate
Was I obnoxious. Yet, O let not this
Offend thine ear, old Man, for thee, not Jove,
I deem my real Sire. While yet I hung
An infant at the breast, Jove's Wife by stealth
Sent snakes into my cradle to destroy me.
But after I attain'd the bloom of manhood,
Of what avail were it, should I recount
The various labours I endur'd, what Lions,
What Typhons with a triple form, what Giants,
Or what four-footed Centaurs, who in crowds
Rush'd to the battle, by this arm were slain?
How I dispatch'd the Hydra too, that Monster
With heads surrounded, branching out anew,
And having suffer'd many toils beside,
Went to the mansions of the dead, to bring
Hell's triple-headed Dog into the realms
Of light, for thus Eurystheus had enjoin'd?
But I at last, wretch that I am, this murder
Did perpetrate, and my own Children slay,
That to their utmost summit I might raise
The miseries of this house. My fate is such
That in my native Thebes I must not dwell:
But if I here continue, to what temple
Or friends can I repair? for by such curses
I now am visited, that none will dare
To speak to me. To Argos shall I go?
How can I, when my country drives me forth?
To any other city should I fly,
The consequence were this: with looks askance
I should be view'd as one well known, and harrass'd
With these reproaches by malignant tongues;
" Is not this he, the Son of Jove, who murder'd

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" His Children and his Consort? from this land
" Shall not th' accursed miscreant be expell'd?"
To him who was call'd happy once, such change
Is bitterness indeed: as for the man
Whose sufferings are perpetual, him, when wretched,
No kinsman pities. I to such a pitch
Of woe shall come, I deem, at length, that Earth,
Uttering a voice indignant, will forbid me
To touch its surface, Ocean, o'er its waves,
And every river, o'er its streams, to pass.
I shall be like Ixion then, with chains
Fix'd to the wheel. 'Twere better that no Greek
With whom I in my happier days convers'd
Should see me more. What motive can I have
For living? or to me of what avail
Were it to keep possession of this useless,
And this unholy being? flush'd with joy,
Let Jove's illustrious Consort, in the dance,
Strike with her sandals the resplendent floor
Of high Olympus: for she now hath gain'd
Her utmost wish, and from his basis torn
The first of Grecian warriors. Who can pray
To such a Goddess, who, with envy stung,
Because Jove lov'd a woman, hath destroy'd
The benefactors of the Grecian realm,
Those blameless objects of her hate?

THESEUS.

This mischief
Springs from no God except the Wife of Jove.
Well dost thou judge, in saying that 'tis easier
To give thee wholesome counsel, than endure
Such agonies. But no man 'scapes unwounded
By Fortune, and no God; unless the songs
Of antient Bards mislead. Have not the Gods
Among themselves form'd lawless marriages?
Have they not bound in ignominious chains
Their Fathers, to obtain a throne? In Heaven

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Yet dwell they, and bear up beneath the load
Of all their crimes. But what canst thou allege,
If thou, frail mortal as thou art, those ills
Immoderately bewail'st to which the Gods
Without reluctance yield? from Thebes retire,
Since thus the laws ordain; and follow me
To Pallas' city: when thy hands are there
Cleans'd from pollution, I to thee will give
A palace, and with thee divide my wealth.
The presents which the Citizens to me
Appropriated, when twice seven blooming victims
I by the slaughter of the Cretan (21) Bull
Redeem'd, on thee will I bestow. For portions
Of land are thro' the realm to me assign'd:
These, while thou liv'st, henceforth shall by thy name
Be call'd: but after death when to the shades
Of Pluto thou descend'st, with sacrifice
And with the sculptur'd tomb, shall Athens grace
Thy memory. For her citizens have gain'd
This fairest wreath from every Grecian state,
By yielding succour to the virtuous man
Their glories are augmented: and to thee
Will I repay with gratitude the kindness
Which thou deserv'st for saving me; for thou
Hast need of friends at present: but no friend

(21) Minos, according to Apollodorus, in order to prove that the Gods had bestowed on him the kingdom of Crete, prayed to Neptune that a Bull (which he vowed to offer him in sacrifice) might rise from the sea. His petition was granted: but he sent this Bull, which was uncommonly beautiful, among his own herds, and took another for a victim. The God was incensed; and inspired Pasiphae, the wife of Minos, with an unnatural love for the Bull, which was for a time concealed by means of her accomplice Dædalus, who constructed the Labyrinth, till she brought forth a monster of a mixed species called the Minotaur, who had the face of a Bull, and the rest of his form human. The Athenians, being afflicted by a plague, were ordered by the oracle to furnish annually seven striplings and seven virgins to be devoured by this monster, till Theseus slew the Minotaur, and thereby put an end to this detestable tribute.

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Is wanted when the Gods confer renown;
For, if he wills, Jove's aid is all-sufficient.

HERCULES.

You hold a language foreign to my griefs.
But I suppose not that the Gods delight
In lawless nuptials, that their hands are bound
With galling chains, nor did I e'er believe,
Nor can I be convinc'd, that one bears rule
Over another. For a Deity
If he be truly such, can stand in need
Of no support. But by some lying Bard
Those miserable fables were devis'd.
Altho' I am most wretched, yet I thought
I might be charg'd with cowardice for leaving
These realms of light. For he who bears not up
'Gainst adverse fortune, never can withstand
The weapon of his foe. I am resolv'd
To wait for death with firmness: to your city
Meantime will I retreat, and am most grateful
For your unnumber'd gifts. Unnumber'd labours
Have I been erst acquainted with; from none
Did I e'er shrink, these eyes did never stream
With tears, nor thought I that I e'er should come
To such a pitch of meanness as to weep:
But now, it seems, must Fortune be obey'd.
I am content. — Thou, O my aged Sire,
Behold'st my exile, thou in me behold'st
The murderer of my Children: to the tomb
Consign their corses with funereal pomp,
And o'er them shed the tributary tear:
For me the laws allow not to perform
This office. Let their Mother, e'en in death,
Clasp to her breast, and in her arms sustain,
Our wretched offspring, whom in evil hour
I slew reluctant. But when thou with earth
Hast cover'd them, thy residence still keep
Here in this city, miserably indeed,

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Yet on thy soul lay this constraint, to bear
With me the woes which I most deeply feel.
The very Sire, ye Children, who begot,
Murder'd you; no advantage ye derive
From what this arm by all my labours gain'd.
And from your Father's triumphs no renown.
Have not I slain thee too who didst preserve
My bed inviolate, and o'er my house
Long watch with patient care? ah me! my Wife,
My Sons: but how much more to be lamented
Am I myself, from them for ever torn?
Ye melancholy joys of kisses lavish'd
On their remains, and ye my loath'd companions,
The weapons which I still retain, but doubt
Whether to keep or dash them to the ground:
For they, while at my side they hang, will seem
To utter these reproachful words; "With us
"Thy Consort and thy Children hast thou slain,
"Yet thou the very instruments preserv'st
"Which were their murderers." After such a charge
Can I still bear them? what can I allege?
But stripping off those arms with which thro' Greece,
I have atchiev'd full many glorious deeds,
Shall I expose myself to those who hate me,
And die ignobly? I must not abandon
But keep them still, tho' sorrowing. Aid me, Theseus,
In this one enterprise; to Argos go
And for your Friend obtain the great reward
Promis'd for dragging from the shades of hell
That execrable Hound: lest if by you
Deserted, I thro' grief for my slain Children
Should come to some calamitous end. Thou realm
Of Cadmus, and ye citizens of Thebes,
With tresses shorn, in concert weep; the tomb
Of my slain Children visit, there bewail,
In one funereal dirge, the dead, and me;
For smitten with the same dire scourge of fate

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By Juno, we all perish.

THESEUS.

Hapless man,
Arise; enough of tears.

HERCULES.

I cannot rise,
These limbs are now grown stiff.

THESEUS.

Calamity
Subdues the valiant.

HERCULES.

Would I were a stone,
Insensible to sufferings!

THESEUS.

Cease these plaints;
And to the friend who comes to serve thee, give
Thy hand.

HERCULES.

But let me not wipe off the blood
Upon your garments.

THESEUS.

Wipe it off, nor scruple,
For I object not.

HERCULES.

Of my Sons bereft,
In you the likeness of a Son I find.

THESEUS.

Fling round my neck thine arm: I'll lead the way.

HERCULES.

A pair of friends: tho' one of us be wretched.
Such, O my aged Father, is the man
We ought to make a friend.

THESEUS.

His native realm
Produces an illustrious progeny.

HERCULES.

Turn me around, that I may see my Sons.

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THESEUS.

Hoping such philtre may thy griefs appease.

HERCULES.

This earnestly I wish for, and would clasp
My Father to this bosom.

AMPHITRYON.

Here, lo, here.
For what my Son desires, to me is grateful.

THESEUS.

Of all the labours thou didst erst atchieve,
Hast thou thus lost the memory?

HERCULES.

All those ills
Were less severe than what I now experience.

THESEUS.

Should any one behold thee grown unmanly,
He could not praise thee.

HERCULES.

Tho' to you I seem
Degraded to an abject life; I trust
That I my former courage shall resume.

THESEUS.

Where now is the illustrious Hercules?

HERCULES.

What had you been, if still you in the shades
Had miserably dwelt?

THESEUS.

Then sunk my courage
Beneath the meanest of the human race.

HERCULES.

Why then persist in saying that my woes
Have quite subdued me?

THESEUS.

Onward.

HERCULES.

Good old Man,
Farewell.

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AMPHITRYON.

Farewell too, O my Son.

HERCULES.

My Children

Inter as I directed.

AMPHITRYON.

O, my Son,

But who will bury me?

HERCULES.

I.

AMPHITRYON.

When will you

Come hither?

HERCULES.

After thou hast for my Children

Perform'd that pious office.

AMPHITRYON.

How?

HERCULES.

I'll fetch thee

From Thebes to Athens. — Bear into the palace

My Children's corses which pollute the ground.

But as for me, who have disgrac'd and plung'd

My house in ruin, I will follow Theseus,

Tow'd like a batter'd skiff. Whoe'er prefers

Wealth or dominion to a stedfast friend,

Judges amiss.

CHORUS.

Most wretched, drown'd in tears,

Reft of our great protector, we depart.

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ELECTRA.

Πασυμεθ' ει χρη πατρι τιμωρεμιται.

Sophocles.

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PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

A PEASANT OF MYCENE.

ELECTRA.

ORESTES.

PYLADES.

CHORUS OF ARGIVE COUNTRY WOMEN.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

OLD MAN.

MESSENGER.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

SCENE—ON THE BORDERS OF THE ARGIVE DOMINIONS.

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ELECTRA.

PEASANT.

Thou, antient land of Argos, and ye streams
Of Inachus, whence, in a thousand ships
The war conducting, to the Phrygian coast
Sail'd Agamemnon: after he had slain
Priam the king of Ilion, and o'erthrown
The fam'd Dardanian city, he return'd
To these his Argive realms, and in the temples
On high affix'd unnumber'd trophies torn
From the Barbarians, There indeed was Fortune
To him propitious: but in his own palace,
He, by the treacherous arts of Clytemnestra
His Consort, died, and curst Ægisthus' hand
Thyestes' Son: e'en thus of th' antient sceptre
Of Tantalus bereft, thus vilely perish'd
The mighty Chief. Now o'er this country reigns
Ægisthus, and possesses Tyndarus' Daughter,
The Wife of the Deceas'd: but as for those
He left at home when he to Ilion sail'd,
His Son Orestes, and the blooming Nymph
Electra; an Old Man, who erst had foster'd
His Father's childhood, hence by stealth convey'd
Orestes, whom Ægisthus would have slain,
And bore him to the Phocian realm, for Strophius
To educate: while in her Father's house
Electra still remain'd: Soon as the bloom
Of riper years adorn'd her cheeks, the first
Of Grecian heroes woo'd her: but Ægisthus
Fearing lest haply to some Argive Prince
She should bear Sons who might avenge the death
Of Agamemnon, close at home confin'd,

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Nor would affiance her to any Bridegroom.
But since here too great danger lay, in secret,
Lest by some noble youth she might be pregnant;
He with atrocious cruelty resolv'd
To murder her: yet, tho' to virtue lost,
Her Mother sav'd her from Ægisthus' hand.
For with a fair pretence had she been arm'd
Against her slaughter'd Husband, but now fear'd
She by her Children's murder might provoke
The public hate. Ægisthus therefore fram'd
This stratagem; to whosoe'er shall slay
The Son of Agamemnon, who had 'scap'd,
A voluntary exile, from this land,
He promis'd large rewards, and for a Wife
Electra gave to me, who am the Son
Of Argive parents, and on this account
Fear no malign reflections, for I spring
From an illustrious race, tho' my possessions
Are scanty, whence my noble birth to me
Proves ineffectual: that bestowing her
In marriage on a man of humble station,
He from her Husband might have less to fear.
For if some youth of an exalted rank
Had wedded her, that vengeance for the death
Of Agamemnon, which at present sleeps,
His interest might have rous'd into a flame,
So had Ægisthus suffer'd as he ought.
That I did ne'er contaminate her bed,
For me can Venus witness; she remains
A virgin still: unworthy as I am,
The Daughter of so great a man I blush
To violate. But I bewail the fate
Of that unhappy Prince, Orestes, join'd
In nominal affinity with me,
Should he, returning to the Argive land,
His Sister's hapless marriage e'er behold.
As for the wretch who brands me with the name

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Of fool, because, altho' into my house
I have receiv'd a virgin in the bloom
Of youth, from her embraces I abstain,
Let him know this, by the perverted line
Of his own soul he measures continence,
And is himself the ideot he despises.

ELECTRA, PEASANT.

ELECTRA.

O sable Night, nurse of yon golden stars,
Who aid'st me, while sustaining on my head
This ponderous vase, I from the river bring
Its waters; not because I am reduc'd
To such great indigence, but that the wrongs
I from Ægisthus suffer, to the Gods
May be display'd, while I send up these plaints
Into the spacious fields of air, addrest
To my departed Sire. For Tyndarus' Daughter,
That most malignant woman, my own Mother,
Hath from the regal mansion cast me forth,
To gratify her Lord. She, having borne
A second race of Children to Ægisthus,
Looks on Orestes, and on wretched me,
As strangers to her house.

PEASANT.

Why thus for me,
Unhappy Virgin, toil'st thou? why perform
Such menial offices, O thou who erst
Wert delicately nurtur'd, nor desist
At my entreaty?

ELECTRA.

You I hold a friend
Equal in worth to the immortal Gods:
For you have never sported with my sorrows.
Blest is the fate of mortals, when they find
In their adversity such healing aid
As I from you experience. Tho' unbidden,

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I ought, exerting all my strength, to make
Your toils the lighter, and with you divide
The load, that you more easily may bear them.
Laborious tasks enough without these doors
To you belong, but 'tis on me incumbent
O'er each domestic office to preside:
For when the labourer from abroad returns,
How sweet is it to find all well within!

PEASANT.

If such thy pleasure, go: for from this house
The fountains are not distant. But when first
Appears the day, will I drive forth my oxen,
And sow the furrows. For no slothful man,
Who is for ever prating of the Gods,
Can gain a sustenance exempt from toil. [*Exeunt.*

ORESTES, PYLADES.

ORESTES.

Thee, O my Pylades, I deem the first
Of men, for thy fidelity and friendship,
And my unsever'd comrade; for thou only
Hast still attach'd thyself to thy Orestes,
Thus wretched as I am, and suffering wrongs
Most dreadful from Ægisthus, who hath slain
My Sire, assisted in that impious deed
By my abandon'd Mother. But I come,
For thus the Gods' oracular responsés
Directed, to my natal Argive soil,
With no man's privity but thine, to wreak
On those who murder'd him, my Father's death:
This very night I visited his tomb,
And o'er it shed full many a duteous tear;
My tresses cut, and sprinkled on the pyre
The blood of a slain sheep, all unobserv'd
By the tyrannic rulers of the land.
I do not set my foot within the walls,
But having fram'd at once two different projects,

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Come to the borders of this realm, by flight,
That to some other land I may escape,
If any spy should know me while I search
My Sister out, (for here they say she dwells,
Join'd in the nuptial bond, and is no longer
A virgin) that with her I may converse,
And for my partner in the bloody deed,
Receiving her, with certainty learn all
That passes in the city. Let us now,
Because the morn her shining forehead rears,
Step from the beaten path aside: for soon
Will there some husbandman or female servant
To us appear, of whom we may enquire
If here my Sister dwell. But I behold
Some menial Damsel, on her shorn head bearing
A ponderous vase of water; let us sit
And listen, if perchance she may let fall
Some word relating to the important schemes,
O Pylades, which brought us to this land.

[*They retreat to the back Part of the Stage.*

ELECTRA.

ODE.

I.

Haste, for the time admits not of delay,
My gentle comrades hither haste
And shed, O shed the sympathetic tear.
Ah me! from Agamemnon mighty Chief,
And Clytemnestra, hated child
Of Tyndarus, I derive my birth.
By pi:ying Citizens
Electra the unhappy am I nam'd.
Sentenc'd to toil thro' a disastrous life;
But thou, my Sire, meantime are stretcht,
O Son of Atreus, 'midst the drear abodes
Of Orcus, by thy Consort slain,
And curst Ægisthus' bloody hand.
Repeat, my friends, the plaintive strain;
Th' afflicted find a luxury in tears.

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II.

Haste, for the time admits not of delay,
My gentle comrades hither haste
And shed, O shed the sympathetic tear.
Ah me !. my wretched Brother, in what realm,
What house art thou enslav'd, to woes
Inevitable woes expos'd
In her paternal dome
Leaving thy Sister ? aid me, righteous Jove,
Rescue thy votary compass'd by distress,
And of my Father's cruel death
Now shew thyself th' avenger, to his home
Recall Orestes, exil'd youth.
Take from my head this ponderous vase,
That, in a tone more audible,
With midnight plaints I may address my Sire;

III.

For thee who sleep'st beneath the hollow ground,
I wake the clamorous song, the dirge
To which grim Pluto listens with delight,
Such is my daily exercise;
Rend with my nails my bleeding neck,
And strew these auburn tresses in the dust.
Some tuneful cygnet gliding down the stream,
Thus calls upon her parent bird,
Caught in the treacherous snare,
Who perish'd: with like strains I wail
Thee, O my Sire, o'er whom the laver's drops
Were sprinkled for the last last time
On that most piteous bed of death.
To thee, my Sire, the murderous axe
Then gave the fatal stroke
And in a fatal hour didst thou (1) repose,
After thy voyage from the Phrygian shore.

(1) In the stead of βυλας, propter concilium, which in this passage appeared to me quite unintelligible, I have substituted ναυλας, the geni-

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Thy Consort, nor with diadem
Receiv'd thee, nor with flowery wreath,
But privy to Ægisthus' foul design,
The two-edg'd falchion rais'd to aid her paramour.

CHORUS, ELECTRA.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

(2) O, Daughter of Atrides, I with haste
Repair to this thy rustic home:
A man who feeds on milk, inur'd to roam
Over the mountain's dreary waste,
From Argos comes, and tells us they proclaim
That solemn feast the third revolving day,
When the assembled virgins gay
In concert celebrate Saturnia's name;

ELECTRA.

II. 1.

Nor can the splendor of a noble birth,
Or costly gems elate my drooping heart,
I in the dance can bear no part,
Nor join the nymphs of Argos in their mirth,
With agile step rebounding from the floor;
My sorrows never cease to flow,
Each day I my hard fate deplore,
And every thought beside is lost in woe.

tive of ϖαυλα, requies ab itinere, in consequence of Dr. Musgrave's recommendation in his note: I am also under further obligations to his edition, for the assistance it has furnished me with in translating the succeeding Ode.

(2) Plutarch in his life of Lysander, the Spartan General, informs us, that when Athens had surrendered to his victorious arms, consultations were held, in which it was proposed to destroy the city and reduce its inhabitants to slavery; but that the conquerors were all so much affected by hearing this Ode sung by a Phocian at one of their banquets, that they agreed it would be an unworthy action to destroy the place which fostered such exalted geniuses. V. 1, p. 441, ed. Rualdi, fol. Paris 1624.

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Behold my clotted hair, my garments rent!
For Agamemnon's reign is o'er,
Nor is it now remember'd more
That he from whom I trace my high descent
Did erst the pride of Troy confound,
Whose towers he levell'd with the ground.

CHORUS.

I. 2.

(3) She is a Goddess of resistless might.
But by thy handmaids be thou drest
In gorgeous robes, and wear the tissued vest,
To make thy beauty shine more bright.
Deem'st thou to conquer those thou hat'st by tears,
If in devotion to the Gods thou fail?
Better than groans, will prayers avail,
To make Heaven smile, and bless thy future years.

ELECTRA.

II. 2.

No Deity now hears the doleful tale
Of lost Electra: by my Sire in vain
Erst was the lovely (4) Victim slain,
Nor the deceas'd alone do I bewail,
My tears are to that living wanderer due,
Station'd in foreign realms, forlorn,
An exile, who his fate doth rue
In bitter thraldom pent, tho' nobly born.
Myself in a poor cottage must reside,
Banish'd from my paternal dome,
And call these barren rocks my home:

(3) Both Barnes and Carmelli translate this as if spoken of Fortune; but Dr. Musgrave says, that Juno is here meant, which plainly appears to be the case from the first Strophe, with which this Antistrophe corresponds, concluding with the mention of that Goddess, especially as these are both put into the mouths of the Chorus, and the intermediate Strophe into that of Electra.

(4) Her Sister Iphigenia.

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With a fresh Husband, while in regal pride,
She who in blood her hands did steep,
My guilty Mother, dares to sleep.

CHORUS.

Of many woes, to Greece, and to thy house,
Thy Mother's Sister Helen was the cause.

ELECTRA.

Alas! my friends, I am constrain'd to cease
From uttering my complaints: for certain strangers,
Who near our dwelling lodge in th' open air,
Are started up from ambush. Fly, do you
Keep in that path, while I the door will enter,
That by our speed we may outstrip the ruffians.

ORESTES, *advancing*.

Stay, hapless woman; stay, nor be alarm'd
At my detaining you.

ELECTRA.

Thee I implore,
O Phœbus, save my life.

ORESTES.

Not you, but those
To whom far greater enmity I bear,
Am I resolv'd to slay.

ELECTRA.

Depart, nor touch me
With those unlicens'd hands.

ORESTES.

I cannot lay them
On any one more justly.

ELECTRA.

For what cause,
Arm'd with that sword, dost thou conceal thyself
Close to my house?

ORESTES.

Stay, hear me; and ere long
Will you confess that I have truly spoken.

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ELECTRA.

I here stand still, for I am wholly left
To thy discretion, since thou art endued
With greater strength.

ORESTES.

I from your Brother come
To bring a message.

ELECTRA.

O, my dearest friend!
From the yet living or deceas'd Orestes?

ORESTES.

He lives: for I would first to thee relate
Tidings of joy.

ELECTRA.

May every bliss reward
The welcome embassy.

ORESTES.

I wish the same
To both of us extended.

ELECTRA.

In what land
Endures the wretched youth a wretched exile?

ORESTES.

Not by the laws of one peculiar city
Directed, he a friendless vagrant pines.

ELECTRA.

Is he then destitute of daily food?

ORESTES.

Not thus: but feeble is the banish'd man.

ELECTRA.

What message bring you from him?

ORESTES.

He enquires
Whether you still are living, and, if living,
Where, and what woes you suffer.

ELECTRA.

First thou see'st

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How wither'd is this form.

ORESTES.

You are so wasted
With sorrow, that I groan for you.

ELECTRA.

My head
Is of its tresses shorn.

ORESTES.

Perhaps you wail
Your Brother's absence, and your Father's death.

ELECTRA.

Ah! who can be more dear to me than these?

ORESTES.

Think you that Brother feels the same for you?

ELECTRA.

For him, tho' absent still do I retain
The same affection.

ORESTES.

On this spot, how long
Thus distant from the city have you dwelt?

ELECTRA.

An inauspicious nuptial bond, O Stranger,
Have I experienc'd.

ORESTES.

I your Brother pity.
To some one of Mycene are you wedded?

ELECTRA.

Not as my Sire erst hop'd to have bestow'd me.

ORESTES.

Speak more explicitly, that what I hear
I to your Brother may relate.

ELECTRA.

Remote
From him I dwell, these lowly roofs beneath.

ORESTES.

Some Husbandman or Neatherd must be Master
Of such a house.

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ELECTRA.

Tho' he be poor, yet generous
Is its Inhabitant, with pious awe
Who treats me.

ORESTES.

But what pious awe is this
By which your Lord is influenc'd?

ELECTRA.

He hath ne'er
Presum'd to touch my bed.

ORESTES.

Doth he observe
Some vow of spotless chastity, which erst
He to the Gods hath made, or loathe your person?

ELECTRA.

Because he scrupled to bring such disgrace
Upon my noble parents.

ORESTES.

Such a Bride
When he had gain'd, why did he not with joy
Receive you to his arms?

ELECTRA.

He cannot deem
O Stranger, him who thus dispos'd of me
To be his lawful Sovereign.

ORESTES.

I perceive
Your meaning: lest he at some future time
The vengeance of Orestes might incur.

ELECTRA.

These fears had great effect, and most of all
His continence.

ORESTES.

How generous is the man
You speak of! he deserves the kindest treatment.

ELECTRA.

If to his home He ever should return,

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Who now is absent.

ORESTES.

But could your own Mother,
She from whose womb you spring, submit to this?

ELECTRA.

Women befriend their Husbands, not their Children.

ORESTES.

What caus'd Ægisthus to insult you thus?

ELECTRA.

He wish'd me to bring forth an abject race,
And for that purpose on this abject Mate
Bestow'd me.

ORESTES.

To prevent your bearing Sons
Who might avenge their Grandsire?

ELECTRA.

He such schemes
Had form'd, for which, O may I punish him
As he deserves.

ORESTES.

Knows then your Mother's Husband
That you are yet a virgin?

ELECTRA.

This he knows not;
From him have we conceal'd it.

ORESTES.

Are those Women
Who overhear our conversation, friends?

ELECTRA.

They will keep secret whatsoe'er we speak.

ORESTES.

What could Orestes do, if he return'd
To Argos?

ELECTRA,

Canst thou doubt? thy words convey
A foul reproach: for is not this the crisis?

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ORESTES.

But if he hither come, how shall he slay
The murderers of his Father?

ELECTRA.

He on them
Must dare t' inflict whate'er that Father suffer'd
From his audacious foes.

ORESTES.

Could you endure
To aid him in the slaughter of your Mother?

ELECTRA.

E'en with that axe by which my Father died.

ORESTES.

Shall I inform him of it? and is this
Your stedfast resolution?

ELECTRA.

May I perish
When I have shed my guilty Mother's blood!

ORESTES.

Ah, would to Heaven Orestes were at hand
And overheard you.

ELECTRA.

Stranger, if I saw
I should not know him.

ORESTES.

Nor is this surprizing:
For in your tender years you parted from him
While he was yet a child.

ELECTRA.

There's but one friend
Of mine would know him now.

ORESTES.

He who is said
By stealth to have convey'd him from the murderers?

ELECTRA.

That aged Man who on my Father's childhood
Attended.

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ORESTES.

Did your Father after death
Obtain a tomb?

ELECTRA.

The boon that he obtain'd
Was only being cast forth from his palace.

ORESTES.

Ah me, how horrible a speech is this
Which you have utter'd! for e'en those sensations
A stranger's sufferings must excite, torment
The human breast. But speak; that I may bear
With certainty such tidings to your Brother
As, tho' they are unwelcome, must be heard.
For 'mong the wise is tender pity found,
Not in the haunts of slothful ignorance.
Yet mischief still ensues whene'er the soul
Attempts to soar too high.

CHORUS.

By the same wishes
With him am I inspir'd: for having dwelt
Far from the city, I, what mischiefs there
Have happen'd, know not, and am anxious now
To be inform'd.

ELECTRA.

If lawful, I will speak;
And to a friend it surely must be lawful
Mine and my Father's sufferings to unfold.
Since at thy instigation I begin
This topic, I beseech thee to acquaint
Orestes, O thou Stranger, with my woes
And with his own: describe the dress I wear,
The filth which shames me, and beneath what roofs
I dwell, tho' born a Princess; with the shuttle
Weaving my garments, else should I be naked
And left expos'd to indigence; myself
These loads of water bearing, here depriv'd
Of holy festivals, of choral rites,

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And tho' I am a virgin still, estrang'd
E'en from the social pleasures of my sex,
From Castor too estrang'd, who was affianc'd
To me his kinswoman, before he found
Admission 'mongst the Gods. My Mother sits,
With Phrygian spoils surrounded, on a throne;
While at her footstool, Asiatic slaves
Observant stand, my Father's captives, clad
In robes of Ida bound with golden clasps.
But Agamemnon's blood, which on the walls
Was sprinkled, there still putrefying hangs,
While he who murder'd him ascends the car
Which bore my Father, and exulting wields
In his polluted hands that envied sceptre
With which the mighty victor, now deceas'd,
Erst exercis'd o'er Greece supreme command.
Meanwhile the slighted Agamemnon's tomb,
No rich libation hath receiv'd, no branch
Of verdant myrtle, his funereal pyre
Is with no pomp of holy rites adorn'd.
But this egregious Husband of my Mother
Leaps on his grave, 'tis said, when flush'd with wine,
And to deface my Father's monument
Hurls many a ponderous stone, nor fears 'gainst us
To utter words like these; "Where now thy son
"Orestes? Comes not that heroic youth
"To guard thy tomb?" he thus insults the absent:
Therefore, O Stranger, I entreat thee, bear
This message to my Brother: there are many
Who join in dictating it, (I alone
Am their interpreter) these hands, this tongue,
My wretched heart, shorn head, and the remains
Of my illustrious Father: for 'twere base
If Agamemnon crush'd the Phrygian host,
Yet by his single arm he cannot slay
One man, tho' now he flourish in the pride
Of youth, and spring from such a noble Sire.

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CHORUS.

Thy Husband, hasting homeward to repose,
Now wearied with his labours, I behold.

PEASANT, ELECTRA, ORESTES, PYLADES, CHORUS.

PEASANT.

Ha! who are these whom at the doors I view?
Why come these strangers to our rustic hut?
Or need they my assistance? with young men
To parly, in a woman is unseemly.

ELECTRA.

Form no suspicions, O my dearest Lord,
Injurious to my honour. You shall know
What really was said: for from Orestes
To me these guests of ours a message brought.
Pardon him, Strangers, if he spoke amiss.

PEASANT.

(5) What say they? lives he? doth he view the Sun?

ELECTRA.

If their accounts be true, and to their words
My credence I refuse not, he yet lives.

PEASANT.

Aught of his Father's wrongs, doth he remember,
And thy calamities?

ELECTRA.

I entertain
Such hopes: but feeble is the banish'd man.

PEASANT.

But with what message came they from Orestes?

(5) Peter Victorius, in his Various Readings, L. 2, c. 19, and after him, Barnes, point out Andromache's exclamation;

Quid puer Ascanius? superatne & vescitur aurâ?
Ecquæ jam puero est amissæ cura parentis?
Ecquid in antiquam virtutem, animosq; viriles
Et pater Æneas & avunculus excitat Hector?

Virgil Æn. L. 3, v. 339.

as imitated from this and the subsequent speech of the Peasant. Virgil's copies are almost uniformly improvements on the original.

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ELECTRA.

He sent them to explore my woes.

PEASANT.

They see
Only a part of them: but what remains
Thou canst unfold.

ELECTRA.

They know the whole, they need
No farther information.

PEASANT.

Long ago
Then should our doors to them have been thrown open.
Enter this house, and for your joyful tidings
Accept what fare my humble roof contains.
Their baggage, O ye servants, carry in.
Make no excuse, for, O my friends, ye come
From one whom I hold dear. No abject manners,
(6) Tho' I am poor, to you will I betray.

ORESTES.

Inform me, I conjure you by the Gods,
Is this indeed the man, who joins with you
In the concealment of your nuptial union,
Thro' an unwillingness to shame Orestes?

ELECTRA.

'Tis him they call the poor Electra's Lord.

ORESTES.

There is no certain mark of generous souls:
For in the tempers of mankind prevails
A strange confusion. I have seen the son
Of a great father dwindle into nothing,
And virtuous children spring from wicked Sires;
Among the rich a mean contracted spirit
Have I discover'd, and the poor man's breast

(6) It is by no means improbable, that Virgil, who frequently imitates Euripides, may hence have borrowed his idea of the reception which Hercules, and afterwards Æneas, found in the humble dwelling of Evander.

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With most exalted sentiments inspir'd.
How then, by taking an impartial view,
Shall we decide aright? by making wealth
The proof of merit? 'twere an evil test.
Or having no possessions? but this curse
Belongs to poverty, it teaches man
To sin when pinch'd with want. To his exploits
In arms shall I proceed? Who can discern
By looking at the sharpness of his spear
What warrior's valiant? it were best to leave
Such questions undecided. For this man
Of no account in Argos, nor elated
By having sprung from an illustrious house,
But intermingled with the abject crowd,
Hath prov'd most virtuous. Will ye ne'er grow wise
Who err thro' empty prejudice, nor learn
From studying his associates and his manners
To estimate man's true nobility?
For such are they who minister aright
Both states and households: but mere flesh, devoid
Of mental powers to animate the mass,
An useless image in the forum stands.
For doth the Warrior with a nervous arm
In battle constantly maintain his ground
Longer than one more feeble; this depends
On inborn courage, nature's happiest gift.
Present or absent, Agamemnon's Son,
On whose account we hither come, deserves,
And therefore it behoves us to accept,
The proffer'd hospitality: my servants,
Enter this dwelling. I had rather find
A poor man who with cheerfulness receives us,
Than a rich host. The bounty of this Peasant
I therefore praise, altho' I rather wish
Your Brother here triumphant, who might lead me
Into a festive palace; he at length
Perhaps will come. For Phœbus' oracles

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May be relied on; but I disregard
The prophesies of men.

[*Exeunt* ORESTES *and* PYLADES.

CHORUS.

Our hearts, Electra,
Are warm'd with joys we never felt before,
For Fortune, tho' her progress hath been slow,
May fix at length with us her blest abode.

ELECTRA.

When you, O hapless man, were well aware
How poor your cottage, why did you receive
These strangers of a far superior rank?

PEASANT.

What, if they are as noble as they seem,
Will they not be contented with our food,
Tho' coarse and scanty?

ELECTRA.

Into this mistake,
Ill suiting your low state, since you have fallen,
Go to that aged Man whose tender care
Rear'd my lov'd Father's childhood; on the banks
Of (7) Tanos which divides the Argive land
From Sparta, he attends his fleecy charge
An exile from the city; bid him come,
Fraught with provisions from his ample stores,
These Strangers to regale. He will exult,

(7) The following account of this river, which closes the Corinthiaca of Pausanias, is referred to by Barnes: "Above the villages of Neris "and Eva is a mountain, on which are the boundaries between the "Lacedæmonians, Argives, and inhabitants of Tegea: for land-marks, "are erected statues of Hermes in stone, whence the place derives "its name: beneath is the river Tanos, the only one which rises in the "mountain Parnon, and, after flowing through the Argive territories, "empties itself into the gulph of Thyrea." Whether we read Τανος with Pausanias and Barnes, or Ταναος with Victorius, Heath, and Dr. Musgrave, it is necessary to beware of confounding this river with the Tanais, so frequently mentioned both by the Poets and Geographers, which runs into the Palus Mæotis, after forming the boundary between some part of the north of Europe and Asia.

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And to the Gods his adorations pay,
Soon as he hears the Boy yet lives whom erst
His zeal preserv'd: from my paternal house
Nought at my Mother's hand will I accept.
To her unwelcome tidings should we bear,
If that unhappy woman were inform'd
That yet Orestes lives.

PEASANT.

At thy request
Will I deliver to that aged man
Such message; but go thou into the house
And make all ready with what speed thou canst.
A woman, for the guest, if so inclin'd,
With store of savoury viands can adorn
The social board. I have enough at home
To feed them for a single day at least.
When on these matters I reflect, I mark
How great the power of riches, to bestow
Upon the needy stranger, or expend them
To heal our bodies wasting with disease.
But for the diet of one day, is wealth
Of small importance: for the appetites
Of all men, whether rich or poor, demand
An equal share of necessary food.

[*Exeunt* ELECTRA *and* PEASANT.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I. 1.

Ye far-fam'd barks, who with unnumber'd oars
Pursu'd your voyage o'er the billowy deep
To distant Ilion's fated shores,
Around whose prows, attracted by the lyre,
Hung curling Dolphins, while the choir
Of Nereids, underneath the craggy steep,
Led their wild dance, a graceful band:
With Agamemnon borne to Simois' banks

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When foremost in th' embattled ranks
Achilles vaulted on the hostile strand.

I. 2.

When Nereus' Daughters left Eubœa's coast,
They from the golden anvil bore that shield
Adorn'd with sculptures, Vulcan's boast;
O'er Pelion's height, and thro' the sacred grove
Of Ossa, did the virgins rove,
They sought where, by the woodland nymphs conceal'd,
To arms the noble Peleus train'd
This pride of Greece, from Thetis sprung, whose speed
Urg'd him to each heroic deed,
While his firm hand th' Atrides' cause maintain'd.

II. 1.

One of our valiant countrymen, who came
From Ilion's ramparts to the Nauplian bay,
Informs me that these ensigns flame,
O son of Thetis, on thy burnish'd shield
Which drove Troy's warriors from the field;
Close to its margin Perseus urg'd his way
The billows of the deep above,
His crimson falchion stream'd with recent gore,
The Gorgon's dreadful front he bore,
Tended by Hermes messenger of Jove.

II. 2.

But in the center of that buckler glow'd
The radiant Sun, his winged coursers gay
Flew swift along th' etherial road;
The Pleiades and Hyades, whose sight
Struck daring Hector with affright,
Twinkled around: exulting o'er their prey,
With golden claws three Sphinxes grac'd
His helmet; on his cuirass wrought, the (8) steed
Of fam'd Pirene's winged breed
By the Chimæra, breathing fire, was chas'd.

(8) Pegasus.

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III.

The hero brandish'd a destructive spear,
And drove his chariot o'er the plain,
While pitchy clouds of dust hung gathering in his rear.
The King who led these warlike troops was slain
After the hostile strife,
By Tyndarus' Daughter, his inhuman Wife.
Hence will the Gods demand thy forfeit breath;
Into the shades of death
Shalt thou be plung'd at length, tho' late,
And with thy blood my vengeance sate,
When I behold the falchion wav'd around
Full on thy neck inflict the wound.

OLD MAN, ELECTRA, CHORUS.

OLD MAN.

Where is the royal virgin whom I nurtur'd,
My honour'd Mistress, Agamemnon's Daughter?
How hard a task for the decrepid feet
Of wrinkled age t' explore the steep ascent
Which to this dwelling leads! yet to assist
Our friends, the back tho' bow'd by time, the knees
Tho' crooked, must exert their utmost might.
O Daughter (for I see thee at thy threshold),
To thee I come, and with me hither bring
This tender lamb selected from the fold,
Garlands, and cheeses from the wicker pfess,
With this long-hoarded precious gift of Bacchus,
Whose odour is most grateful: tho' the cask
Be small, a cup of this with water mixt
Will make a pleasing beverage. To the guests
Within, let some one with these presents go.
But I will wipe these eyes all drench'd in tears
Upon my tatter'd garment.

ELECTRA.

Down your cheek
Why steal those drops, Old Man? have my afflictions

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After a tedious interval occurr'd
To your remembrance, or do you lament
Orestes' exile, and my Sire, whom erst
You in those arms sustaining, with a zeal
Which nought avail'd to you or to your friends
Did nurture?

OLD MAN.

To regret his loss were vain,
Yet this I could not bear: for to his grave,
Turning aside from the frequented road,
I came and shed a solitary tear,
Groveling in dust; this cask, which to thy guests
I bring, then opening, sprinkled a libation,
And planted myrtle boughs around the tomb:
At the funereal pyre I saw the victim
A sable ram, gore newly shed, and locks
Of auburn hair. I wonder'd much, O Daughter,
What mortal with adventurous step could visit
The spot of his interment: for I deem
No citizen of Argos hath been there:
But 'tis more probable thy Brother comes
In secret, and at his arrival pays
Due honours to his Father's sepulchre.
But thoroughly examine these shorn (9) tresses,
And with thine own comparing them, observe
Whether the colour be alike. For they

(9) These frivolous marks of Orestes' identity are evidently, as Brumoy and Dr. Musgrave observe, insisted on by the Old Man, and ridiculed by Electra, merely with a view of exposing the absurdity of Æschylus, in whose Tragedy on this subject, intitled Χοηφοροι, or, "the Bearers of "Libations to the Dead," v. 200—233, Electra refuses to acknowledge her Brother, till he has made himself known to her by these very three circumstances; the traces of his feet, resemblance of his hair to hers, and by the vest she had formerly woven for him when he was an infant. Aristophanes has, in his Clouds, expressly pointed the ridicule of γνωσθ' ωσπερ ιδη αδελφον την βοστρυχον,

"And recognize a Brother by his hair," WHITE.

at this Tragedy of Æschylus, having just before mentioned the name of Electra.

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Of the same blood, who from one Father spring,
Are apt in all their features to preserve
A strict resemblance.

ELECTRA.

You unwisely speak,
Old Man, if you imagine, that by stealth
My valiant Brother to this land would come,
Because he fear'd the anger of Ægisthus.
Then how should our hair tally? for his locks
Are those of an heroic youth train'd up
To every martial exercise; but mine
Are weaken'd by the comb. This cannot be;
Full many a ringlet of the self-same hue
Will you discover to belong to those
Who from a different origin proceed.

OLD MAN.

Walk in the traces of his steps, observe
Th' impression which his sandal leaves behind,
And, O my Daughter, if his feet and yours
In measure are the same.

ELECTRA.

Of those who tread
Upon the surface of the stony ground
What vestiges remain? or, if they did,
The feet of those who spring from the same womb,
A man's and woman's never can be equal,
The man's are larger.

OLD MAN.

Should thy Brother come,
Canst thou not recollect the purple woof
Thy shuttle form'd, in which I erst from death
With secrecy convey'd him?

ELECTRA.

Know you not,
How young I was, when from this guilty land
Orestes fled? and if the vest I wove
Suited his childhood, how should he still wear it,

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Unless in just proportion with the body
Our garments grew? By generous pity mov'd,
Either some stranger, o'er the grave hath shorn
His tresses, or a native of this realm,
The Tyrant and his watchful guards eluding.

OLD MAN.

But where are these thy guests? for them I fain
Would see, and ask them how thy Brother fares.

ELECTRA.

With hasty step the threshold they bestride.

OLD MAN.

Noble they seem; yet is this semblance doubtful,
For many who from noble fathers spring
Are wicked. But I bid the strangers hail.

ORESTES, PYLADES, ELECTRA, OLD MAN, CHORUS.

ORESTES.

Hail, O thou aged man! — what friend is this,
Electra, by a length of years decay'd?

ELECTRA.

My Father in his infancy he nurtur'd,
O stranger.

ORESTES.

Ha! what say you? is this he
Who from his foes by(10)stealth convey'd your Brother?

ELECTRA.

Who sav'd his life if haply yet he breathe.

ORESTES.

Why doth he gaze at me, as if he view'd
Some image of bright silver, or to whom
Doth he my features liken?

(10) The word βροτὸν having occurred in the line immediately preceding, Pierson, in his Verisimilia, p. 241, has proposed to substitute ξεναν in this place for ξβροτ. Dr. Musgrave also concurs with him in thinking that the alteration he has suggested accords not only with Electra's answer, but with several preceding passages in this Tragedy.

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ELECTRA.

He perhaps
Rejoices in beholding you, whose age
Appears to be the same with that Orestes —

ORESTES.

To him most dear, — But why doth he walk round me?

ELECTRA.

I too, O Stranger, with amazement note
This circumstance.

OLD MAN.

Thy vows, O royal Maid,
Now offer up to the immortal Gods.

ELECTRA.

For what expected, or what present blessing?

OLD MAN.

That thou the treasure may'st obtain, which Heaven
Places before thine eyes.

ELECTRA.

Lo, I invoke
The Deities! but what is it you mean,
O aged Man?

OLD MAN.

My Daughter, with attention
Look on this dearest object.

ELECTRA.

Much I fear
You are not in your senses.

OLD MAN.

Can my senses
Deceive me, when thy Brother I behold?

ELECTRA.

What unexpected words, Old Man, are these
Which you have utter'd!

OLD MAN.

That I see Orestes,
The son of Agamemnon.

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ELECTRA.

To convince me
'Tis he, what mark do you perceive?

OLD MAN.

A scar
Close to his eys-lids, whence the blood gush'd forth,
When, ere he left the palace of his Sire,
Following with thee the dappled hind, he fell.

ELECTRA.

Ha, what is this you say? I see the marks
Which on his visage from that wound remain.

OLD MAN.

Yet, after this, delay'st thou to embrace
Thy dearest Brother?

ELECTRA.

But no longer now
Will I delay, Old Man, for by the scar
You have describ'd, my soul's convinc'd.—O thou,
After a tedious absence, who appear'st,
In these fond arms, an unexpected guest,
Thee I infold.

ORESTES.

By me too you at length
Are to this bosom press'd.

ELECTRA.

I never form'd
Such an idea.

ORESTES.

Nor could I have hop'd.

ELECTRA.

Art thou indeed the same?

ORESTES.

Your only champion,
If, with the net I fling, I can draw forth
The capture I attempt.

ELECTRA.

I trust thou wilt,

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Else shall we cease to think that any Gods
Exist, if Villainy prevail o'er Justice.

CHORUS.

At length thou com'st, at length, O radiant day,
Thou to this city dost thy beams display,
And bring the light of Argos home,
Who fled from his paternal dome
A miserable exile. O my friend,
See a victorious God descend;
Lift up thy hands, thy thoughts aloud express,
And to the Heavens thy prayer address,
That Fortune on thy Brother's steps may wait
As he enters Argos' gate.

ORESTES.

'Tis well: these fond embraces I enjoy,
And them we at a more convenient season
Shall mutually repeat. But say, Old Man,
For at th' important crisis art thou come,
How I my Father's Murderer may requite,
And my abandon'd Mother, who partakes
Forbidden nuptials. Have I any friends
At Argos left, still faithful to their Lord?
Or, like the antient fortunes of my house,
Am I entirely overthrown? with whom
Shall I confederate? in the pitchy gloom
Of night, in day's broad face, or by what path
Advance against my foes?

OLD MAN.

You, O my Son,
Are too unhappy to have any friend.
For we, alas! can seldom meet with those
Who equally are ready to partake
As of our good, so of our adverse, fortunes.
But be assur'd (for you are now depriv'd
Of every friend, nor have one hope remaining)
All your dependence is on that right arm,

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And on auspicious Fortune, to redeem
Your Father's house and city.

ORESTES.

By what means
Can we accomplish this great scheme?

OLD MAN.

By slaying
Thyestes' Son, and your unnatural Mother.

ORESTES.

In quest of such bright wreath I hither come.
But how shall I attain it?

OLD MAN.

Should you wish
Within these walls admission to procure,
You could not enter.

ORESTES.

Doth a troop of guards
Obstruct each avenue with pointed spears?

OLD MAN.

You comprehend my meaning: for he dreads
Your just revenge, and cannot sleep secure.

ORESTES.

Well, be it so: but give me thy advice,
Old Man.

OLD MAN.

Attend to me; for at this moment
A thought occurs.

ORESTES.

May'st thou point out some scheme
That's beneficial, and may I perceive
How wisely thou hast judg'd.

OLD MAN.

I saw Ægisthus
As I came hither.

ORESTES.

What thou say'st, I credit.
But where?

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OLD MAN.

Upon the borders of the field
In which yon steeds depasture.

ORESTES.

How employ'd?
For I behold a gleam of hope burst forth
From these inextricable woes.

OLD MAN.

To me
He seem'd preparing for the Nymphs a feast.

ORESTES.

Thro' gratitude, because his Sons they nurtur'd?
Or for increase of Offspring doth he pray?

OLD MAN.

I know this only, he unsheath'd his knife
To slay the oxen.

ORESTES.

By how large a troop
Attended, or his menial train alone?

OLD MAN.

No citizens of Argos were at hand,
But merely his domestics.

ORESTES.

Is there one
Of them, Old Man, who if he saw, would know me?

OLD MAN.

Servants they are whose faces till this moment
(11) I ne'er beheld.

(11) Pierson in his Verisimilia, and Dr. Musgrave in his edition of the text, have altered ως εγ' ουκ or ως εγω 'υκ, the reading of Victorius and Barnes, into ὡ στ γ'ουκ, though such innovation does not appear to have the least authority whatever from any manuscript, or to be required by the context: for the next line spoken by Orestes is by no means (as Mr. Heath intimates) a question, but rather a trite observation, the meaning of which is, that Slaves are wont to take the strongest side; "if we prevail they will be our friends." In the beginning of the Old Man's next speech, the manuscripts are said to vary; one to have ἐλθων, and another λιων, and the third we have reason to infer agreed

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ORESTES.

They will befriend our cause
If we prevail.

OLD MAN.

Now solely will I speak
Of what to you may prove most advantageous.

ORESTES.

But upon what pretence shall I approach him?

OLD MAN.

By going to some place, where, as he slays
The victims, he may spy you.

ORESTES.

He, it seems,
Is in those fields close to the public road.

OLD MAN.

Whence to partake the feast will he invite,
When he observes you.

ORESTES.

An unwelcome guest,
If Heaven permit.

OLD MAN.

Observe then how to act
As the event directs.

ORESTES.

Well hast thou spoken.
But where's my Mother?

OLD MAN.

She is now at Argos:
But thence will come to share the festive banquet.

ORESTES.

Why did she not accompany her Lord?

with Victorius and Barnes in reading λαβεῖν, which is extremely well suited to the dialogue. Dr. Musgrave has rejected all three, and substituted λάθοι. Whatever applause conjectures like these may deserve for their ingenuity, it is a Translator's duty to be peculiarly cautious how he adds to his own errors those which arise from following a corrupted text.

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OLD MAN.

Fearing the public scorn, she staid behind

ORESTES.

I understand —: she knows that the whole city
Suspect her.

OLD MAN.

'Tis e'en so: just hate attends
That impious woman.

ORESTES.

How shall I slay her
And him at the same time?

ELECTRA.

My Mother's death
I will contrive.

ORESTES.

Sure Fortune will direct
These great events aright.

ELECTRA.

May she afford
To both of us her aid.

OLD MAN.

No doubt she will:
But how wilt thou devise to slay thy Mother?

ELECTRA.

To Clytemnestra go, Old Man, and tell her
That I have borne a Son.

OLD MAN.

Long since, or lately?

ELECTRA.

Name this as the appointed day on which
Custom ordains I must be purified.

OLD MAN.

But how can my delivery of such message
Tend to thy Mother's slaughter?

ELECTRA.

She will come
Soon as she hears that I have felt the throes

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Of pregnancy —

OLD MAN.

Why think'st thou she regards
Thy welfare, O my Daughter?

ELECTRA.

Yes, and weep
To learn I am become a happy Mother.

OLD MAN.

Perhaps she may. But I would put an end
To this thy long harangue.

ELECTRA.

'Tis evident
That if she once come hither she must bleed.

OLD MAN.

Her very palace doors, at thy behest,
Am I prepar'd to enter.

ELECTRA.

A small distance
Is it from hence to Pluto's loath'd abode.

OLD MAN.

With pleasure would I die, could I behold
The great emprise successful.

ELECTRA.

But conduct
My Brother first, Old Man.

OLD MAN.

Where now Ægisthus
Is offering up a victim to the Gods?

ELECTRA.

Then this my message to my Mother bear.

OLD MAN.

That she may think I only from your mouth
Repeat the words.

ELECTRA to ORESTES.

The business now is thine;
Thee Fate ordains the slaughter to begin.

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ORESTES.

I would go thither had I any guide.

OLD MAN.

I undertake that office, nothing loth.

ORESTES.

O (12) Jove, our great progenitor, who wreak'st
Vengeance on those we hate, to us extend
Thy mercy: for our sufferings have been grievous.

ELECTRA.

On thy descendants look with pity down.

ORESTES.

And, O majestic Juno, who presid'st
Over Mycene's altars, grant that we
May conquer, if we pray for what is just.

ELECTRA.

O grant them to avenge my Father's death.

ORESTES.

Thou too, my Father, whom unholy hands
Sent to the shades of Orcus, and, O Earth,
Dread Queen, to whom I stretch forth suppliant hands,

(12) "Orestes and Electra, after invoking Jupiter, their great Paternal ancestor, and the giver of Victory, proceed to address Juno as the tutelary Goddess of their country, and presiding over the marriage vow which Clytemnestra had violated. Earth also is invoked on account of Agamemnon being buried in it, and its containing the Dæmons and Furies who punished the wicked, and lastly Agamemnon, whose injured manes they are preparing to avenge." BARNES.

The passage of Pausanias referred to by Barnes, (Corinthiaca, c. 24, p. 165, ed. Kuhnii) mentions the worship of Jupiter Πατρως at Athens, and speaks of him as the same with the Jupiter to whose altar Priam fled when Troy was taken, who, as the commentator observes, was also called Ερκειος: but I am here induced to translate Πατρως "paternal Ancestor," both by Electra's reply, and the following passage in Eustathius, Σημειωμαι τουτεστι τον πατερα προγονον οτι· ουδεν ουας' αυτω Αμφιλοχος ην, το πατρικα ημων αντιθυν Μελαμποδα." V. 1, p. 316, Romæ 1550. Melampus, as he proceeds to observe, was Father of Antiphates, Grandfather of Oicleus, and Great Grandfather of Amphiareus the Father of Amphilochus: the descent of Orestes and Electra from Jupiter, the Father of Tantalus, was but one degree more remote.

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Maintain, maintain his dearest Children's cause.
Now come with thy confederates, all the slain
Who erst thy banners follow'd, when thy spear
Smote Ilion's ramparts, and with those who hate
The vile assassin. Thou hast heard my voice,
(13) O thou who from my Mother didst endure
Most horrid wrongs.

ELECTRA.

My Sire knows all, he hears
The words we utter: but th' important crisis
Summons you hence, and this to thee again
I say, Ægisthus by that hand must bleed.
For, if defeated, thou, a breathless corse,
Be stretcht upon the ground, consider me
As one who am in fact already slain,
And cease to number me among the living;
For with a two-edg'd sword, on my own head
Will I inflict the ghastly wound. The doors
This moment am I entering, to prepare
The fatal weapon. If auspicious tidings
Of thee arrive, with a triumphant shout
These walls shall ring; but if thou bleed, all this
Must be revers'd. Thus far to thee I speak.

ORESTES.

I understand the whole.

ELECTRA.

Nought now remains
But to perform thy part with manly firmness.

[*Exeunt* ORESTES, PYLADES, *and* OLD MAN.

Ye too, O Women, joining to your shouts

(13) The alteration of ως into ω, and the necessity of either putting into a parenthesis, or transposing the two last lines of this speech having been urged by Reiskius, Mr. Tyrwhitt, and Dr. Musgrave, it appeared incumbent on me to avail myself of their assistance, as it enables me to give a much greater clearness of construction to a passage, which, when it first occurred to me in Barnes's edition, appeared exceedingly intricate and confused.

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Full many a kindled torch, proclaim how ends
This conflict. While I watch to see what passes,
Uplifting the drawn falchion in my hand;
For, if defeated, I will ne'er submit
To the injurious treatment of our foes.

[*Exit* ELECTRA.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I. 1.

To us transmitted by maternal care,
Among traditions vouch'd by Fame,
From Argive hills this rumour came,
That Pan, the shepherd's God, some rural air
Erst suiting to his dulcet reed,
A Ram conducted o'er the grassy mead,
Adorn'd with an exuberant fleece of gold:
Then from the rock, his lofty stand,
The herald utter'd this command,
" Let all Mycene's race assembled go
" An aweful spectre to behold,
" By which their happy Monarch they shall know."
Then round the gates of (14) Pelops' Sons a band
Of mighty nobles took their stand.

I. 2.

On holy altars tipp'd with burnish'd gold
Full many a pious votary gaz'd,
And thro' the peopled streets thick blaz'd
Rich frankincense; from every temple roll'd
A cloud of fragrance to the skies;
Heightening the power of vocal melodies;
The soft flutes warbled their bewitching lore:
Thyestes' praise did they resound,
Because among his flocks was found

(14) The word in the original is Ατρειδων, which has the appearance of an evident oversight, either in the Poet himself, or his Editors who are silent on the subject.

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The golden Ram: for Atreus' (15) lovely Dame
Seducing, the portent he bore
To his own house, then midst the people came,
And boasted that his stalls the Ram did hold,
Distinguish'd by a fleece of gold.

II. 1.

Jove chang'd in that accursed hour
The path of every star,
And from their wonted stations far
Drove to the west by his resistless power
The flaming Sun, and Morn whose forehead white
Diffuses a celestial light:
Thick gather'd in the north clouds fraught with rain,
While Ammon's shrine on Libya's parching sand
Stood open to receive the dews in vain,
No genial shower from Heaven refresh'd the thirsty land.

II. 2.

So Fame relates: but tales like these
With me small credence find,
That the world's all-pervading Mind
Caus'd th' orient Sun, beneath Hesperian seas
To quench his orb, avenging human guilt,
And blood by hands unholy spilt.
Fresh strength is added to religion's base
By fables which man's breast with terror fill;
But thou, O Mother of this noble race,
Regardless of the Gods, hast dar'd thy Lord to kill.

Heard ye a voice, my friends, as if the God
Of Hell loud thunder'd in the realms beneath;
Or was it all the fiction of my brain?
Hark! hark again! these sounds distinctly rise!
Electra! ho! come forth my royal mistress.

(13) Ærope. See the history of the House of Tantalus, subjoined to the Tragedy of Orestes, in the first volume.

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ELECTRA, CHORUS.

ELECTRA.

Friends, what event hath happen'd, in what peril
Are we involv'd?

CHORUS.

All that I know is this,
The shrieks of death I hear.

ELECTRA.

I heard them too;
Tho' distant, surely they are not ideal.

CHORUS.

Loud and articulate the sound flies far.

ELECTRA.

From any Argive, or a friend of mine,
Did that groan come?

CHORUS.

I know not: for their voices
Are intermingled.

ELECTRA.

By those words you bid me
Dispatch myself: and wherefore should I loiter?

CHORUS.

O stay till thou hast learn'd the real state
Of thy affairs.

ELECTRA.

I must not; we are vanquish'd.
Ah, where th' expected Messengers?

CHORUS.

At length
Will they arrive: it is no easy task
To slay a King.

MESSENGER, ELECTRA, CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

Ye Virgins of Mycene,
Ordain'd to share the triumph, I proclaim
To all his friends, Orestes hath prevail'd;

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And Agamemnon's murderer, curst Ægisthus,
Lies stretcht upon the ground a breathless corse:
Ye therefore to th' immortal Gods are bound
To offer up your thanks.

ELECTRA.

But who art thou?
Whence canst thou vouch these tidings are authentic?

MESSENGER.

Know you not then that I whom you behold
Am your own Brother's servant?

ELECTRA.

O my friend,
Thy face I scarce remember'd thro' my fears:
But now I know thee. What was it thou said'st?
Is the detested murderer of my Sire
Really dead?

MESSENGER.

Dead. I repeat the tidings,
Which 'tis your wish to hear.

CHORUS.

Ye righteous Gods;
And, O dread Justice, whose broad eye surveys
Each secret crime, thou cam'st, at length thou cam'st.

ELECTRA.

But by what stratagems my Brother slew
Thyestes' Son, I wish to be inform'd.

MESSENGER.

When we this house had left, we reach'd a spot
Where two dividing roads branch off, and found
Mycene's haughty Sovereign there, who walk'd
In gardens water'd by translucent springs,
And cropp'd the myrtle's tender sprays, to form
A garland for his brow. Soon as he saw us,
"Hail, O ye Strangers," he exclaim'd, "who are ye?
"Whence came ye? in what country were ye born?"
The answer which Orestes made, was this;
"We are Thessalians, and to Alpheus' banks

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" A journey take, our victims to present
" T' Olympic Jove." Which when Ægisthus heard,
He said, " Ye now shall be my guests, and share
" With me the genial feast: for to the Nymphs
" This ox I sacrifice. At early dawn,
" If ye forsake your couch, ye will accomplish
" Your expedition: but now let us enter
" These doors." While yet he spoke, he seiz'd our hands,
And led us in; it was impossible
To have refus'd: scarce had we pass'd the threshold
When to his servants these commands he gave;
" Bring lavers to our guests without delay,
" That round the altar, near the lustral vase,
" They may be station'd." But Orestes answer'd;
" We in the waters of the limpid stream
" Have recently been purified, O King,
" And if the stranger, with the citizen,
" In his Oblation be allow'd to join,
" We come prepar'd, nor scruple to partake
" The holy rites." With this the conference ceas'd.
Soon as the servants had laid down the spears
They bore to guard their Lord, they all employ'd
In various tasks their active hands; some brought
The vase to catch the victim's streaming blood;
Some held the canisters; but others kindled
The sacred flame, and round the altar plac'd
Huge cauldrons; then re-echoed the whole dome.
Meanwhile the Husband of your Mother threw
Upon the altar salted cates, and utter'd
These words; " O Nymphs, who haunt yon rocks, to you
" Oft may I sacrifice the bleeding steer,
" And with my Consort, Tyndarus' royal Daughter,
" Continue to be prosperous; but may ruin
" O'ertake our foes:" Orestes and yourself
By name expressing. While a different prayer
My Lord in gentlest accents offer'd up,
Beseeching the immortal Gods to grant him

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The mansions of his Sire; a biting knife
Now from the canister Ægisthus took,
Cut off, and cast into the lustral flames,
The victim's hairs; the shoulders of the beast,
Which in their hands the servants had uplifted,
Then pierc'd, and in these words address'd your Brother;
"'Mong those renown'd exploits which are the boast
"Of the Thessalians, to dissect the bull
"Is number'd, or to rein the fiery steed:
"This blade, O Stranger, take, and shew that fame
"Hath done Thessalia justice." But Orestes
Seiz'd with firm hand the Doric flaying knife,
And from his shoulders stripping off the robe
Adorn'd with golden clasps, when he had chosen,
For his assistant, Pylades, dismiss'd
The servants, and, the victim's foot uplifting,
Laid bare the flesh, which from the hide he sever'd,
His vigorous arm extending, ere the steed
Could from the distance of twelve hundred paces
Twice reach the goal; the belly next he open'd:
Ægisthus took the entrails in his hands,
And view'd them eagerly; no lobe was there:
But every fibre leading to the gall
On his research foretold impending mischief:
His brow was then contracted: but my Lord
Ask'd; "Why is your soul sad?" "I fear, O Stranger,
"Some treachery from a foreign land;" he answer'd;
"For Agamemnon's Son is to my house
"The most malignant foe." Orestes cried,
"Are you, the mighty Sovereign of this land,
"Alarm'd at the devices of an exile?
"Who will exchange for a Thessalian axe
"This Doric knife, that we the genial feast
"Securely may attend, when we have made
"A farther search? the beast will I cleave open."
Seizing the axe, he gave the deadly wound:
Ægisthus had drawn forth, and was surveying,

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Th' intestines: but as he stoop'd down his head,
Standing a tiptoe, on the spinal joint
Your Brother smote and clove his back asunder;
In strong convulsions his whole body writh'd;
And 'midst the agonies of death he howl'd.
Soon as the servants saw their master slain,
They rush'd to arms, and wag'd unequal war,
A multitude against two combatants.
But with their brandish'd falchions, undismay'd
Pylades and Orestes all their rage
Withstood. "I come, but with no hostile purpose,
"Or to this city or my subjects;" cried
Orestes; "on the murderer of my Sire,
"Have I his miserable Son inflicted
"Just vengeance. Therefore, O ye antient servants
"Of Agamemnon, slay me not." When this
They heard, they their protended spears withheld,
And by a hoary veteran in the house
Your Brother was acknowledg'd: on his head
Fresh garlands, now exulting, do they bind,
And utter shouts of triumph. Here he comes,
Bringing the head to shew you, not the Gorgon's,
But sever'd from Ægisthus, whom you hate:
Seiz'd by the chilling hand of death, he pays
With blood the bitter usury of blood.

CHORUS.

I.

My friend, now join the choral dance,
Vault like the hind with joyful bound,
Till thou scarce seem to touch the ground,
Thy Brother's conquest to enhance,
Who hath a brighter wreath obtain'd
Than e'er Olympic champion gain'd:
In notes like these thy joy prolong,
And bear a part in our triumphal song.

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ELECTRA.

Ye beams of Light, thou chariot of the Sun,
Thou Earth, and ye unwelcome shades of Darkness
Erewhile my only prospect; now my eyes
With freedom can I open, since Ægisthus
The murderer of my Father is no more.
Whatever wreaths, I, O my friends, possess
And these abodes contain, will I bring forth
To place on my victorious Brother's head.

CHORUS.

II.

Select each flower of brightest hues,
His brow the garland shall array:
But be it ours to lead the way,
A choir belov'd by every Muse.
Our antient Monarchs o'er this land,
Shall reassume their just command.
Yon lustful Tyrant bites the ground,
Hence shall our festive strains more loudly sound.

ORESTES, PYLADES, ELECTRA, CHORUS.

ELECTRA.

Orestes, mighty victor, O thou Son
Of an illustrious Father, who prevail'd
At Ilion's siege, accept this diadem
To grace the flowing ringlets of thy hair.
For to thy native land again thou com'st,
Not after whirling to a distant goal
With useless speed thy car, but having slain
The foe Ægisthus, by whose murderous hand
Our Father died: and you, O Pylades,
In arms his comrade, by a virtuous Sire
Train'd to heroic actions, at my hand
Receive a wreath; you also in this conflict
An equal share of danger have sustain'd,
And therefore may ye both be ever happy.

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ORESTES.

First, O Electra, look upon the Gods
As authors of our bliss, then praise me too
Who am the minister of them and Fortune.
For I come hither, having slain Ægisthus,
By deeds, and not in empty words alone.
To give clear proof of this, to you I bring
His corse, which, if you list, you may expose
To beasts, or birds the children of the sky,
(16) Suspended on a pole: for he is now
Your slave, who erst was styl'd a mighty King.

ELECTRA.

I blush; yet long to utter—

ORESTES.

What? speak out:
No longer have you any cause to fear.

ELECTRA.

I dare not scoff the dead; by envious tongues
Lest I should be assaulted.

ORESTES.

There is no man
Who hath a right to blame you for such conduct.

ELECTRA.

Our city is morose, and prone to slander.

(16) Iris, in Homer, instigates Achilles to rescue the remains of Patroclus from the Trojans, lest Hector should treat them with the same indignity as Orestes here proposes inflicting on the slain Ægisthus;

μαλιστα δε φαιδιμος Εκτωρ
Ελκεμεναι μεμονεν· Κεφαλην δε ι Συμας απαγω
ΠΗΛΑΙ απο ΣΚΟΛΟΠΕΣΣΙ, ταμοισθ' απαιδος απο δαιτος.

Il. L. 18, v. 175.

" Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
" A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lie,
" And marks the place to fix his head on high." POPE.

and Achilles, it is well known, avenged himself on the body of Hector, by dragging it bound to his chariot, as a public spectacle, from the walls of Troy to the Grecian fleet.

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ORESTES.

Say all you wish, O Sister, for the hate
We bore him was inexpiable.

ELECTRA.

Enough.
Which of my woes shall I name first, with which
Conclude, to which allot the middle space?
I never ceas'd each morning to recite
In gentle whispers, what I had determin'd
To utter to thy face, if from my fears
I ever should be freed: now freed I am,
And therefore will requite thy cruelty
With those opprobrious words I would have us'd
Hadst thou been living still. To thee I owe
My ruin; both Orestes and myself
Thou of our dearest Father didst bereave,
From Agamemnon tho' thou hadst experienc'd
No wrong: my Mother basely didst thou wed,
When thou hadst basely slain her former Lord
The Grecian chief: thou ne'er didst sail for Troy,
But didst become so foolish as to hope
That Clytemnestra would not prove thy curse,
When thou didst form such union, and defile
My Father's bed. Let him who hath corrupted
By stealth the Consort of another, know
That when he afterwards is forc'd to wed her,
He must be wretched, if he vainly deem
The woman, who her chastity preserv'd not
With her first Lord, can e'er to him prove constant.
Tho' senseless of thy misery, thou didst lead
A life most miserable: for thou wert conscious
That in unlawful nuptials thou wert yok'd;
My Mother also knew, in wedding thee,
That she a villain wedded: having both
Been guilty, she thy fortune shares, and thou
Hast shar'd her punishment. Thou heard'st this language
From every Argive tongue; "that Woman's Husband:"

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Nor call'd they her, "thy Wife." Yet 'tis degrading
Whene'er the Female, not the Man, bears rule
O'er any house. Those children, I abhor,
Who by their Mother's, not their Father's, name
Are publicly distinguish'd in the city.
If any one, in wedlock, with a dame
Of high distinction and superior rank,
Be join'd, the Husband is of no account,
All speak of the Wife only. But here lay
Thy error; thou didst deem thyself a man
Able to rule, because thou wert possess'd
Of wealth, which in itself is nought, and stays
For a short season only with its owner:
But Nature, and not Gold, is ever firm;
Nature abides with man, and can remove
Evils the most severe, while lawless Gold,
That inmate of the wicked, takes his flight
From mansions where he flourish'd but a moment.
As for thy sins with women, I of them
Forbear to speak, since from a virgin's lips
'Twould be unseemly, yet with cautious hints
Can I point out so as to make them known.
Thine was the haughty mien of him who dwells
In regal mansions, and whose form is cast
In beauty's choicest mold. May he I wed
By no smooth female visage be distinguish'd,
But by the air and courage of a man.
For they who from such hardy Fathers spring
By Mars are patronis'd: but beauteous Sons
Serve only to adorn the public dance.
Perish, thou fool: detected in thy crimes
At length thou justly suffer'st. Let no villain,
Tho' the first stage of his career he run
With prosperous Fortune, think he hath outstripp'd
Avenging Justice, till he reach the goal,
And end his life.

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CHORUS.

The crimes which he committed
Were dreadful, dreadful too is the atonement
Which he hath made to thee and to thy Brother:
For Justice is with wondrous strength endued.

ORESTES.

'Tis well. Ye, O my servants, must bear in
The corse, and hide it, lest my Mother view,
Upon her first arrival, ere she bleed,
Her slaughter'd paramour.

ELECTRA.

Restrain thy tongue:
On other topics let us now discourse.

ORESTES.

Ha! do I see auxiliar Argive troops
Approach?

ELECTRA.

Thou seest no Argive troops, but her
From whom I sprung.

ORESTES.

Full seasonably she rushes
Amid the thickest toils.

ELECTRA.

Her burnish'd car,
And tissued robes shine bright.

ORESTES.

What now remains
For us to do, shall we with ruthless steel
Pierce the maternal breast?

ELECTRA.

Hath pity seiz'd thee
Soon as thy Mother's visage thou beheld'st?

ORESTES.

Ah, how can I slay her who nurtur'd me,
And gave me birth?

ELECTRA.

As she hath slain our Sire.

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ORESTES.

Great folly in thy oracles, O Phœbus,
Didst thou betray—

ELECTRA.

Where shall we look for wisdom,
If Phœbus err?

ORESTES.

When me thou didst enjoin
To slay my Mother with an impious hand.

ELECTRA.

By such just vengeance for thy murder'd Sire,
What harm canst thou incur?

ORESTES.

I now am pure,
But then shall be polluted with the blood
Of her who bore me.

ELECTRA.

If thy Father's death
Thou bring to strict account, canst thou be impious?

ORESTES.

But if I take my Mother's life away,
I shall be punish'd.

ELECTRA.

To whom then, the vengeance
Due to thy murder'd Sire, wilt thou abandon?

ORESTES.

Did not some Fiend this oracle pronounce
Beneath the semblance of the Delphic God

ELECTRA.

His seat usurping on the holy tripod?
I think not thus.

ORESTES.

Nor can I e'er believe
That such response was genuine.

ELECTRA.

No?—beware
Lest thou that noble spirit lose, and sink

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Into mere cowardice.

ORESTES.

Shall I for her
Contrive the self-same artifice?

ELECTRA.

By which
Thou hast already taken off her Lord,
Already slain Ægisthus.

ORESTES.

I go in.
Tho' I am entering on a deed that's fraught
With horror, I will execute the deed;
Thus let it be, if thus the righteous Gods
Ordain: altho' this conflict to my soul
At the same time be bitter, and yet sweet.

[*Exeunt* ORESTES *and* PYLADES.

CHORUS.

O Queen of Argos' fertile ground,
Daughter of Tyndarus the renown'd,
And sister to the Sons of Jove,
Twin champions, who unconquer'd rove
Amid the radiant fields of air,
Round whom the blazing planets glare,
Rever'd on earth, and wont to save
Their votaries from the stormy wave;
All hail! the homage which to thee
I pay, is hitherto the same
With what the blest Immortals claim;
The wealth thou dost possess is great,
And unallay'd thy prosperous state.
But, O Queen, 'tis time to see
What fortunes still thy life await.

CLYTEMNESTRA, ELECTRA, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Alight, ye Trojan Damsels, from the car,
And take my hand, while hence I step. The temples

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Of the immortal Gods with Phrygian spoils
Are grac'd: but I these captives from the realm
Of Ilion in the stead of my lost (17) Daughter,
A small yet acceptable gift possess.

ELECTRA.

Shall not I then (for like a slave cast forth
From my paternal mansions here I dwell
In these calamitous abodes) receive
Thy happy hand, O Mother?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

These my servants
Are ready: your superfluous toils on me
Bestow not.

ELECTRA.

Wherefore didst thou send me far
From my lov'd home, a captive? for like these,
I, when th' oppressor with an hostile band
Seiz'd on our house, was taken, and became
An orphan by the murder of my Father.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Such were the horrid projects which your Sire
Devis'd against those friends whom least he ought
To have thus treated. In my own defence
Am I resolv'd to speak, tho' when a woman
Takes up a wrong opinion, in her language
There is a certain bitterness devoid
Of truth, as instances before us prove.
But when you are acquainted with the fact,
If you discover some sufficient ground
For hating me, your hate is just: if not,
Why harbour this aversion? On your Father
By Tyndarus I in marriage was bestow'd
For no such purpose either that myself
Or those I bore should die: but on pretence
That he would wed my Daughter to Achilles,

(17) Iphigenia.

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He to the port of Aulis, from our home
Convey'd her, where he pierc'd the snowy neck
Of Iphigenia on the (18) altar plac'd.
If to avert destruction from this city,
Or that his house might prosper, or to save
His other children, for the sake of many
He had slain one, he might have claim'd forgiveness;
But Helen made him frantic, and, because
The Husband of that traitress knew not how
To rule his Consort, hath he slain my Daughter.
Yet tho' the wrongs I had endur'd were great,
I had not been so cruel as to take
My Husband's life away; but he return'd,
And with him brought a (19) Damsel, in whose breast
Prophetic frenzy rag'd, whom to his bed
He took, and we two Wives together dwelt
Beneath one roof. The weakness of our sex
I freely own, but in a woman's breast
Nature implants such weakness: when her Lord
Offends against the nuptial vow and loathes
His Consort, if she dare to imitate
Th' example her perfidious Husband gives,
And take a paramour, reproach assails
Our blasted name, while Man, from whom these crimes
Derive their origin, escapes uncensur'd.
Had Menelaus secretly been torn
From Sparta's coast, must I have slain Orestes,
The Husband of my Sister to redeem?
How would your Father have endur'd this wrong?
And was it just that he, for having slain

(18) Scaliger, Barnes, Carmelli, Mr. Tyrwhitt, and Dr. Musgrave, all concur in objecting to the word πυλας, in the stead of which they have successively suggested the following readings; πωλας, λυπας, πωλυς, or πωλυξ, and πυρας; the last of which I prefer, as deviating least from the text, and appearing most conformable to the language elsewhere used by Euripides.

(19) Cassandra.

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My Daughter, should not perish? was it just
I to such insults should submit? I smote
Th' aggressor, trod in the most obvious path,
And courted the assistance of his foes:
For which of all your Father's friends with me
Would have conspir'd in causing him to bleed?
Speak whatsoe'er you list, and your objections
With freedom urge, to prove your Sire was slain
Unjustly.

ELECTRA.

Thou hast spoken of his death
As just, yet such a deed, tho' just, is base.
For a wise Matron should in every point
Yield to her Lord: but if thou think not thus,
If to my arguments thou still art deaf,
Remember, O my Mother, thy last words,
By which thou didst allow that I to thee
Without constraint may speak.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I that permission
Retract not, but again confirm, O Daughter.

ELECTRA.

Wilt thou not wreak thy vengeance on my head
When thou hast heard me?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No: but with complacence
Attend to your opinion.

ELECTRA.

I will then
Speak what I think, and open with this prelude;
O Mother, would to Heaven thou hadst possess'd
A soul more virtuous: for tho' beauty give
Renown to thee and to thy Sister Helen,
Ye both have by your wantonness disgrac'd
Your Brother Castor: she, tho' borne away,
Fell thro' her own consent: but thou didst murder
The bravest chief of Greece, on a pretence

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That to avenge thy Daughter, thou didst slay
Thy Husband. For the world is not appris'd
As I am of the truth. Ere 'twas decreed
That Iphigenia should be offer'd up,
No sooner had thy Husband left his home,
Than at the golden mirror thou didst curl
Thy auburn ringlets. Write that Dame unchaste,
Who in the absence of her Lord adorns
Her person; for she ought not to display
A beauteous face abroad, unless she seek
Some paramour. Among the Grecian matrons,
I know of none but thee, who were with joy
Transported, if the Trojans prov'd victorious
Or, if they met with adverse fate, whose eyes
A cloud o'erspread; for thou from Troy didst wish
That Agamemnon never might return.
Great motives too hadst thou to make thee chaste;
A Husband not inferior to Ægisthus
Was thine, whom Greece had chosen for the leader
Of her confederate host; and from the deeds
Of infamy thy Sister Helen wrought,
Might'st thou immortal glory have obtain'd.
For crimes become a lesson to the virtuous,
An useful spectacle. If, as thou say'st,
My Father slew thy Daughter; in what instance
Have I and my unhappy Brother wrong'd thee?
Why didst not thou, when thou hadst slain thy Lord,
To us surrender our paternal mansions,
Instead of meanly bartering them to purchase
Another Husband? yet in thy Son's stead
Ægisthus is not exil'd, neither dies he
In just revenge for me whom he hath slain,
Tho' yet I live, yea slain more cruelly
Than that poor victim my lamented Sister.
If slaughter then by slaughter be repaid,
Myself must with thy Son Orestes join
To take thy life away, and to requite

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The manes of our Father: for if thou
Didst act with justice, this were justice too.
But he who with a view to wealth or rank
Weds an abandon'd woman, is devoid
Of understanding: for a virtuous Consort,
Tho' mean her birth, transcends the guilty great.

CHORUS.

In wedlock Fortune sways: the nuptials form'd
By some I see are prosperous, others wretched.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

You, O my Daughter, were by nature fram'd
For your departed Father to retain
A strong affection. It is ever thus;
To the male Parent some are most attach'd
And some prefer the Mother. I forgive you:
For when I think, O Daughter, on the deed
I have committed, I no pleasure feel.
But thus unwash'd, and clad in squallid weeds,
Are you just risen from childbirth's painful couch?
My deep-laid schemes, alas! have made me wretched:
For to immoderate anger I provok'd
My present Lord, and caus'd him to imbrue
His hands in blood.

ELECTRA.

Too late dost thou bewail
Those ills thou canst not remedy. My Sire
Is dead. But why neglect'st thou to recall
Thy Son, who wanders from his native land?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Because I fear his wrath, and to my own
In preference to his interests must attend:
For he resents, they say, his Father's murder.

ELECTRA.

But wherefore is thy Lord so fierce against us?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

His temper's such: you also are too proud.

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ELECTRA.

Altho' I grieve, yet will I learn to check
My indignation.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

He too shall no more
Treat you with harshness.

ELECTRA.

Of himself he thinks
Too highly, from residing in our palace.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Do you perceive how you afresh stir up
The embers of contention?

ELECTRA.

I am silent:
For I dread him, as far as there is cause
To dread Ægisthus.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Peace, no more of this.
But why do you invite me, O my Daughter?

ELECTRA.

Thou sure hast heard that I the throes of childbirth
Have newly suffer'd, and wilt offer up
Due sacrifice (for the establish'd rites
I know not) on the tenth revolving day
Of the same moon in which the boy was born,
As custom hath ordain'd. I am perplex'd
How to conduct myself, for ne'er till now
The pregnant matron's anguish did I feel.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

This office is another's, it is her's
Who freed you from the burden of your womb.

ELECTRA.

Alone the pangs of childbirth I endur'd,
Alone brought forth the infant.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Stands this house
Thus distant from all friends?

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ELECTRA.

'Tis no man's wish
To make the poor his friends.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But I will go,
And offer up a victim to the Gods,
Because the stated number of the days
Is now complete since you brought forth a son;
When I for you this service have perform'd,
Next to the fields, where with libations due
My Lord adores the Nymphs. My Servants hence
Convey these harness'd steeds that draw my car,
And place them in the stalls; soon as ye think
I have perform'd the sacrifice, return:
For I my Husband also must attend.

[*Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA.

ELECTRA.

Enter these humble dwellings of the poor;
But, O be cautious, lest perchance our walls
With smoke discolour'd soil thy tissued robe:
For on the righteous Gods shalt thou bestow
Fit expiations: now the canister
Is ready, and the biting knife which slew
The bull, near whom shalt thou thyself lie smitten.
For he whose impious couch thou didst partake
In the broad day, in Pluto's house shall wed thee.
Thus by this hand requited for thy crimes,
Wilt thou appease the manes of my Sire.

[*Exit* ELECTRA.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I.

Vengeance spreads her banners wide,
Another storm is on the wing;
Erst mighty victim, did my King
Distain the laver with a crimson tide:

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Each roof, each turret with his cries
Resounded; "Woman, stay thy hand,
"Why dost thou murder me? my native land
"After ten years I view, but view with closing eyes."

II.

Justice, now again rever'd,
Conducts th' Adultress to her fate,
Who when her Lord, from fell debate
Victorious, reach'd those walls the Cyclops rear'd,
Smote him with a remorseless hand,
Herself the sharpen'd pole-axe bore,
Herself was sprinkled with her Husband's gore,
Whose evil Genius wove th' unhallow'd nuptial band.

III.

Resembling a fell (20) lioness, who roves
O'er hills and thro' the thickest groves,
She dar'd to perpetrate this impious deed —

CLYTEMNESTRA *(within).*

My Children, I implore you by the Gods,
Slay not your Mother.

SEMICHORUS.

Heard ye the loud shriek
Beneath that roof?

CLYTEMNESTRA *(within.)*

Ah me!

CHORUS.

Her too I wail
Whom her own Children smote. In its due season
The Gods deal justice forth with rigid hand.
Thy sufferings are severe: but thou hast wrought,
O miserable woman, 'gainst thy Lord
Crimes most atrocious. But behold imbrued
In their slain Mother's recent gore, they come

(20) In Lycophron, where Agamemnon's death is minutely described without any names being mentioned, Clytemnestra is emphatically called "the Lioness."

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Forth from the house: too clearly this interprets
Those sad expostulations which to them
She in the agonies of death address'd.
There neither is, nor ever was, a race
More wretched than the seed of Tantalus.

ORESTES, PYLADES, ELECTRA, CHORUS.

(The Bodies of ÆGISTHUS *and* CLYTEMNESTRA *are brought upon the Stage).*

ORESTES.

O Earth and Jove, who at one glance survey'st
All human actions, view these works of blood
And horror, these two corses on the ground
Laid prostrate, smitten by my vengeful arm,
For a requital of my woes.

ELECTRA.

Such scenes
As this, O Brother, claim a flood of tears;
But I have been the cause: for, of all danger
Regardless, her did I assail who bore me.
Hard was thy fate, my Mother, in producing
A brood so impious; what thou hast endur'd
From thy own Children hath, alas! been wretched,
And more than wretched: for my Father's death
Yet art thou justly punish'd.

ORESTES.

Thou, O Phœbus,
E'en thou, didst by thy oracles enjoin
This vengeance; our unutterable woes
Hast thou made public. From the Grecian land
Yet thou the baleful nuptials hast expell'd,
Which were with gore cemented. To what city
Shall I repair, what hospitable friend,
Or who that's pious, will endure the sight
Of me my Mother's murderer?

ELECTRA.

What resource

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Is left for me? ah, whither shall I go,
Where celebrate my nuptials? to his bed
What bridegroom will receive me?

ORESTES.

Yet again
Is your opinion alter'd with the wind:
For now a sober judgement do you form,
Tho' erst you greatly err'd. You, O my Sister,
Did perpetrate a horrid deed, by urging
Your Brother, tho' reluctant. Saw you not
My wretched Mother draw her tissued robe
Aside, and in the agonies of death
Display her bosom? on the ground, alas,
Drench'd with her gore, lies the maternal corse.
Her by the hair I seiz'd.

ELECTRA.

Remorse, I know,
Enter'd thy soul, soon as the piteous shrieks
Thou heard'st of her who bore thee.

ORESTES.

She these words
Did also utter, with uplifted hands,
Touching my beard; "I sue to thee, O Son:"
And clung around me with a strict embrace,
Till I let fall the sword.

CHORUS.

How, wretched woman,
Could'st thou endure to see thy Mother breathe
Her last?

ORESTES.

A mantle o'er my eyes I threw,
And the unholy sacrifice began
With my drawn falchion, on my Mother's neck
The stroke inflicting.

ELECTRA.

But I urg'd thee on,
And bore a sword with thee.

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ORESTES.

You have committed
An act most horrible. Your Mother's corse
Take up, and o'er it cast the decent vest;
With fillets close her wounds — from thy own womb
Thy murderers sprung.

ELECTRA.

See, O my friends, and ye
Who to Electra are no (21) friends, I cast
A garment o'er her weltering corse, to end
The sorrows of our house.

CHORUS.

Above that roof
Appear some Demons, or celestial Gods:
For inaccessible to human steps
Is that aerial road. But wherefore come they,
Where by man's eyes they clearly are discern'd?

CASTOR AND POLLUX, PYLADES, ELECTRA, CHORUS.

CASTOR.

Thou Son of Agamemnon, hear our voice,
For we twin Brothers to the Dame who bore thee,
Castor and Pollux, call, the Sons of Jove.
No sooner had our care appeas'd the storms
Of Ocean, dreadful to the foundering bark,
Than we to Argos came, where we the slaughter
Of this our Sister and thy Mother saw;
With justice hath she suffer'd; but the wound
From thee was impious. Surely Phœbus, Phœbus,
(But I, because he is my King, am silent)
Tho' fraught with wisdom, hath to thee disclos'd
No sapient oracle. We, thro' constraint.

(21) The Trojan Captives, Clytemnestra's attendants, to whom she addresses herself at her first entrance, in the 998th line of this Tragedy, as it stands in Barnes's edition.

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Approve of all that he ordains: but thou
Must act hereafter as the Fates and Jove
Dispose of thee. On Pylades bestow
Electra, let him take his Consort home:
Leave thou thy Argos; for thou may'st not enter
Its gates, because thy Mother thou hast slain.
But those dire Goddesses with dog-ey'd glare,
The Furies, will constrain thee far to roam
A frantic exile: but when thou arriv'st
At Athens, round the venerable image
Of Pallas twine thy suppliant arms: for them
She by the terrors of her hissing snakes
Will drive away, nor suffer them to touch thee,
Extending her broad Ægis o'er thy head.
But, nam'd from Mars there is a certain hill
Where the immortal Powers in judgement sat
On murder, when the cruel God of war
Slew lustful Halirrothius, fir'd with rage
Against that impious miscreant, Neptune's Son,
Who had by force defil'd his (22) Daughter's bed;
There each decision since that time pronounc'd
Is sacred, and awarded by the Gods;
Thither must thou repair, and take thy trial
After this bloody deed: in number equal,
The votes shall save thee from the doom of death;
For Phœbus, whose oracular response
Urg'd thee to slay thy Mother, to himself
Shall take the blame; and an establish'd law
To future ages shall be handed down,
That the accus'd, when thus the suffrages
Are equally divided, shall prevail.
Hell's ruthless Goddesses on this decision,
With anguish smitten, underneath the hill
Shall enter a deep cavern, and deal forth
An oracle held sacred by mankind.

(22) Alcippe.

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But on the banks of Alpheus must thou dwell,
Near the Lycæan temple, in a city
Of the Arcadians, which from thee its name
Hereafter shall derive. To thee these words
Have I address'd. Let Argos' citizens
Over this corse of slain Ægisthus, heap
A tomb. But Menelaus, who at Nauplia
Is just arriv'd from vanquish'd Ilion's coast,
Shall with funereal pomp inter thy Mother,
Aided by Helen; for from Proteus' house
She comes, from Ægypt, nor e'er went to Troy;
But Jove an image of that lovely dame
Thither convey'd, among mankind to cause
Dire strife and slaughter—therefore that pure (23)Virgin,
Receiving for his Bride, let Pylades
Her to his palace in Achaia bear,
And taking with him to the Phocian realm
The man they call the Husband of thy Sister,
Reward his merits with abundant gold.
But with adventurous footsteps must thou enter
That neck of land the Isthmus, and proceed
To a blest dwelling in Cecropia's land.
For when, such punishment as fate ordains
Thou hast endur'd, to expiate this foul murder,
(24) Shalt thou be happy, freed from all thy toils.

(23) Electra; whose remaining a virgin after being constrained to marry the Peasant, together with her stratagem to bring Clytemnestra from Argos, by pretending that she had been delivered of a Son, form so considerable a part of the plot of this Tragedy. Why Dr. Musgrave, in his notes and Latin version, alters κόρην, virginem, into χαίρουσαν, gaudens, I am unable to comprehend: cur mutare volumus si nihil cogat? is a very seasonable admonition of Carmelli, introduced in one of his remarks on an expression in this very scene.

(24) "Thus, conformably to historic truth, is Orestes said, after "being expiated from the murder of his Mother, to have flourished in "a long and happy reign, the shortest space assigned to which is "twenty-eight years, some say fifty, and others seventy, for he is be-"lieved to have exceeded the ninetieth year of his age: in regard to "his stature, which was seven cubits, and his bones being discovered

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CHORUS.

May we converse with you, O Son of Jove?

CASTOR.

Ye may, since unpolluted with these murders.

ORESTES.

And is it, O ye progeny of Tyndarus,
Allowable for me to speak?

CASTOR.

To thee
I also grant permission: for to Phœbus
Will I impute the bloody deed.

CHORUS.

Yet why,
Gods as ye are, and Brothers to the slain,
Did ye not drive the ruthless Fates away
Far from these mansions?

CASTOR.

Hither were they brought
By the behests of dread Necessity,
And those unwise responses which the tongue
Of Phœbus utter'd.

ELECTRA.

But what Delphic God,
What oracle, pronounc'd that I should slay
My Mother?

CASTOR.

Common were your deeds, your fates
Are common too: for both, one evil Genius,
To you transmitted from your ancestors,
Hath ruin'd.

ORESTES.

O, my Sister, whom again
After a tedious absence I behold,
From your endearments in a moment torn,

"at Tegea, a city in Arcadia, consult Herodotus, L. 1, 67—69, and "Natalis Comes Mythol. L. 9, c. 2." BARNES.

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You must I leave, and be by you forsaken.

CASTOR.

A husband and a home are hers; she suffers
No misery, save that she is forc'd to quit
The Argive city.

ELECTRA.

And what groans more deep
Than those which exile from our native land
Calls forth? but I must leave my Father's house,
At the tribunal of a foreign realm,
For having slain my Mother, to endure
A trial.

CASTOR.

O take courage. Thou shalt reach
Minerva's holy city, therefore learn
To bear these sorrows.

ELECTRA.

Clasp me to thy breast,
My dearest Brother; for the dreadful curses
Pronounc'd by our slain Mother, drive us far
From our paternal mansion.

ORESTES.

Come, embrace me,
And weep as if 'twere o'er my grave.

CASTOR.

Alas!
The words thou speak'st, with sorrow must affect
The very Gods who hear: for, in this bosom,
And those of all the blest celestial Powers,
Dwells tender pity for the woes of man.

ORESTES.

I ne'er shall see you more.

ELECTRA.

Nor to those eyes
Shall I again appear.

ORESTES.

For the last time
With you I now converse.

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ELECTRA.

Farewell, O city;
I also bid a long farewell to you
Its lov'd inhabitants.

ORESTES.

Most faithful Sister,
Are you already going?

ELECTRA.

I depart,
While tears bedew my cheeks.

ORESTES.

Exulting, leave
These realms, O Pylades, and with thee take
Electra thy affianc'd Wife.

CASTOR.

Let them
To their espousals see: but to escape
Those hounds of hell the Furies, haste to Athens:
For with terrific mien, they come to seize thee,
Brandishing serpents, they are black as night,
And in their vengeful hands aloof they bear
The bitter wages of impiety.
But we with speed to the Sicilian deep,
To guard th' adventurous barks of those who stem
The ocean, must repair: as thro' the plains
Of trackless Ether our career we hold,
We never grant protection to the wicked;
But those to whom the laws of sanctity
And justice, thro' this mortal life, are dear,
Tho' compass'd by unnumber'd toils, we save.
Let no man therefore be dispos'd to act
Unjustly, or with perjur'd comrades sail;
To mortals, I, who am a God, declare
These aweful truths.

CHORUS.

Farewell. And sure the man
To whom this wish is granted, he who feels
No pressure of calamity, is blest.

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FRAGMENTS.

Depascimur aurea Dicta,
Aurea, perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ,
LUCRETIUS.

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424

The letters B. and M. are references to Barnes's and Dr. Musgrave's editions, for the convenience of any readers who may choose to examine particular passages in the original: the former having numbered the lines, the latter only the detached sentences, the references are figured accordingly in the margin, after the first sixty lines, which are the same in both editions. I have added a few more Fragments from Heath's Notes on the Greek Tragic Writers, and Valkenaer's Dissertation subjoined to his Hippolytus.

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FRAGMENTS.

DANAE.

Tutum iter ac patens
Converso in pretium Deo. Hor.

MERCURY.

THESE (1) mansions, and this fortress well begirt
With lofty ramparts, no vain pomp display.
Monarch, and Priest, Acrisius here commands;
Among the Greeks this city is called Argos.
But eager to obtain a Son, the King
Enter'd the Pythian temple, and address'd
This question to Apollo; by what means
With a male offspring he his house might strengthen,
Thro' what propitious God, or human aid?
But dark was the response which Phœbus utter'd;
"In time shall a male progeny be given,
"Not sprung from thy own loins: thou must beget
"A Daughter first; she knowing, yet not knowing,

(1) "The Poet does not here say that Argos or Mycene are poor "cities, for this would be a downright contradiction to Homer, who "in express words calls Mycene rich:

"Πολυχρυσον Μυκηνην. Il. L. 7, v. 180.

"but means that the walls of this palace and city, not so beautiful and "splendid as durable, are constructed with steel and adamant, being "the workmanship of the Cyclops, as has been mentioned in several "other passages." BARNES.

They who are dissatisfied with the text as it stands in the printed editions, and love conjectural reading and transposition, will meet with abundant gratification by referring to Dr. Musgrave's notes.

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" By stealth, a paramour, shall to her Sire
" A winged Lion for his Grandchild bear,
" Who over these domains shall rule supreme."
Hearing these oracles, he for a time
The genial couch abandon'd; but unmindful
Of his resolves, and by desire o'ercome,
He afterwards a Daughter did beget,
On whom he from this long delay bestow'd
The name of Danae; soon as she was born,
He in those (2) female chambers he had rear'd,
Consign'd her to the care of Argive virgins:
Using precautions, lest she should behold
The face of man: but after she was grown
To full maturity, and thro' all Greece
Distinguish'd for her charms; Jove, mighty Sire,
By Love's inevitable magic caught,
Attempted to ascend her bed in secret,
But by the open language of persuasion
Failing to win the Nymph, he next devis'd
This artifice; transform'd to purest gold
(Aware that gold's what mortals covet most)
From the steep roof, to glide into the hands
Of th' inexperienc'd Virgin; the deep fraud

(2) The Γυναικωνῖτις, or chambers appropriated for the separate residence of the women, and, answering, as Barnes observes, to the Seraglios among the Turks, are frequently mentioned by our author. But the place of Danae's confinement is by Apollodorus said to have been a brazen dungeon built for that purpose by her Father Acrisius, on being informed by the oracle that she was to bear a Son who would kill his Grandfather, and take possession of his kingdom. Ant. Thylesius, who has written a Tragedy on this subject, called Imber Aureus, printed at Venice in 1529, represents Danae's prison as erected by Vulcan and his Cyclops, to whom Acrisius not only gives a splendid entertainment, but orders his servants to pour forth upon the ground talents of gold, which he invites them to take up double handfuls of.

Prius tamen talenta humi famuli diffundite.
Utrâque largiter capite manu quæ débeo.

The reader will probably desire no farther specimen from this piece, which is very rarely to be met with.

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She knew not, and receiv'd the molten God
Into her bosom: but when she at length
Perceiv'd the growing burden of her womb,
She was o'erwhelm'd with wonder, nor could guess
How it was possible for her to fall
Into such infamy, when she her honour
Had still preserv'd: but while in secrecy
She hence would fly, her Father, having learnt
The cause, inflamed with anger, hath confin'd,
And keeps her in a dungeon, that the truth
With his own eyes he may explore; resolving,
Soon as her shame he shall perceive confirm'd
Beyond all doubt, to cast into the sea
His Daughter and her Child. Me therefore Jove
To Danae hath with acceptable tidings
Dispatch'd, which I shall instantly convey;
For every prudent Messenger, with zeal
Ought to perform the mandates of his Lord. [*Exit.*

CHORUS OF ARGIVE VIRGINS.

What wondrous tidings reach our ears!
With speed augmented by my fears,
I seek the palace of the King.
Whence can these envious rumours spring,
That thro' each street with loud acclaim,
Bely fair Danae's virgin fame?
Curs'd be that slanderer's baleful tongue
Which first her honour dar'd to wrong,
And, "by some paramour defil'd,"
Says, "she is pregnant." But his Child
Acrisius tends with anxious guard,
Her chambers closely hath he barr'd;
The real truth I wish to learn.
But from the palace, I discern
The Sovereign of this Argive state,
Now coming hither: with a weight
Of griefs opprest he seems to tread,
Because his Daughter would have fled.

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Think'st thou Hell heeds thy plaints, and will restore
Thy breathless Son, if still thou groan? desist:
For thou with greater ease wilt learn to bear
Thine own, while thou behold'st thy neighbour's woes,
B. 66 If thou reflect how many are confin'd
M. Dictys 14 By galling chains, and of their children reft,
How many in a miserable old age
Now pine away, and they who erst were great
And happy Kings, are dwindled into nothing.
These ought to be the objects thou observ'st.

My doctrine's this, the fortunes of mankind
Are like that changeful element call'd Air,
Whose qualities are these; a blaze of light
In summer it displays, and the thick clouds
Assembling, swells th' unwelcome wintry gloom,
B. 74 Causes the vernal flower to bloom and fade
M. 1, p 598 To live and die: such is the race of man,
A radiant calm of happy days to some
Is by the Fates allotted, but for others
The sky grows black with storms: some lead a life
Of misery, some of bliss, and to events
Which seem auspicious, others owe their ruin.

B. 83 With what heroic virtues are the souls
M. 2. Of all who spring from noble fathers warm'd!

B. 85 No man is unsubdu'd by gold, at least
M. 3 If such there be, I know not where to find him.

He who delights to fill his house with treasure,
Tho' to his craving stomach he denies
B. 87 E'en necessary food, is ripe to plunder
M. 4 The statues of the Gods, I deem, and wage
Against his dearest friends unnatural war.

Love is a slothful guest estranged from toil,
He in the mirror places his delight,
B. 91 And waving ringlets ting'd with auburn hues,
M. 5 But flies from industry: I will advance

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One single proof of this, no mendicant
Was e'er Love's votary; but among the sons
Of wealth alone the wanton God resides.

To all young men this counsel I address;
Wait not till ye are old, ere ye contract
Espousals and beget a race of children;
For, to his Consort, is the aged Husband B. 99
A torment, not delight: wed therefore early: M. 6
For in life's prime more grateful are the toils
Of education, and the tender Son
Looks with complacence on his youthful Sire.

A Woman, leaving the paternal house,
No longer to her parents doth belong,
But to her Husband: the male progeny B. 106, & Add. p. 522
In their Sire's mansions are for ever stationed, M. 7
Champions of their hereditary Gods,
And hallow'd tombs of their progenitors.

There is a proverb, that in subtile arts
Women excel, tho' men best poise the spear: B. 108
If conquest were by stratagem alone M. 8
To be obtain'd, our sex o'er man would rule.

My voice concurs with thine: in every sphere B. 112
Above our feeble sex man's genius soars. M. 9

O woman, grateful are these solar beams,
And, when the winds are hush'd, 'tis sweet to view
The level ocean, earth with verdure deck'd,
The plenteous waters of refreshing springs, B. 114
And there are many beauteous objects more M. 10
Whose praise I might recount: yet none more welcome
Than Children, when they to the house of those
Who long despair'd of issue, give new lustre.

Pois'd in my arms, and clinging round my neck
In childish sport, he with a thousand kisses B. 121
Shall win my soul; these blandishments, my Sire, M. 11
Work more than magic philtres on mankind.

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The sayings of the wealthy, men term wise;
But when the poor, when he who from a line
Of humble ancestors derives his birth,
B. 125 Discreetly speaks, they laugh: but I full oft
M. 12 Observe the indigent exceed the rich
In wisdom, and find men who in their hands
Bear a small offering to the Gods, more pious
Than them who sacrifice the bleeding steer.

B. 132 There's no beleaguer'd fort, nor gold, nor aught
M. 13 So difficult to be preserv'd as Woman.

ÆGEUS.

B. 1 E'EN to the fallen this privilege belongs
M. 2 Of shewing courage by a generous death.

B. 3
M. 3 Restrain thy Tongue, else will it prove thy bane.

B. 5 Under a virtuous ruler, there is bliss
M. 6 In being subject e'en to kingly power.

B. 6
M. 7 Better than noble birth is prosperous fortune.

B. 10
M. 5 The wives of timid men are bold in speech.

B 16 Him too inevitable Death awaits
M. 9 Who sits at home remote from every toil.

ÆOLUS.

SMALL is the strength of man: yet he, by art,
B. 1 Subdues the monsters of the billowy deep,
M. 9 And every tribe that peoples earth or air.

B. 5 But (3) what is base, if it appear not base
M. 1 To those who practise what their soul approves?

(3) From the accounts transmitted to us of this piece, collected by Barnes and Dr. Musgrave in their arguments prefixed to its remaining

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What can men need, but these two things, the fruits
Which Ceres yields, and the refreshing spring,
Ever at hand, by bounteous nature given B. 10
To nourish us? we from this plenty rise M. Incerta, p. 14
Dissatisfied, and yielding to th' allurements
Of luxury, search out for other viands.

Talk not of Plutus; I despise the God
Whom every villain may with ease possess. B. 15 M. 14

Silence becomes (4) the wise man when he comes
Amidst associates of superior rank:
But may I never be the friend or comrade B. 19 M. 4
Of him, who trusting in his own discretion
As all-sufficient, treats his friends like slaves!

Think ye the world could be inhabited,
If without any of the rich, the poor
Dwelt in a city? Good with evil blended
Cannot be sever'd, but to constitute B. 23. M. 6
The general happiness, a certain mixture
Is requisite; for what the poor man wants
The rich bestows, and we of affluent fortunes,
Supplying what we have not by their toil,
Gain in return due homage from the poor.

Let neither they who in embattled fields,
Or in the senate have acquir'd renown, B. 30 M. 7
At vain refinements aim, but to the city
Give those important counsels which it needs.

Oft from necessity doth courage spring. B. 33 M. 8

Fragments, it appears to have been founded on the incestuous passion of Macarius Son of Æolus, for his Sister Canace, which is the subject of Ovid's eleventh epistle; and this impious sentence is, as Barnes observes, well suited to such a situation.

(4) I have here followed Dr. Musgrave in reading Κρεισσων' ης φιλιαν ωιοιτο: κρεισσων', instead of κρεισσων, η is all the variation he has made: φησιν τι for ωιοιτο was Grotius's conjecture. See Stobæi Florileg. Tit. 22, p. 113, and the notes, p. 527, ed. Paris 1623.

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Full many various qualities distinguish
B. 34 The Cyprian Goddess; both supreme delight
M. 10 And sorrow she dispenses to mankind:
O may I meet with her when most propitious.

The sons of my brave sons may I behold
B. 37 Grac'd with a form deserving of the throne!
M. 20 For 'tis the greatest glory life can yield
When by the mien the virtues are exprest.

B. 41 Wed not a stripling to the tender maid;
M. 11 For thro' a longer space the strength of man
Endures, but female beauty soon decays.

B. 44 Whoe'er withholds the censures due to woman
M. 12 Is a mean wretch; I cannot call him wise.

By all the Gods, my Father, talk no more
Of our nobility, which but consists
B. 46 In wealth, away with such unmeaning pride:
M. 13 For riches in a circle wheel, some have
And others want them: they for common use
Were first by Heaven intended; yet is he
Whose house retains them long, a happy man.

A thing I am not anxious to preserve
B. 51 Is this frail life; for soon as one woe ends,
M. 15, 16 Others commence, and our weak eyes discern not
What evil fortunes yet remain behind.

B. 54 Suffer we must: but he who best endures
M. 17 The ills inflicted by the Gods, is wise.

How true this antient saying; we old men
B. 56 Are nought but trouble, and an empty shadow,
M. 18 We crawl about, the semblances of dreams,
And of our mental faculties depriv'd,
Still fancy we with wisdom are endued.

Unless old age to Venus bid farewell,
B. 60 The wanton Goddess with disdain the suit
M. 19 Of her decrepid votary will reject.

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Whoever too precipitately yields
To anger, shall find sorrow at the last:
For wrath unbridled oft deceives mankind. B. 62 M. 3

My children, he is wise who can express
His reasons clearly in the fewest words. B. 64 M. 5

For (5) Hellen it appears is sprung from Jove;
But Hellen's son was Æolus, the Sire
Of Sisiphus, and Athamas, and Cretheus,
And, him who those ideal thunders-hurl'd
On Alpheus' banks, Salmoneus frantic king. M. 23

CASSANDRA.

Time will display thy merits; by this test
Shall I know whether thou art good or worthless. B. 1 M. 2

Thou fail'st where thou should'st conquer, and, O King,
Triumph'st where least thou ought'st: for to thy slaves,
Not to thy free-born citizens thou yield'st. B. 5 M. 4

Slander's a dreadful mischief to mankind:
But he whose tongue expresses not his thoughts
With eloquence, tho' what he speak be just,
Is oft o'ercome by him of fluent words. B. 8 M. 3

Wise as thou art, O Priam, yet to thee
I say no pest exceeds the slave whose soul
Soars high above his rank; nor is there aught
Among the large possessions which thy house
Contains, than him more baleful or more useless. B. 11 M. 6

My censures they deserve, the menial train
Are so corrupt, by gluttony engross'd,
They take not the least heed of what's to come. B. 15 M. 8

(5) Hellen, from whom the Greeks derived their most antient title of Hellenens, was, according to Strabo, the son of Deucalion and Pyrrha; Apollodorus likewise calls Deucalion and Pyrrha his parents, but adds that some assert he was the son of Jupiter.

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The slaves who to their masters are attach'd,
Among their equals to themselves create
B. 17 Most bitter enmities.—Abandon'd miscreants,
M. 9, 7 In whose subjection reason hath no share,
Tho' to this state ye are reduc'd by fortune!

B. 22 With those of the same manners as their own,
M. 11 The wicked ever form the nuptial league.

Superfluous are our praises, if bestow'd
Upon the frail nobility of man.
For when in antient times we first were born,
The teeming Earth our universal parent
Out of the same materials form'd us all,
B. 23 Nor is there aught which we can term our own.
M. 12 The noble and ignoble from one stem
Derive their pedigree: in later times
Tho' human laws gave sanction to vain pomp.
Wisdom's the source of true nobility,
Gold cannot buy it, but the Gods bestow.

B. 33 There's no nobility among the wicked,
M. 13 But with the virtuous is it ever found.

B. 35 Unjust is gold, the source of impious deeds.
M. 14

'Tis wealth and luxury that makes men cowards;
B. 36 But poverty, which we esteem a curse,
M. 15 Trains up a hardy and industrious race.

B. 40 How true, that no man is completely blest!
M. 16

Death is the lot of all, but wisdom teaches
B. 41 How to confine our sorrow in due bounds,
M. 17 For an affliction common to mankind.

O Hecuba, how unexpected come
B. 44 The wondrous visitations of the Gods
M. 18 To mortals, but they never are attended
By a long series of the same events.

B. 48 Shed not fresh tears for ills of antient date.
M. 20

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Ah me, I thro' that uprightness of soul
Shall perish, to which others owe their safety.

B. 49
M. 5

The God ordain'd that my prophetic voice
Should sound without effect: I by the wretched,
And them who groan beneath affliction's load,
Am now term'd wise, tho', ere they suffer'd aught,
With them I only pass'd for one distracted.

B. Addenda, Pref. p. lii.
M. 22

HECUBA.

Why darts this frenzy from the burning eyes
Of her who lately was a bashful maid?

B. Addenda, p. 517. Cicero, de Div. l. i. s. 31.

CASSANDRA.

O Mother, best of women, I am sent
To utter the abstruse decrees of Heaven,
Nor doth the Delian God against my will
Fire my rapt soul. I and my virgin comrades
Are stung by a foreknowledge of the shame
Which waits my virtuous Sire: O Mother, thee
I pity, and contemplate my own failings
With anguish; for to Priam didst thou bear
A race most perfect, all but me; this heightens
My griefs, to think I but augment thy woes;
While they console thee, and their duteous zeal
Hath render'd my transgression the more heinous.

Cover'd with blood, and flames, alas! it comes,
The torch which was conceal'd for many years:
Assist me to extinguish it, my friends.

ib.
ib.

By skilful artists fram'd, now o'er the waves
Glides the swift navy with destruction fraught.
The furious mariners assembling fill
Yon crowded haven with their hostile sails.

ib
ib.

Ah, see some Youth unknown decides the strife
Betwixt three Goddesses, and thro' the judgement
He hath pronounc'd, a Spartan Dame will come,
One of the Furies, to this Phrygian coast.

ib.
ib. L. i. c. 50.

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B. Addenda, p. 517. Cicero, de Div. l. ii. c. 56.

O Phœbus, sacred Power, who thy abode
Full in the center of the world hast fix'd,
Whence Superstition's baleful voice first issued.

Because the pregnant Mother in her dream
Suppos'd that she brought forth a blazing torch,
On this did father Priam, Ilion's King,
Smitten with dread, and anxious cares, to Heaven

Heath, p. 168.

Present the bleating victims, sue for peace,
And ask if any Prophet, having pray'd

Cicero de Divin. l. i. s. 21.

To Phœbus, could inform him, what events
Such a portentous vision would produce.
Apollo his oracular response
Then utter'd, with a voice divine; "The Boy,
"Who next to royal Priam shall be born,
"Beware of breeding up, for he will prove
"The pest and ruin of his native land."

ALCMÆON.

Mœstamque Eriphilen,
Crudelis nati monstrantem vulnera cernit. VIRGIL.

(6) Thou, venerable man, if thou on me
Bestow the lovely Virgin, shalt be call'd

B. 4 M. 11

Not my Bride's Father only, but mine too,
And the preserver of an hopeless wretch.

(6) Eriphile, wife to Amphiaraus, having been bribed by Polynices to prevail on her Husband to accompany Adrastus to the Theban war, in which Amphiaraus (being a prophet) foresaw he should perish, he left an injunction with his son Alcmæon to slay his Mother as soon as he attained the age of manhood: but before he had executed the command of his Father, a present of a golden necklace and robe from Thersander, the son of Polynices, prevailed on Eriphile to send forth her Son with the Epigoni to make a second attack on Thebes: he returned victorious, and having discovered this repetition of his Mother's treachery, and consulted the oracle of Apollo, imbrued his hands in her

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Hast thou no duteous reverence for thy Sire? B. 6 M. 14

My Father's counsels urg'd me, when, his car
Ascending, he to Thebes pursued his way. B. 7 M. 16

Behold the vanquish'd Monarch, how he flies,
Reft of his children, and bow'd down with age!
A mortal should not raise his views too high. B. 9 M. 9

They who by adverse fortune are opprest,
Should hold an humble language, and ne'er look
Up to the giddy height of their past grandeur. B. 11 M. 2

The great, alas! great evils must endure. B. 13 M. 3

Servants are partners in their master's woes. B. 14 M. 4

The Man who places in a slave his trust,
Is in my judgement guilty of much folly. B. 15 M. 5

Learn from my words, that woman, to her lord
The greatest good and greatest mischief brings. B. 17 M. 6

The crimes which 'gainst our parents we commit,
Call down the vengeance of imperial Jove. B. 19 M. 7

Of what avail are Children to their Fathers,
If we assist them not in their afflictions? B. 22 M. 10

How true is this remark, O Son of Creon,
That virtuous men beget a virtuous race;
But they who from the wicked spring, resemble
The nature of their Sire: for with such care
Can none train up the Children as to guard
Those who have worthless Fathers from corruption. B. 24 M. 8 & Incert. 63.

blood: after this he became distracted, and wandered till he reached Psophis, a city of Arcadia, where Phegeus reigned; Alcmæon was for a time restored to his senses, on being expiated from the murder of his Mother by Phegeus, who gave him his daughter Arsinoë in marriage. The subsequent misfortunes and death of Alcmæon related by Apollodorus do not seem to belong to this Tragedy. Dr. Musgrave considers the above speech as by him addressed to Phegeus.

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ALCMÆON.

Thou art the Brother of that Dame who slew
Her Husband.

B. Addenda, p. 518.

ADRASTUS.

The detested murderer thou
Of her who bore thee.

B. ib.
M. 17

'Twas (7) Oedipus' deceitful Son that caus'd
Thy Sire and me to perish, when he brought
That golden necklace to the Argive land.

ALCMENA.

B. 1
M. 1

WITHOUT my leave, did Sthenelus become
Successful, and deprive you of your right.

B. 3
M. 3

Truth in the cities of the just prevails.

B. 5
M. 4

Devoid of understanding is the man
Who trusts in wealth, and tramples on the poor.

B. 7
M. 14

On him whom prosperous fortune still attends,
It is the more incumbent to be wise.

B. 8
M. 5

Still strive to please thy rulers: for in slaves
Is it the first of duties to perform
With grateful readiness their Lords' behests.

B. 11
M. 13

Whence mad'st thou such discovery, that for thee
'Tis fit to brandish thus a blazing pine?

B. 12
M. 6

Strong as a magic philtre is the love
For his own children in the soul of man.

B. 14
M. 7

Illustrious birth is nothing when compar'd
To gold, which hath such power, that it can raise
The meanest to a most exalted station.

(7) Polynices. The alteration of ωσῆρα for χρυσᾶν, in the first line, is the conjecture of Barnes; the passage is preserved by the Scholiast on Pindar, Nem. Od. 4. v. 82.

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Riches combin'd with ignorance are hateful. B. 16 M. 8

Thou in this instance hast not acted right
Tho' generously perhaps: but I'm so wretched
That praise to me is loathsome, nor will fame
Subdue the anguish of my real woes. B. 17 M. 9

The man who springs from an illustrious race,
With firmness his misfortunes should endure. B. 20 M. 10

Be bold, ere long thy wishes may succeed;
For unexpected blessings are full oft
Shower'd by the bounteous Gods upon mankind. B. 21 M. 11

For all with greater prudence can decide
(8) In the affairs of others than their own. B. 23 M. 13

ALOPE

For me thy Parent hast thou no respect? B. 1 M. 1

In woman's cause is woman wont to strive. B. 2 M. 2

A band of men I view, who from the ring
Are hastening to behold this sight, and cease
To drive their chariots o'er the dusty plain. B. 3 M. 4

But with a subject of the first importance,
My speech will I begin; it is the duty
Of Children to obey their Father's will,
Convinc'd that aweful Justice thus ordains. B. 8 M. 3

(8) Dr. Musgrave thinks that the three subsequent lines inserted by Barnes from Stobæus, are taken out of some Comic writer, which the name of Phædimus occurring in them makes very probable.

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ANDROMEDA.

PERSEUS.

To what Barbarian land, with winged feet,
Ye Gods, have I been borne! for thro' the midst
B. Addenda, p. 518. Of ether's trackless fields my path dividing,
Here, for a while, I Perseus stay my flight,
Bound on a voyage to the Argive realm,
Thither the Gorgon's head ordain'd to bear.

But ha! what rock do I behold, what Nymph
ib. Fair as a Goddess, like some anchor'd ship,
Bound fast with cords, stands on the craggy beach?

ANDROMEDA.

ib. On me most wretched Damsel, generous Stranger,
Take pity, loose, O loose, these galling chains.

PERSEUS.

ib. With pity I behold thee bound, O Virgin.

ANDROMEDA.

But who art thou that pitiest my distress?

ANDROMEDA.

ib. To what dire monster have the Gods expos'd me?

PERSEUS.

ib. Some weakness harbours in each human breast:
But me the love of this fair Nymph hath seiz'd.

Tyrant of Gods, and men, O Love, forbear
(9) To dress up evil in that specious form,

(9) Lucian at the beginning of his treatise, on the manner in which History ought to be written, says, that the people of Abdera, a city in Thrace, during the reign of Lysimachus, were so affected by the performance of this Tragedy, in the midst of summer, that they ran raving about the streets, repeating this invocation of Love, till a severe winter restored them to their senses.

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Or to these labours, grant a blest event,
In which thou prompt'st the Lover to engage. B. Addenda, p. 518.
By acting thus, thou from the Gods themselves M. 7
Shalt gain due honours, but if thou refuse,
E'en they whose breasts thou fill'st with warm desire,
Thee of thy wonted homage shall bereave.

Sacred Night,
O what a long career dost thou perform, B. 1
Driving thy chariot thro' the starry space M. 26
Of ether, and Olympus' hallow'd fields!

PERSEUS.

O Virgin, if I save thee, with what thanks B. 6
Wilt thou repay me? M. 5

ANDROMEDA.

Take me to thyself,
O Stranger, for a servant, if thou list, B. 7
Or for thy Consort. M. 6

But thither the whole band of Shepherds came,
One brought a cup of ivy fill'd with milk, B. 9
The sweet refreshment of his toils, a second M. 27
The generous liquor of the vine.

I will not give consent to your begetting
A spurious progeny, for tho' inferior
In no respect to children born in wedlock, B. 12
Yet are they harshly treated by the laws, M. 34
And of this grievance ought you to beware.

Thou canst not see Jove's power how great
Presiding o'er the work of fate;
For some he causes every day B. 16
To flourish, others to decay. M. 8

I gain'd not fame but with unnumber'd toils. B. 20
M. 9

There's nothing by necessity ordain'd
Which can to man be shameful: but for thee B. 21
'Tis sweet to recollect past toils in safety. M. 10

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B. 23 To that adventurous deed was I impell'd
M. 11 By youthful vigour, and a daring soul.

B. 24 They who by love are caught, and fix their love
M. 12 On virtuous objects; to complete their bliss,
Can need no new accession of delight.

A.

I suffer dreadful love.

B. 27 B.
M. 13

Of those two words
Take that which suits thy purpose: but such Love
Is void of honour, and delights to fix
His residence in a corrupted soul.

B. 30 The best of treasures is a virtuous Wife.
M. 14

B. 32 To thee, O wretch, the Gods indeed have given
M. 15 An abject fortune: but thy words are haughty.

What most of all I wish, is that my house
May be with gold well furnish'd: the rich man
B. 34 Meets with respect altho' he be a slave,
M. 16 While free-born spirits cramp'd with poverty
Lose all their consequence; much gold is thine,
And therefore think thyself a happy man.

B. 38 Tho' blest with plenteous fortunes, as thou seest,
M. 17 By great calamities am I afflicted.

Each day, futurity our bosom fills
B. 40 With constant terror, for to think of woes
M. 18 That are to come, is worse than to endure them.

(10)

(10) The essential diversities of reading in the two next sentences, as they stand in Barnes, and in Dr. Musgrave, 20, and 23, have induced me to omit them, as in whatever sense they are interpreted, they will not convey any idea peculiarly new or striking; for the same reasons two lines in the Antigone, B. 3. M. 17. are left out.

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Why dost thou churlishly refuse to speak?
A dark interpreter of what thou mean'st
Is silence, and I cannot understand thee.
B. 46
M. 25

He was a happy man, but Jove hath veil'd
His former splendor; in the wane of life
Now are his fortunes scatter'd by the wind.
B. 47
M. 19

Come, let us weep together; for the unhappy
Find social tears their poignant griefs assuage.
B. 51
M. 23

I ne'er insulted the calamities
Of those who were unfortunate, because
I fear'd that I myself might also suffer.
B. 53
M. 21

Justice they call Jove's Daughter, and assert
That close to impious mortals Vengeance dwells.
M. 26

Some semblance of that beauteous virgin, form'd
Of polish'd stone wrought by a skilful hand.
M. 29
Heath, p. 164

ANTIGONE.

At first was Oedipus a happy man;
But in the sequel he, alas! became
Of all mankind most wretched.
B. 1
M. 1

Persuasion hath no shrine but Eloquence,
Her only altar is the soul of Man.
B. 5
M. 2

Among th' inhabitants a civil war
Breaks forth, when jarring factions rend the state.
B. 7
M. 4

To please the multitude it much behoves
A Monarch.
B. 9
M. 3

When Kings for their associates take the men
Renown'd for wisdom, they themselves grow wise.
B. 10
M. Inc. 44

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Away with empire, and oppressive laws;
B. 11 None but the fool can wish for regal power,
M. 5 That he may proudly lord it o'er his equals.

'Gainst the bold efforts of an amorous youth
All guards are insufficient; tho' expert
B. 14 In nought beside, each lover grows discreet.
M. 6 But Venus, when a temperate flame she kindles
In human bosoms, is a welcome guest.

B. 18
M. 7 I was in love, and love makes all men frantic.

Bound in the nuptial yoke, a man hath lost
B. 19 His freedom, yet obtains this one advantage;
M. 8 Th' affinity which with a virtuous house
He hath contracted, makes him fear to sin.

B. 22 A Bastard's odious in mere name alone,
M. 9 To sons legitimate by nature equal.

B. 23 Many by their degenerate lives confute
M. 10 The notion that each child is like his Sire.

His folly's a disease he from his Father
B. 25 Inherits, for the wicked thus are wont
M. 11 To be the authors of a wicked race.

B. 27 A friend, possessing wealth, but void of wisdom,
M. 12 Is useless, if he want a virtuous soul.

B. 29
M. 13 To th' utmost pitch of misery are we come.

Grieve not thyself; for well thou know'st that oft
B. 30 Affliction in the end produces joy,
M. 14 And evil is the cause of future good.

B. 33 But he whom reason teaches how to bear
M. 15 All fortune can inflict, is less unhappy.

Mortal thou art, and must expect to suffer
B. 37 The lot of mortals: canst thou hope to lead
M. Inc. 70 The life of Jove, who art but a mere man?

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Death puts an end to all the little strife
Of mortals. For what arbiter on earth
Is more decisive? who can make the tomb — B. 39 M. 16
Feel pain, altho' he smite it with his spear,
Or who by bitter taunts molest the dead,
If they are left devoid of all sensation?
Honour forbids us to insult the slain. — Heath, p. 165

ANTIOPE.

Addidit, ut Satyri celatus imagine, pulchram
Jupiter implevit gemino Nyctëida furto. — OVID.

ZETHUS.

What (11) most deserves your care, you, O Amphion
Neglect. Can you be mean enough to change — B. 3 M. 35
That elevated soul which nature gave
Into th' enervate semblance of a woman?

AMPHION.

Each hath his shining qualities, and wears
The live-long day intent on that pursuit
For which he best is qualified. No right — B. 22 M. 34
Hast thou to censure this my frame as weak
And womanish, for if I am endued
With wisdom, that exceeds the nervous arm.

A city, or an house, by human prudence
Are govern'd well, and in th' embattled field — B. 75 M. 12
Great is the strength of wisdom; for one counsel
Plann'd with discretion baffles many swords;

(11) The reader who turns to Valkenaer, Diatribè in perditorum Euripidis dramatum reliquias, 4to. Lug. Bat. 1767, p. 74, will there find that I am indebted to him for the beginning of this passage; and have followed him in the arrangement of this and the twelve next sentences.

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But folly tho' supported by an host
Of countless warriors, only proves their bane.

But they who only live to pamper up
B. 54 Their flesh, when their possessions they have wasted,
M. 7 Become bad citizens; for still unchang'd
Doth their voracious appetite remain.

Altho' a man should prosper and grow rich,
Unless he with domestic bliss be crown'd,
B. 58
M. 8 To him I cannot give the name of happy,
Tho' justly might I say, that with success
Abundant treasures he for others guards.

Such is the life of man, nor wholly blest,
Nor wholly wretched; on her votaries Fortune
B. 104
M. 25 Now smiles, then frowns. Since our prosperity
Is thus unstable, is not an exemption.
From grief, the greatest pleasure life can yield?

B. 49 What wisdom dictates would I sing and speak,
M. 6 Nor in the city dire confusions raise.

He who without necessity embarks
B. 79
M. 39 In many matters, is a fool for slighting
The obvious blessings of a tranquil life.

CHORUS.

B. 1 The skilful orator can either side
M. 28 Maintain on every topic of debate.

ZETHUS.

B. 26 But how can this be wisdom, when art warps
M. 36 The generous soul, and renders man corrupt?

Whoever, in a prosperous station plac'd,
Is slothful and regardless of his household,
B. 16 Intent on nought except bewitching song,
M. 29 Will by his family, his friends, his country,
Be held in no esteem: for the best gifts
Of nature ineffectual prove, when pleasure,
Degrading pleasure, occupies the soul.

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You in the public judgement-seat will utter
No sage decision, no persuasive words, B. 5
Brandish no shield, command no army, scale M. 42
No hostile ramparts, nor, while yet a youth,
Broach counsels wholesome to the public weal.

Listen to me, discard these useless strains,
Practise the harmony of glorious deeds,
Let such exalted themes inspire the song,
And men will deem you wise; dig, till the ground, B. 10 M. 33
Manage your flock with care, and leave to others
Those ornamental trifles whose pursuit
Would cause you in an empty house to dwell.

I understand what I endure, and this
Is no small evil; for to the diseas'd
There is a kind of pleasure in not knowing B. 28 M. 24
Their malady; such ignorance is gain
To those who labour under grievous woes.

Tho' Justice, ere she come, be late,
Conceal'd by the behests of fate, B. 31
She menaces each villain's head M. 2
For whom th' inevitable snare is spread.

Justice they call Time's Daughter; to the world, B. 35
Because at length the wicked she displays. M. 2

(12)

Of all the human race, none ever led
A life exempt from sorrow, none remain'd B. 39 M. 39
Blest with auspicious fortunes to the last.

These virtues must you practise, O my Son,
Honour the Gods, your Parents, and the Laws B. 42
Stablish'd in Greece; act thus, and you shall gain M. 4
A wreath of fame that never will decay.

(12) The two lines, which follow these in Barnes, are also retained by Carmelli and by Dr. Musgrave: but I strike them out on account of their occurring in the Andromache, 421, 422. ed. Barnes.

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'Tis unbecoming not to shed a tear
B. 62 Over the wretched; he too is devoid
M. 40 Of virtue, who abounds in wealth, yet scruples
Thro' sordid avarice to relieve their wants.

B. 65 Full many men are subject to this fault,
M. 9 They understand what's right, but will not act
As conscience dictates, by their friends o'erpower'd

Th' accomplishment of silence is a crown
B. 68 To the good man; but there can no delight
M. 10 Result from a loquacious tongue, that bane
Of social life, and useless to the state.

Let not the tranquil man, the faithful friend,
B. 71 And virtuous citizen, rush wantonly
M. 11 Into the midst of dangers, for I blame
Pilot or statesman who is too adventurous.

B. 81 Perceive you not how great a curse attends
M. 15 On Servitude?

B. 82 A Slave no liberal studies must pursue,
M. 14 Nor taste th' indulgence of luxurious sloth.

B. 84 Alas, how universally hath Jove
M. 16 To adverse fortune doom'd the menial train!

But all things satiate; oft have I beheld
B. 86 The faithless Husband quit his beauteous Wife,
M. 27 Lur'd by some vile amour: thus pall'd with dainties
The appetite regales on coarser food.

B. 90 The wise should form a suitable alliance.
M. 17

To all mankind this counsel would I give,
B. 91 Select a Damsel sprung from virtuous Sires,
M. 18 To be the Mother of your future Sons,
So shall they not prove absolutely worthless.

B. 94 If she have sense, 'tis well: but else what matters
M. 19 Her lovely face with a corrupted soul?

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I have not learnt, O woman, how to act
The part of a philosopher: yet guard
Thy soul from wild excess and baleful envy.
B. 96
M. 20

Alas, alas! how many evil fortunes
Visit in various forms the human race;
But no man can pronounce when they will end.
B. 98
M. 21

O Strangers, many are the woes of man.
B. 100
M. 22

This saying of the multitude is founded
On truth; some must be wretched, others happy.
B. 101
M. 23

To man would a dead calm be most unwelcome.
B. 103
M. 41

Nor deem I, like a miscreant, that by stealth,
The semblance of some human paramour
Assuming, Jove approach'd thy genial bed.
B. Addenda, p. 519
M. 30

Wherever came the Bull, he whirl'd around,
And with the woman bore away, the rock,
The oak, and ever chang'd his wild career.
B. ib.
M. 31

But in (13) the herdsman's chambers, cover'd o'er
With a thick shade of flaunting ivy, stood
A column sacred to the God of Wine.
B. ib.
M. 32

Him Zethus call'd: because his Mother sought
Where she her Children might securely place.
M. 1

(14) ARCHELAUS.

ÆGYPTUS, as Fame's loudest voice relates
Lanch'd his adventurous bark, and on the coast
Of Argos landed with his fifty Sons.
B. Addenda, p. 519
M. 1

(13) For the reading of βουκόλια, instead of βουκόλοι, as it stands in Barnes and Musgrave, I am indebted to a note in the Rev. Mr. Toup's edition of Longinus, p. 224.

(14) Archelaus the Son of Temenus, a descendant of Hercules, of whom the reader will find an account in the 219th Fable of Hyginus, is

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Danaus the Sire of fifty Daughters, leaving
Those fruitful regions water'd by the Nile,
Which from the swarthy Æthiops' land its streams
B. 1 Replenishes, oft as Hyperion melts
M. 2 Thick flakes of snow congeal'd, when thro' the air
He guides his fervid chariot, came to Argos,
Dwelt (15) in th' Inachian city, and thro' Greece
Ordain'd that those who erst were call'd Pelasgi,
Should by the name of Danäi be distinguish'd.

B. 9 A. Oft, O my Son, the Gods deceive mankind,
M. 31 B. To hold the impious language thou hast done,
And charge th' immortal powers with guilt, is easy.

B. 11 Poor as I am, no gifts I to the rich
M. Incerta, 134 Will send, lest thou should'st deem that I am frantic,
Or by such presents only ask for more.

B. 13 'Tis with the strictest justice, that each deed
M. 32 Of foul injustice proves its author's bane.

B. 15 I give thee this one counsel, never live
M. 4 To be a slave, when thou canst die with freedom.

B. 17 He who in pleasure or unmanly sloth
M. 5 Consumes his life, is qualified to rule
Neither a private household nor the state.

B. 19 Unseemly deeds from baleful anger spring.
M. 16

B. 20 An enterprising spirit well becomes
M. 7 The vigorous youth: for never did the sluggard
Acquire renown, the prize of stubborn toil.

B. 23 In one word, speak not; for when eloquence
M. 8 Becomes the source of mischief, it is dreadful.

supposed by Dr. Musgrave to be the subject of this Tragedy, and not Archelaus king of Macedon, the contemporary and friend of Euripides, as Barnes conjectures.

(15) *ναίω*, "habitavit," not "condidit," as rendered by Barnes and Dr. Musgrave; for Danaus was more than two centuries posterior to Inachus, the founder and first king of Argos.

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A Monarch's bliss might emulate the Gods, B. 25
Were he not subject to the stroke of death. M. 9

'Tis better to be leader of a small
Yet valiant band, than of unnumber'd troops: B. 27
For the brave few prevail o'er many dastards. M. 10 & 13

Ennobled with transcendent lustre, shines B. 30
The Chief who triumphs in th' embattled field. M. 11

Ought not I to labour? B. 32
Exempt from toil who purchases renown? M. 12
What coward e'er accomplish'd mighty deeds?

At the same time young, poor, and wise: the union B. 34
Of all these qualities demands respect. M. 14

Nor slave, nor one born free, if his attainments
By far surpass our own, is it secure B. 36
For a wise man to nurture in his house. M. 15

I sav'd her life because she was reduc'd
To servitude: amidst the human race B. 38
The weak are ever subject to the strong. M. 16

Their Sire's behests the Children must obey. B. 40
M. 17

A. But of my aid what need hast thou?
B. I form B. 41
Great hopes because you spring from noble Sires. M. 18

Him could not chilling poverty bereave B. 43
Of his great Father's elevated soul, M. 19

The virtues of the parents, by their Children B. 45
Inherited, exceed the richest dower. M. 20

But how can he be otherwise than honest, B. 47
While thus surrounded with abundant wealth? M. 21

Enrich him not: for long as he is poor
Will he be lowly. But the power of gold B. 49
Is great, and he who hath it is ennobled. M. 22

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B. 52 Much wealth is thine: but folly on much wealth
M. 23 Attends, with fear in closest union join'd.

B. 54 We cannot stem the tide: for poverty,
M. 24 That worst of ills, in our forlorn abode
Still flourishes, and wealth thence takes its flight.

B. 57 To (16) Poverty, that most ignoble Goddess,
M. 25 No temple is erected. I abhor
Those who with wisdom are endued, but use
Their wisdom only to improve their wealth.

B. 60 From robbers he secur'd the public road.
M. 28

B. 61 Long have I mark'd how greatly change the fortunes
M. 26 Of man; for he who grovell'd in the dust,
Stands upright; he who erst was happy, falls.

B, 64 There is a pensive pleasure e'en in tears,
M. 27 When pitying we lament our friend's afflictions.

B. 69 No man (17) who lives encircled with delights,
M. 30 E'er gain'd renown, the prize of stubborn toil.

A U G E.

AUGE TO MINERVA.

Thou with delight behold'st the bloody spoils
Torn from the slain, and heaps of weltering corses,
B. 2 All this to thee it seems is no pollution;
M. 9 Yet thou esteem'st it a most dreadful crime
If I have borne a Son.

(16) The Goddess Poverty takes a very considerable part in the comedy of Plutus in Aristophanes, where the respect due to her as the inventress of the arts is strongly insisted on: and Arrian mentions her being adored on that account by the Gadareans.—Dr. Musgrave thinks that two detached sentences are here blended together.

(17) The two lines, which immediately precede these in Barnes precede them likewise in Stobæus, but are there detached from them as the production of an unknown writer: the two which follow in Barnes occur again in the Philoctetes, v. 23, 24, of his edition, where they seem more connected.

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My senses are disorder'd by the fumes
Of wine: yet will I own that I have wrong'd thee, B. 6 M. 8
Tho' this be an involuntary wrong.

By Mildness are calamities assuag'd. B. 8 M. 1

Not to the malefactor doth our pity
Belong, but to the violated laws. B. 9 M. 2

Perish all they who love to dwell in cities
Subject to Kings, or to the mighty few.
For Freedom's an invaluable name, B. 10 M. 7
And he who hath but little, here is rich.

He who esteems not Love a mighty God,
And to all other Deities superior,
Devoid of reason, or to beauty blind, B. 14 M. 3
Knows not the ruler of this nether world.

Frail women as we are, too oft our fears
Subdue us, but at other times our courage B. 18 M. 4
By none can be exceeded.

Who is not pleas'd with children's harmless sports? B. 20 M 5

'Tis all men's lot, not ours alone, for Jove
Or in an instant or by slow degrees B. 21
T' o'erturn the fortunes of a prosperous life, M. 6
And to the last none e'er continued happy.

AUTOLYCUS.

Of those unnumber'd mischiefs which prevail
Thro' Greece, there's none more grievous than the race
Of public Champions; for they ne'er were taught,
Nor knew they how to lead a virtuous life.
How can the slave of a luxurious palate, B. 1
The man whom his own gluttony subdues, M. 3
Improve the wealth transmitted by his Sire?
They are not able to support a state

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Of indigence, or rise above the load
Of adverse fortune, for in virtuous manners
They ne'er were train'd, and with impatience bear
Calamity. In manhood's early bloom,
With graceful mien their city they adorn,
But when by loath'd old age they are invaded,
Perish like tatter'd rags. I also blame
This custom of the Greeks, who meet in crowds,
Lur'd by the feast, such conflicts to behold.
For who that wrestled well, or with swift foot
All his competitors outstripp'd, rais'd high
The ponderous quoit, or with a cestus smote
The jaws of his antagonist, e'er serv'd
His country by the wreaths his prowess gain'd?
Shall they the foe encounter, in their hands
Wielding the discus, or with agile leap
Repell th' invaders of their native land,
By vaulting o'er their shields? when in the ranks
Of battle he is station'd, no man holds
Such foolish language: therefore should the wise,
The good, be deck'd with garlands, he who rules
A city best, the temperate and the just,
Or he who by the magic of his tongue
Averts dire mischief, causing to subside
The baleful tumult and consuming war:
For virtues such as these, are real blessings,
Not to their country only, but all Greece.

B. 29 Asses who (18) carry cinders were employ'd
M. 1 In bearing timber from the lofty hill.

B. 31 Bridles of Bulrush he for horses twines.
M. 2

(18) This piece is by the commentators called Sarytic, and consequently may be supposed, like the Cyclops of our Author, which is transmitted to us entire, to contain a large mixture of comic wit. Barnes and Dr. Musgrave suppose that the Autolycus, from whom it derives its name, was the Son of Mercury, and Father to Anticlea Ulysses' Mother, recorded by Homer for his great superiority to the rest of mankind κλεπτοσυνῃ θ', ὁρκῳ τε: but from what is transmitted to us of this piece, it

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BELLEROPHON.

I FROM steep Corinth's sacred rock am come, B. 1.
'Gainst whose firm base two dashing seas resound, M. Incerta.
A city where the Cyprian Goddess reigns. 94

Ah me! but wherefore should I thus complain? B. 4
I suffer but the common lot of mortals. M. 5

Doth (19) any man assert that there are Gods
In Heaven? I answer there are none: let him
Who contradicts me, like a fool, no longer
Quote antient fables; but observe the fact,
Nor to my words give credence. Kings, I say,
Kill many, but rob more of their possessions,
And violating every sacred oath,
Lay waste whole cities; yet, tho' they act thus, B. 8
Are more successful far than they who lead M. 25
In constant piety a tranquil life.
And I have known small cities, who revere
The Gods, made subject to unrighteous power,
Vanquish'd by spears more numerous. But I deem
Should any sluggard 'mong you pray to Heaven,

rather seems as if the other Autolycus (mentioned by Barnes in his argument) was its hero, as the principal drift of it is a censure on the champions at the public games, in which character he is spoken of both by Pausanias and Plutarch.

(19) We may consider this Atheistical language as not ill suited to the character of Bellerophon, according to Homer's description of him, at the time of his wandering over the Aleien fields, detested by all the Gods, and in a state of such profound melancholy that he preyed on his own heart, his Son Isander being slain by Mars, and his Daughter Laodamea by the avenging shafts of Diana. See Iliad, L. 6, v. 200—205. The two lines which follow this passage in Barnes, stand in Dr. Musgrave among Incert. Trag. 90, but are omitted on Mr. Heath's authority, with which the Translator entirely accords in thinking them unintelligible; and has followed Dr. Musgrave in attempting no version of the line B. 40, M. 27.

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Nor earn by his own labour a subsistence,
He soon would learn whether the Gods are able
To shield him from calamitous events.

B. 26 Thro' thy whole life thou to the Gods wert pious,
M. 28 With hospitality didst treat the stranger,
And with unwearied zeal assist thy friends.

Permit me, O ye leafy shades, to pass
B. 28 The forest water'd by refreshing springs.
M. 1 I wish to see how clear a light adorns
The canopy of Ether o'er my head.

B. 32 Trembling he crouch'd still lower than he wish'd.
M. 26

The prosperous fortunes, and the haughty wealth
Of an unrighteous man, we never ought
B. 33 To deem establish'd on a solid base,
M. 6 Or that the children of th' unjust can prosper:
For Time, who from no Father springs, applies
His levell'd line, and shews man's foul misdeeds.

B. 41 But courage can with wondrous might bear up
M. 7 Against the pressure of o'erwhelming fate.

B. 42 Dark stratagems, and treachery, to relieve
M. 8 The coward's wants, were by mankind devis'd.

How deep is evil rooted in the breasts
Of all men! tho' our pardon we extend not
To him, who, grasping at some great reward,
B. 44 Becomes a sinner: yet since, in proportion
M. 9 As he grows boldly profligate, he reaps
Greater advantages, he with more ease
The world's reproachful language may sustain.

They overflow with envy, from a sense
B. 49 Of their demerit; on the noblest objects
M. 10 Is Envy wont to wreak her ruthless hate.

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By far less dangerous I esteem the fool
Endued with strength of body, than the man
Who's feeble and yet wise; his arts atchieve
Greater exploits than they whose nervous arm
Fights bloody battles. An ill-omen'd road
Is that of truth; but Mars delights in falshood.

B. 51, 53
M. 11, 19

Many whom wealth and noble birth distinguish,
A foolish woman hath disgrac'd at home.

B. 56, and Sthenobœa 17
M. Sthen. 7

O thou most vile, the term I add, is Woman;
For with what obloquy, by slanderous tongues,
Exceeding this one name, canst thou be branded?

B. 58
M. 13

The pliant bulrush can inflict no wound;
Nor will the Sons whose Mother hath prov'd worthless,
Display their courage in th' embattled field.

B. 60
M. 14

If any gain ensue, I am content,
To be term'd wicked. We all ask this question,
Whether a man be rich, not whether virtuous.
But as for thy pretensions to thy wealth,
And by what means thou gain'st it, this is foreign
To the one great enquiry, "what thou hast?"
Ask you, what gains are base? I answer, none.
My utmost wishes are to lead a life
Of opulence, or die when I grow poor;
For he dies nobly who gains aught by dying.

B. 63
Seneca Epist. 115

(20) O Gold, thou first of blessings to mankind;
No tender Mother such enjoyment feels,
Nor can their Children or their dearest Sire,

B. 70
M. 15

(20) Mr. Cumberland, in his Observer, V. 4, p. 150, points out the following passage from Ben Jonson's Fox, as almost a translation of the above; Volpone says to his gold;

"Thou being the best of things, and far transcending
"All stile of joy in children, parents, friends,
"Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
"They should have given her twenty thousand Cupids;
"Such are thy beauties and our loves."

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Afford such heart-felt bliss as thou afford'st
To thy possessors: if the sparkling eyes
Of Venus dart an influence as benign,
No wonder she creates unnumber'd Loves.

I too adopt that theme of every Bard;
" Better for man had he been never born."
But of *three* stations, Wealth, illustrious Birth,
Or Poverty, which ought to be preferr'd?
Unable to decide, I state them all.
He who, tho' rich, descends from abject Sires
Is griev'd, yet finds for grief a sovereign balsam
When his hand opens the beloved chest
Which holds his treasures: but the man who loses
That opulence he formerly possess'd,
Sinks under loads of grief too great to bear:
While he of noble ancestry, who lacks
A competence, altho' he in his birth
B. 76 Be fortunate, yet to the earth bow'd down
M. 16 At the same time with poverty and sorrow,
Beguil'd by a mistaken shame, refuses
To earn his sustenance by honest labour.
But he who is in all respects a man
Of no account, from having never gain'd
The smiles of fortune, hath this one advantage;
He knows not what it is to be depriv'd
Of any blessing, but hath always led
The same distrest and miserable life.
In this respect, never to have experienc'd
Felicity, is best: for to our memory
This oft occurs; " how was I happy once,
" How did I flourish midst the sons of men!"

Had but my Sire judg'd well, I should have learn'd,
B. 96 Regardless of th' harmonious art, t' endure
M. 17 Severest labour, and been qualified
For each vicissitude of prosperous fortune,
Or of adversity: first, (which to man

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Yields great advantages) I should have mov'd
With swiftness, have been temperate in my food,
Assuag'd my thirst with water like the beasts,
Withstood by exercise the winter's cold
And summer's parching solstice, nor reclin'd
Beneath the shades of sloth; but now I know not
How to endure the hardships Fate imposes.
Had I the lyre of Orpheus, and the song
Of every sister Muse, I could not sooth
This hungry stomach, what it craves is food.

As the disease requires, should they who practise
The healing art, their remedies apply,
Nor rest content with whatsoe'er they find B. 110 M. 18
Prescribed by antient usage, when such medicines
Will to the patient no relief afford.

The crimes of men are some of them spontaneous,
Some from the Gods deriv'd; by wholesome laws
We remedy such mischiefs: but to thee B. 113 M. 19
This I maintain, that if the Gods commit
Aught that is base, they are no longer Gods.

But what is there in man's precarious life
To be relied on? o'er the foamy deep
Rides the swift vessel by the wind impell'd: B. 117 M. 20
But as to human fortunes, Time reduces
The great to nothing, and augments the small.

A thousand unexpected revolutions
Hast thou beheld: some from the waves escape, B. 122 M. 21
While others, conquer'd by the hostile spear,
In a fresh battle triumph o'er their foes.

The hands indeed of younger men, in action
Are vigorous, O my Son; but prudent counsels B. 126 M. 22
Flow from the old; for Time's the best instructor.

The honours thou receiv'st exalt thy views B. 129 M. 23
Too high above thy fellows.—I would die;

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For life's not worth retaining when we see
The wicked crown'd with undeserv'd applause.

B. (Erectheus) 45
M. 24 I hate th' imperious Ruler who neglects
By soothing arts to gain the public love.

Nor ought we to be angry at Events;
B. 132 For they our anger heed not: but the man
M. 24 Who best to each emergency adapts
His conduct, will assuredly act right.

BUSIRIS (21)

B. 1 No servant is permitted to divulge
M. 1 Truths that may hurt the interest of his Lord.

GLAUCUS.

B. 1 'Tis grievous to endure a villain's pride.
M. 1

When daring miscreants prosper in the land,
B. 2 Such instances of wickedness with power
M. 2 Invested, make the virtuous soul despair.

Alas! how many evils on the wane
B. 7 Of life attend: nor can the aged man
M. 3 Cause Time to stay awhile his swift career.

B. 9 For a long life swarms with unnumber'd woes.
M. 4

(21) "Busiris, Son of Neptune and Lysianassa Daughter of Epaphus, "was king of Ægypt, and used to sacrifice foreigners at the altar of Ju- "piter, till Hercules, being dragged thither for that purpose, burst his "chains, and slew the Tyrant." BARNES.

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DICTYS (22)

He to my soul was dear.—If I by Love
Am caught, O may I never turn aside
To folly's path, or the unchaste delights
Of Venus: for a nobler Love is found
By Heaven implanted in the human breast B. 1
Inspiring justice, chastity, and truth: M. 1
And O that among all mankind, this usage
Were 'stablish'd, for the virtuous to indulge
A passion only for the noblest objects,
Yet bid adieu to Venus child of Love.

Be of good cheer: great is the strength of Justice. B. 8
M. 8

Young; yet to labour was his soul inur'd. B. 9
M. 16

A disposition to talk much, betrays B. 10
The strongest symptoms of o'erbearing pride. M. 3

Hadst thou not been most vicious, thou thy home
Ne'er hadst disdain'd, this region to applaud.
He judges not aright in my opinion, B. 11
Scorning his country, who a foreign land M. 4
Extols, and in its manners takes delight.

O thou old man, contend not with thy rulers;
For 'tis a law from antient times transmitted, B. 10
To honour those who bear supreme command. M. 5

(22) "The winds having borne the wooden chest, in which Danaë "and her infant son Perseus were exposed on the sea, to the coast of "Seriphus, one of the Cyclades; Dictys, Brother to Polydectes King of "that island, took them up, and treated them with great humanity: "under his protection they both continued, till Perseus, having attained "years of maturity, went against the Gorgons, and came back triumphant with Medusa's head: at his return he found his Mother and "Dictys driven for refuge to the altar by Polydectes, who was on the "point of offering violence to the honour of Danaë; upon which he, "by displaying the head of Medusa, changed Polydectes into a stone; "and made Dictys king of the island." Apollodorus and Barnes.

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To wholesome counsels Venus never yields,
B. 18 And the more violence you use, the more
M. 6 Doth she resist; she then produces war,
And hence is many a prosperous house o'erthrown.

A Father ought with mildness to endure
His Children's errors when they spring from Love;
B. 22 Nor should the Sons condemn their amorous Sire,
M. 7 For Love is an involuntary passion,
A malady we seek not: void of reason
Is he who strives presumptuously to heal
What Fate inflicts thro' Heaven's supreme decrees.

There is one law which all mankind obey,
Which I assert is common to the Gods
B. 28 And even savage beasts; for every Mother
M. 8 To love her progeny; in other points
We by our separate usages are guided.

Tho' you already have a race of sons
B. 32 Grown up to full maturity; new children
M. 9 Would you beget, thro' a divided house
Causing inveterate enmity to spread.

In praise of noble birth can I say little:
The virtuous man I hold is truly noble;
B. 35 But the unjust, tho' he derive his birth
M. 10 From an illustrious Sire, who in renown
Exceeds e'en Jove, to me appears ignoble.

B. 39 How true, alas! this antient maxim proves;
M. 11 From a bad Father springs no virtuous Son.

B. Cresphontes 28 By wealth corrupted, ne'er may I become
M. 12 Abandon'd, nor associate with the wicked.

A. Thou in abundant treasures should'st delight,
B. 41 And not in these pursuits.
M. Inc. 64 B. To heap up riches,
And know no arts but those of gain, is base.

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With indignation oft have I beheld
The virtuous man's resemblance to the wicked
In the vain strife of words. Yet 'twere a thing B. 48
Not to be nam'd, nor e'er endur'd, in silence M. 13
To hear th' audacious miscreant's foul reproaches.

Why would'st thou raise me up, when from my soul
The memory of past woes is scarce effac'd? M. 15

He who still loves to prate, is not aware
How loathsome to his comrades such a guest. M. 17

ERECTHEUS.

Thou, O my Son, didst rightly in proposing B. 1
Such questions, and to thee will I unfold M. 2
(For thou art grown discreet, and wilt retain
After my death the counsels of thy Sire)
Maxims of virtue, which to youthful minds
May prove salubrious: much will I comprise
In a few words; first keep thy temper mild,
Give to the rich no preference, but behave
To all good men with equal courtesy:
If urg'd at the same time by two affairs,
Apply thy mind to one of them, and leave
The other. No ill-gotten wealth possess,
If in thy mansions long thou hop'st to dwell,
For there is no reliance on that gold
Which thro' injustice enters our abodes:
Yet must thou strive thy fortunes to improve,
Because nobility attends the rich,
And the espousals of illustrious dames
To them belong: but 'tis the poor man's lot,
Tho' wise, to lead a life estrang'd from fame
And from respect: make those thy friends, who speak

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Their thoughts with freedom, and bar fast thy doors
'Gainst those who strive thy favour to obtain
By abject flattery; choose for thy associates
Thy seniors, those licentious spirits loathe,
Who shine then only when they raise loud bursts
Of laughter: the delight which sinful pleasure
Affords is short. But never, O my Son,
When power supreme is thine, addict thyself
To scandalous amours among the vulgar:
He whets the sword against himself, he twines
The deadly noose, who of the virtuous poor
Contaminates the children. Nor advance
The wicked to high honours in the city:
For they when wealth abounds, or they obtain
A post of some authority, elate
With unforeseen prosperity, grow wanton.
Now give thy Sire thy hand, and O farewell.
But shame forbids me to prolong th' embrace,
For an unmanly soul ill suits the wise.

There's no affection can exceed what children
B. 35 Feel for their Mother; let this love, my Sons,
M. 8 Deep in your tender bosoms be implanted:
For no attachments equal kindred ties.

We rather ought to follow honest gain
B. 38 Than plunder: for our riches, if acquir'd
M. 9 By lawless means, can ne'er continue long.

B. 41 On a few friends I rather would rely,
M. 3 Than lead a swarm of dastards to the field.

No man who fights in a dishonest cause
B. 44, 42 Returns with safety. Hence doth it behove
M. 4, 5 A prudent General, if the Gods assent,
To take up arms, but not against their will.

By toil, the bliss of mortals is encreas'd;
B. 50 But a luxurious life, and abject fear,
M. 10 Or to ourselves or friends, no profit brings.

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Around my javelin let the spider weave
Her subtle threads; while I, grown old in peace,
Attune the song, and on my hoary head
A verdant chaplet bind, the Thracian shield B. 58 M. 6
Suspending o'er the columns which adorn
Minerva's temple, and with studious care
Expound the mystic writings of the wise.

But I assert, that they who nobly die
Are more alive than he who but exists B. 59 M. 11
With infamy.

To the small skiff be a large ship preferr'd. B. 61

But what's the worth of an adopted race?
For nature's bounteous gifts in more esteem B. 62 M. 7
Than their vain semblances, we ought to hold.

PRAXITHEA.

He who with liberal soul showers down his gifts, B. 64 M. 1
Is by mankind held dear; but they whose bounty,
Tho' not refus'd, comes slowly, are esteem'd
By far less generous. Here I stand resolv'd
My dearest Daughter to surrender up
To death: by various motives am I urg'd;
For first of all, no city that deserves
To be preferr'd to this, can I e'er find;
What's most essential, we who people it
Were not transplanted hither, (23) but the soil
On which we tread, produc'd us: other states
Change like the rolling die, and still collect
Fresh denizens from every various land.

(23) In Athens this language was not the mere flourish of Poetry; but Orators, and even Philosophers, expressed themselves in as high a strain relative to the antiquity of their countrymen; the following passage from a dialogue of Plato, called Menexenus, being couched in nearly the same terms:—Της δ' ευγενειας πρωτον υπαρξει τους δε η των προγονων ωγυγιος τε καλλιστ' ουσα, ωδε τις' ουχους τινας αποφαινομενη μονοικουντας η τη χωρα, αλλαθεν σφας ηκοντας, αλλ' αυτοχθονας, και τα ονται η πατριδι οικιστας και ζωντας· Και τροφους αντ υπο μητρος, ως αλλα, αλλ' υπο μητρος, της χωρας η ωκει. Plato, Ed. Serrani, V. 2. p. 237.

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But he who roaming from his native city
Dwells in another, like a beam unsound
Splic'd to support the edifice, in name
But not in deed becomes a citizen.
(24) Yet, O my friends, if this superfluous boast
May be allow'd, ours is a temperate clime
Where neither heat nor wintry cold prevails.
Pleas'd with the products of our native soil,
We search not after any luxury Greece
Or Asia yields. A race of valiant sons
We bear, the altars of our Gods to guard,
And guard our country. By one name alone
This city is distinguish'd, tho' the laws
Establish'd here are numerous. With what justice
Can I break thro' all these, when 'tis my duty
To yield up one who is ordain'd to die
For many? if I count them, from the greater
Distinguishing the less, one single house
Can ne'er transcend, ne'er rival the whole state.
But were my house supported in the stead
Of female issue, by a valiant Son,
Should I have scrupled, if the flames of war
Had caught our city, to have sent him forth
To battle, from a fear lest he might bleed?
O may my Children fight, may they obtain
Fame among men, nor empty shadows prove,
Born to no purpose, useless in the state.
Yet have the tears of the fond Mother, parting
From her beloved Sons, caus'd many youths,
Entering the field of battle, to become

(24) Five lines of the original which are here inserted in Dr. Musgrave's edition, which I have followed in the arrangement of them, are placed by Barnes among the Tragedies whose names are unknown, v. 410; though he observes, in a note, that they appear to belong to Erectheus; and Plutarch, in his Treatise on Exile, from whence he cites them, has subjoined them to some of the former part of this speech of Praxithea, the Wife of that Monarch.

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Effeminate. Those Women I detest
Who to the honour of their Sons prefer
Their lives, and counsel them to act like dastards.
In battle had my progeny expir'd,
They had obtain'd sepulchral rites, and fame
In common with full many; but a wreath
Peculiar to herself shall crown my Daughter,
Who singly bleeds a victim for this city,
To rescue me her Mother, rescue thee,
And her two Sisters. Is not each of these
A cause for her to lay down life with joy?
My Daughter, her who by no right was mine,
Except my having borne her, will I give
To save my country. Should this town be taken,
What benefit, alas! should I receive
From all my children? but this nation now
Shall thro' my means be sav'd: let others rule,
While I am the protectress of my country.
But as for what regards the public weal,
With my consent shall no man ever change
Those usages our ancestors held sacred;
Nor shall Eumolpus and the troops of Thrace
O'erthrow that sculptur'd Trident which is fix'd
Close to the Gorgon, wrought in massive gold
On the foundation of our walls; no wreath
Of laurel shall adorn th' invader's brow.
For you, O citizens, my womb was fruitful;
May ye escape and conquer: for to save
My dearest Athens, cannot I refuse
One single life thus claim'd. Ah, would to Heaven,
My country, thy inhabitants all lov'd thee
As I do, in thy precincts should we dwell
Happy ourselves, nor could affliction reach thee.

I know not how to form a just opinion
Of Shame; for there are seasons when 'tis needful, B. 119
At others it becomes man's greatest curse. M. 12

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B. 122 They sleep on the bare ground,
M. 13 Nor ever lave their feet in the cool spring.

B. 124. Borne safe by thee to th' Æthiopian land.
M. 14

EURYSTHEUS.

THIS cannot be, (25) Old Man, let not vain fear
B. 3 Disturb thee, all those images, the hand
M. 9 Of Dædalus hath wrought, appear endued
With motion and with sight, so great his skill.

B. 7 Such is the duty of a faithful Servant,
M. 4 Who's bound to keep the secrets of his Lord.

Men, without reason, scruple to beget
B. 9 A spurious race: for no reproachful name
M. 5 Can change the disposition of that youth
Whom nature fashion'd virtuous at his birth.

Now, the possessor of a wealthy house,
B. 12 From men devoid of virtue, but with power
M. 6 Invested, the first honours doth obtain:
For we less value brave exploits than gold.

B. 15 I know not in what balance we must poise
M. 7 Human affairs, and learn to act with wisdom.

M. 2 But with his sable falchion, like the ears
Of bearded grain, he mow'd them all away.

M. 3 Me to the realms of Orcus wilt thou send
Before my death: and well I know the goal
To which I must direct my swift career.

(25) The history and fate of Eurystheus are sufficiently illustrated by the Tragedy of Euripides, entitled the Heraclidæ, or Children of Hercules. The piece before us appears, from the argument prefixed by Barnes, to have been of the Satyric species. Dr. Musgrave supposes these lines to be spoken by Eurystheus to the Old Man, in reply to the latter, who asserted that he had seen Hercules after his descent into the infernal regions.

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THESEUS.

Better than gold, and all the vain delights
Which wealth can yield, is the society M. 5
Of men endued with justice and with virtue. M. 8

He who is poor and valiant, will not bear
The stings of want, but with rapacious hand B. 5
Seizes on the possessions of the rich. M. 9

(26)

A mingled species, whose portentous birth
Resembles nought e'er seen before; the Bull B. 21
Is thus confounded with the human race. M. 7

(27) Taught by a prudent man, I in my soul
Each possible calamity revolv'd,
Suppos'd myself an exile from my country,
Or that untimely death had torn away B. 26
Those whom I lov'd, thro' each ideal path M. 4
Of sorrow wandering; that whene'er I suffer
What I have long expected, my distress
May not become more poignant thro' surprise.

If from this day I dated all my grief,
Had I ne'er known till now such tedious voyage
Upon the waves of misery, like a colt B. 32
New to the yoke, when he the galling rein M. Incerta, 167
Endures for the first time, I might have winc'd:
But now am I grown callous thro' affliction.

Plac'd on the verge of Europe's wide domain. B. 37
M.

(26) Thirteen lines of the original, containing (according to Athenæus, by whom they are preserved) a description, by an illiterate Shepherd, of the letters which constitute the name of Theseus in the Greek, are here omitted, as by no means calculated for an English translation. The three lines B. 24—26. M. 1. are thrown out on account of the disgustful image they present to the reader.

(27) "Didiceret Theseus a sapiente quodam, hoc est ab Anaxagora "Euripides." Philelfi Consolatio ad Marcellum, p. 17. fol. Romæ 1473.

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THYESTES.

If riches fail, ignobly must thou wed:
B. 1 M. 1 For tho' men praise illustrious birth, they seek
To form alliances with those who prosper.

B. 4 M. 2 Sprung from a human Father, if thou hope
To live exempt from toil, thou art a fool.

B. Addenda, pref. p. 52. That love alone which kindred ties produce,
Is prompt to succour our afflicted friends.

If there are falshoods which delude mankind
M. 3 By a persuasive language, 'tis but just
On th' other hand to think that many things,
Which seem to us incredible, are truths.

INO.

O ye, my dearest comrades, would to Heaven
B. Addenda, pref. p. 52. That it were possible for me to dwell
As erst beneath the roofs of Athamas,
M. 2 And to recall the deeds I have committed.

B. Inc. 428 M. 1 But Ino's fate, which long hath slept, now wakes.

B. 1 Full many, by their boldness, strive to cast
M. 3 Over their shame a veil, and hide their crimes.

Gain honours now, ye wicked men, by force,
B. 3 Ransack each corner of the world for gold,
M. 4 Confounding right and wrong: ye at the last
Shall reap the harvest of your vile misdeeds.

B. 7 What luckless Mother bore, what Sire begot
M. 5 Envy, that hateful bane to man? where dwells she,
And in what members of our frame, the hands,

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Entrails, or eyes? great were their skill in medicine,
Who by incision, by salubrious draughts,
Or any drugs whatever, can remove
That malady most baleful to mankind.

The laws respecting women were ordain'd
Unwisely. For the number of the wives
The rich man is allow'd to take, should bear
Proportion to his fortune; from his house
The bad he thus might banish, and retain B. 18
The good to make him happy. But their views M. 7
Men now confine to one, and cast a die
Most hazardous. For tho' they have not tried
What are her morals, they a consort take,
And think such props their mansion will sustain.

How much more wretched are the female sex
Than men; in virtuous deeds left far behind, B. 26
And liable more frequently to sin! M. 8

Ah, wretched state of mortals, O ye souls
Of women, wrought in an imperfect mold: B. 29
To us how great a pest doth Venus prove! M. 9

Such an attendant ought we to allow
The matron, as without restraint will speak B. 31
Whatever justice dictates, but abhor M. 10
Each foul transgression which her eyes behold.

O let us spare the man of worth, but treat B. 34
The wicked with that scorn his crimes deserve. M. 11

From their illustrious birth, great hopes we form B. 36
That they shall wield the sceptre of this land. M. 12

Full many choose the Nymph, who, tho' devoid
Of beauty, from a noble lineage springs, B. 38
To be the Mother of their future Sons, M. 13
Whose good they thus consult, and in a Wife
Prefer exalted rank to abject gold.

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Whate'er it is thy duty to conceal
Let no man know: for with a little torch
B. 14 May Ida's forest easily be fir'd:
M. 6 And if to one a secret thou reveal,
It soon will be divulg'd thro' the whole city.

(28) INO.

All that behoves a noble dame, full well
I understand; strict silence can observe,
B. 41 When 'tis my duty; and when safe, can speak;
M. 14 See, or am blind, as suits me best; controul
My appetite; and tho' I now am wretched,
A liberal education have receiv'd.

Procure thy fortune by some honest means,
Avoid reproach, thy little pittance keep,
B. 46 Observing still the rigid laws of justice:
M. 15 Nor imitate the folly of that sailor,
Who, having proved successful once, at last
Lost all he had by venturing after more.

Thou see'st, how little shakes the Kings, whose power
Hath long been 'stablish'd, how a single day
Casts one man from his envied height, and lifts
B. 50 Another up. For wealth hath wings, and them
M. 16 Who erst were rich, from their presumptuous hopes
Fallen low, and prostrate in the dust, I view.

O Queen, the woes of many men are present,
Of some just ceas'd, and those again of others
B 55 With danger menace them: earth's foodful plants,
M. 17 And th' human race proceed in the same circle;
Some flourish, others waste in slow decay,
Or by the scythe are instantly mown down.

B. 60 Thro' life the wise are bound to cherish hope.
M. 18

(28) Valkenaer supposes this speech of Ino to be in answer to that which I have placed immediately before it; they are at a considerable distance from each other both in the editions of Barnes and Dr. Musgrave.

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When thou art prosperous, keep a steady rein, B. 61
And in thy woes auspicious hopes preserve. M. 19

Thou art a man; ah frown not on the wretched. B. 63
M. 20

There is no better medicine for the grief
Of man, than counsel from a virtuous friend;
But if the wretch whom this disease affects, B. 70
In solitude would rouse or calm his soul, M. Incerta, 75
Tho' for the present moment he forget
His cares, to-morrow utters double groans.

Observe the fate of mortals, nor repine
Beyond all measure; for not thou alone B. 76
Art to severe affliction left expos'd. M. 21

Beneath those deep sunk caves, without a torch, B. 89
Residing like some solitary beast. M. 22

By those who wander o'er the briny deep
She's call'd Leucothea, and her son obtains B. Adden-
The sailor's worship by Palæmon's name. da, p. 530.

IXION.

Assume the semblance of a virtuous man, B. 1
But act like him who scruples nought for gain. M. 1

Because the man whom nature with the love
Of gold inspires, from justice is estrang'd B. 3
Both in his thoughts and wishes, to his friends M. 2
Unfaithful, and a traitor to his country.

The greatest obstacles may be subdued
By courage; for no throne was e'er establish'd, B. 6
No family ennobled, but thro' toil. M. 3

Ixion Son of Phlegyas mighty King. M. 4

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HIPPOLYTUS, VEILED.

At Trivia Hippolitum secretis alma recondit
Sedibus, & nymphæ Ægeriæ, nemorique relegat,
Solus ubi in sylvis Italis ignobilis ævum
Exigeret, versoque ubi nomine Virbius esset.

VIRGIL.

HIPPOLYTUS, thrice happy youth,
Renown'd for chastity and truth,
B. 1 M. 18 What wreaths of fame are thine! on earth
Great is the power of real worth:
In life's beginning, or its end,
On piety rewards attend.

B. 9 M. Protesilaus 2 When two men speak, if one of them be angry,
He is most wise who ceases to contend.

But I pronounce, that in severe distress
B. 11 M. 2 No greater reverence can the Laws demand
Than stern Necessity.

O sacred Modesty, I would to Heaven
B. 14 M. 3 That thou in all mankind hadst been implanted,
And banish'd from the soul each thought impure.

Fortune bestows not on the virtuous man
B. 16 M. 4 Her choicest gifts; the bold, and they whose arm
Is with superior strength endued, seize all.

They who too scornfully reject the gifts
B. 19 M. 5 Of Venus, are as blameable as they
Who with immoderate eagerness pursue them.

But I have him who teaches real courage,
B. 25 M. 6 Whom snares inexplicable cannot hold,
E'en Love, the most resistless of the Gods.

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In (29) just requital for the flame he stole, B. 28
Another flame more hard to be subdued, M. 7
Woman, burst forth.

CHORUS.

O Theseus, I advise you to consider
What is the best expedient, nor rely B. 31
On woman, tho' perchance she utter truth. M. 8

Alas, alas, that facts themselves can utter
No sound articulate to human ears,
Then could no specious orator avail; B. 33
But now by fluent speeches men disguise M. 9
The clearest truth, and winning art misleads
Our judgement.

Among the bulk of mortals have I seen B. 42
Prosperity beget unseemly pride. M. 11

From riches pride or avarice ever spring. B. 44
M. 10

Preposterous love and hatred are the same, B. Add. p. 520
M. 17

THESEUS.

Bright Ether, and thou sacred Lamp of Day,
How grateful is your aspect to the blest, M. 14
And e'en to those who like myself are wretched.

Here have the Gods unrighteously determin'd. M. 16

(29) An allusion, as Dr. Musgrave observes in his note, to the passage in Hesiod, where Jupiter threatens Promethens with vengeance, for having stolen the flame from Heaven, and therewith introduces the orders he gives Vulcan to form Woman.

Σοι δ' αιδη μεγα πημα και ανδρασι τισσομενοισι.
Τοις δ' εγω αντι πυρος δωσω κακον, ω κεν απαντες
Τερπησθαι κηδη θυμον, εον κακον αμφαγαπαζης.
Opera & dies, v. 56.

But thou too late shalt find the triumph vain,
And read the folly in succeeding pain;
Posterity the sad effects shall know,
When in pursuit of joy they grasp their woe. COOKE.

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M. 13 You ought to undergo the punishment
Heath, p. 171 Due to those crimes with which you falsely charge me.

Heath, ib. An useless image did his son beget.

CADMUS.

Above us are the Heavens, the ancient seat
M. 1 Of the immortal Powers; this middle space
'Twixt Heaven and Earth by some hath been call'd Chaos.

Ah me! already am I half transform'd
M. Inc. 166 Into a Serpent, O, my Son, embrace
Valk. p. 12 All that remains of your unhappy Sire.

CRESPHONTES.

B. 1 But in th' infernal regions if he dwell
M. 9 Among the dead, he now hath lost his power.

MEROPE.

Not I alone bewail my Children's death
B. 7 And widow'd couch, but there are many dames
M. 3 Whose life, like mine, hath been one scene of woe.

MEROPE.

If, as thou say'st, my Husband meant to slay thee,
B. 6 Yet art thou bound to sheathe thy vengeful blade
M. 8 Until that time arrive when he resolv'd
To have accomplish'd his inhuman purpose.

B. 8 Tho' Fortune took away whate'er my soul
M. 10 Held dear, she in return bequeath'd me wisdom.

In this respect, like all the world beside,
B. 11 Am I, nor blush to own I love myself
M. 6 Better than others.

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First in the eyes ingenuous shame is seen. B. 13 M. 3

O Peace, with smiling plenty gay,
Most lovely of th' immortal train,
For thee, alas, I sigh in vain,
Impatient thro' thy long delay.
At length this feeble frame oppress
By toil, and age unwelcome guest,
Will sink, I fear, into the tomb,
Ere I behold thy graceful bloom,
And listen to the tuneful song, B. 14
While, crown'd with flowers, thy choral throng M.
Are at the festive banquet seen.
Visit this city, aweful Queen,
And from our blest abodes repell
Sedition, loathsome child of Hell.
Let Discord too thy vengeance feel,
Who brandishes the pointed steel.

The only gains which ought to be pursu'd B. 26
By man, are those whence no repentance springs. M. 5

Collecting all our friends, we should bewail
The new-born child who comes into a world
Where mischiefs swarm around him: but bear forth B. 30
Amidst rejoicings and auspicious songs, M. 1
Him who is dead, and ceases from his toil.

The race of fruitful Niobe, twice seven B. Addenda, p. 520.
In number, by the shafts of Phœbus died. M. 2

A (30) large extent of country, which with ease M. 12
Cannot be till'd, for by steep mountains girt

(30) The country spoken of in this paragraph is said, by Strabo, from whom Dr. Musgrave has extracted his account, to be Sparta, and that in the next, Messenia: these regions were situated in the South and South-East parts of the Peloponesus; the five smaller passages from the same author, which immediately follow these in Dr. Musgrave's edition, I have omitted, as containing nothing which could render them acceptable to the English reader.

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Are all its vallies: on this rugged soil
No fierce invader's foot presumes to tread.

Productive of luxuriant grain, refresh'd
By streams unnumber'd, by its herds of kine
M. 13 And fleecy sheep distinguish'd: from the blasts
Of freezing winter shelter'd, nor expos'd
To the immoderate beams of torrid suns.

THE CRETAN VIRGINS.

WHY (31) with such care should we select a Wife,
When they who have been educated well
B. Alopè 5 Bring greater shame upon their house, than they
Whose childhood by their Parents was neglected?

B. 2 My youthful follies ere I lay aside,
M. 2 And listen to austerer reason's voice.

B. 3 Thou never canst be blest, if thou refuse
M. 3 To toil: for sloth in a young man is base.

B. 6 What (32) lacks the festive board, or with what viand
M. 9 Is it not loaded? plenty of all food

(31) This passage, inserted by Barnes in his Alopè, v. 5, is, as Musgrave observes in his note, taken from Stobæus, Tit. 74, and there in the margin of Grotius's edition, p. 320, said to belong to the Ærope of Euripides, which in both Barnes and Musgrave is called Cressæ, from its Chorus consisting of Cretan virgins: but Dr. Musgrave, after pointing out their right place, has, through inadvertency, entirely omitted these verses in his edition.

(32) The line, Ἀι δαῖτες πως φαιδιμοι σοφοῖσιν, which Barnes, Carmelli, and Dr. Musgrave, have all retained, at the commencement of this passage, is the 426th line of Hippolytus in the first, and the 441st in the last of those editions, and appears to have so little claim to a repetition in this place, that I have made no scruple of omitting it: in the next passage they have all three concluded with three lines from the Electra, v. 1097, ed. Barnes, and 1104, Musgrave, and taken no notice in their comments of such repetition.

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That the seas furnish, tender veal, the goose,
Rich cakes and honied caudle are at hand.

Now wed, then perish by the venom'd bowl, B. 11
Or stratagems of thy perfidious Consort. M. 4

This truth from long experience well I know, B. 16
All cultivate the friendship of the rich. M. 5

When foul reproach attends our evil fortunes,
'Tis terrible indeed: yet if our doom
Be thus severe, we ought to cast a veil B. 23
Over our shame, nor idly publish it, M. 6
Which would but raise the laughter of our foes.

Indulge thy genius o'er the circling bowl. B. 27
M. 8

Death shall decide our strife ere I will yield. B. 29
M. 1

ATREUS.

By shewing in what mode the stars perform
Their retrograde career, I sav'd the people, B. 30
And hence am seated on th' imperial throne. M. 10

THE CRETAN PRIESTS.

But, O ye Cretans, Ida's sacred race, B. 1
Snatch up your bows and hasten to my aid. M. 1

CHORUS *to* Minos.

Sprung from Phœnicia's royal line,
Son of Europa Nymph divine,
And mighty Jove, thy envied reign
O'er Crete extending, whose domain
Is with an hundred cities crown'd——
I leave yon consecrated ground,
Yon fane, whose beams, the artist's toil, B. 3
With cypress rooted from the soil, M. 2
Hath fashion'd. In the mystic rites
Initiated, life's best delights

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I place in Chastity alone,
Midst Night's dread orgies wont to rove,
The priest of Zagreus (33) and of Jove;
Feasts of crude flesh I now decline,
And wave aloof the blazing pine
To Cybele, nor fear to claim
Her own Curetes' hallow'd name;
Clad in a snowy vest I fly
Far from the the throes of pregnancy,
Never amidst the tombs intrude,
And slay no animal for food.

LAMIA (34).

B. 1 WHO knows not Lamia's name thro' all the world
M. 1 Illustrious, tho' in Libyan deserts born?

LICYMNIUS.

SIMPLE, and unadorn'd, for great exploits
B. 1 Renown'd, a man whose wisdom is display'd
M. 1 In deeds alone, unskilful in harangues.

B. 4 Toil, they assert, is Father of Renown.
M. 2

B. 5 Teuthrantium, pride of Mysia's blest domain.
M. 3

(33) "Zagreus was the original Bacchus, and long prior to the Son of "Semele; he sprung, according to the poets, from Jupiter and Proser- "pine, and signified beer, which is composed of corn and rain water, "as Bacchus means wine. Nonnus introduces an account of the "birth of Zagreus towards the close of the fifth book of his Dionysiaca. "Zagreus was also a name given to Bacchus at his sacred rites, as is "evident from the hymns of Orpheus."

(34) See Pausanias, ed. Kuhnii, p. 825. Lamia is there called the daughter of Neptune, and said to be the first female who prophesied.

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Mighty King,
Whom laureat wreaths delight, O Bacchus, Pæan,
Apollo skill'd in the persuasive lyre.

B. Adden-da, p. 520.
M. 4

MELANIPPE.

Jove, as he's truly call'd, was Hellen's Sire.

B. 1
M. 2

Whoe'er Jove be, for I of him know nought
Except what I have heard.

B. 2
M. 1

Many there are who for the sake of mirth
Indulge facetious satire: but I loathe
Those sons of laughter, whose unbridled tongues
Insult the wise; they ought not to be number'd
'Mong men, altho' we smile at their conceits:
Yet have they houses of their own, and lodge
In ponderous chests the treasures they have gain'd.

B. 4
M. 20

But (35) of her virgin honour when bereft,
If she expos'd her Sons, because she fear'd
Her Father's anger, wilt thou murder them?

B. 11
M. 23

Not I, but my sagacious Mother taught,
That Heaven and Earth at first were intermingled,
And wore one form, but when they from each other
Were separated, they to all things gave
A birth, and into light produc'd trees, birds,
Beasts of the forest, fishes in the waves
Of ocean nourish'd, with man's nobler race.

B. 14

(35) The 186th Fable of Hyginus contains the history on which this Tragedy is supposed to be founded. Dionysius Halicarnassensis, from whom the three lines contained in this paragraph are cited by the editors of Euripides, speaks of them as part of the expostulation of Melanippe with her Father, whose name it seems was Desmontes, on his intention of destroying the Sons she had borne in consequence of her amour with Neptune: but they rather seem to be spoken by the Chorus, pleading with Desmontes in favour of his Daughter and her Children.

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Think ye that crimes are borne on rapid wings
Up to the Gods, and written in the tablets (36)
Of Jove, that he examines them, and thence
B. 19 Distributes justice? not the Heavens themselves
M. 3 Were large enough to hold all man's misdeeds,
If by the God transcrib'd, nor can he mark
And punish individuals. But here dwells
Justice amongst us, would ye but behold her.

B. 27 The slothful citizen is void of worth.
M. 4

B. 30 Heavens! what a man! he's young and yet morose.
M. 5

The name he bears will to a virtuous Slave
B. 31 Be of no prejudice; for there are many
M. 6 In that low station who excel the Free.

Than an abandon'd Woman is there nought
B. 33 More worthless, and no merit can exceed
M. 7 The virtuous Dame's; so different are their natures.

Hard is the lot of the whole female race,
Expos'd to hate: for they who have transgress'd,
B. 36 Unto the virtuous their reproach transmit,
M. 7 And to the chaste th' unchaste; hence men believe
We all are faithless to the nuptial vow.

B. 41 The man who wooes a damsel not ordain'd
M. 8 To be his bride, exerts a fruitless toil;

(36) Pacatus, in his Panegyric on the Emperor Theodosius, seems to have availed himself of this thought, as a vehicle for that fulsome adulation, which distinguishes the writers who lived, not only during the decline, but at every period of the Roman Empire;—"Ut illi Majestatis tuæ participi Deo feruntur assistere Fata cum Tabulis; sic tibi aliqua vis divina subservit, quæ quod dixeris scribat et suggerat." Panegyrici Vet. p. 325. Ed Delph. Paris 1676. Theodosius reigned towards the close of the fourth century, and his name is enrolled among the Christian Emperors; but surely this inversion of making the Supreme Being his Partner in the imperial dignity, is a strain beyond what Pagan rulers were accustomed to hear of themselves, when compared with Jupiter. La Baune the Editor considers it as doubtful whether Pacatus was a Christian or a Pagan; but the works of such sycophants may be considered as a disgrace to Religion as well as to Literature.

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But she whom for his arms the Fates reserve,
Comes to his house tho' unsollicited.

Sure they who wed the Dame of noble birth
Or large possessions, make a foolish choice:
For when a Woman's interest in the house B. 45
Prevails, the Husband must become a slave, M. 9
And lose his freedom: nought avails the wealth
Which he by wedlock gains, for a divorce
Is then not easy.

A Wife selected from the middle rank,
Discreet and virtuous, is the greatest blessing B. 51
Heaven can bestow, or favour'd man obtain. M. 10

Except (37) my Mother, I all women hate. B. 54 M. 11

Of his egregious folly would I warn
The man who, lacking children of his own,
Into his house admits the stranger's race, B. 55 M. 12
And strives to alter Fate's supreme decrees.
For he to whom Heaven grants no issue, ought
To rest content, nor murmur 'gainst the Gods.

Hard is the lot of any gentle youth B. 60
Subject to a morose and churlish Sire. M. 13

Indeed I know not in what light we ought
To view Nobility. For I pronounce
That they who are endued with manly courage, B. 62 M. 24
And just, tho' they from servile Parents spring,
Possess what empty titles cannot give.

(37) "From this and other like sentences, besides his introducing on "the stage many harlots, adultresses, sorceresses, and women who "murdered their husbands, as Clytemnestra, Helen, Phædra, Pasiphaë, "Medea, Ærope, and Sthenobœa, Euripides was called by the antients, "the Woman-Hater: but he gained this epithet only among the unlearn-"ed; for others acknowledged the candour of the poet, and that, as "often as the subject required, he bestowed abundant praises on the "sex, and exhibited excellent virgins and heroines, faithful, chaste, "intrepid, and wise, as Alcestis, Evadne, Iphigenia, Electra, Polyxena, "Andromache, and Macaria." BARNES.

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B. 66
M. 15
Full many men there are who, O my Son,
Thrive in the temperate clime of humbler life;
But pomp is the forerunner of destruction.

B. 68
M. 16
Him I pronounce a wise and temperate man
Who hath learnt how to bear each change of Fortune.

B. 70
M. Incerta, 71
Yours is the case of many, not content
With what they have, but grasping after more,
To their own folly they their ruin owe.

B. 73
M. 17
This is an ancient saying: young men's actions,
But hoary veterans' counsels, bear the prize.

B. 75
M. 18
What's an old man, but a mere voice and shadow?

B. 76
M. 19
Why wilt thou not permit the dead to rest
Beneath the silent tomb, ah, why renew
The streams of tears thou hast already shed?

M. 25
It is impossible they who commit
A deed of infamy should lie conceal'd:
For Time sees all things with his piercing eyes.

B. Incerta, v. 431
M. 27
First, by unerring oracles, to man
The mystic will of Heaven did she unfold,
Drawn from the aspect of the rising stars.

MELEAGER.

Cencesit in iras
Ipse Deam antiquam genitor Calydona Dianæ.
VIRGIL.

B. Add. p. 521 & Melanippe, 78
M. 1
This (38) spot is Calydon, from Pelops', land
Sever'd by friths, with plenteous harvests blest,
O'er these Ætolian regions Oeneus rules,

(38) This passage, of which only the first and two last lines are in Barnes, is collected in its present form by Dr. Musgrave. The passage in regard to Tydeus devouring the head of Melanippus, B. 3. M. 18. was, I thought, best omitted.

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Porthaon's Son, his Consort was Althæa,
Sister of Leda, Thestius' lovely Daughter.

The King, when he had reap'd th' exuberant grain,
And his first fruits presented to the Gods, B. 1
No victim on Diana did bestow.

Attentive to the present state, thou seest B. 5
How thou my evil fortunes hast assuag'd, M. 19

In his right hand an iron mace he bore. B. 6 M. 4

But Meleager is the name thou bear'st, M. 2
Doom'd to pursue an inauspicious prey.

Cowards have no pretension to be number'd B. 7
In battle; they, tho' near at hand, are absent. M. 7

How great a comfort is it to the slave,
To find a virtuous master, and the master B. 9 M. 8
Is also happy in a faithful slave.

If e'er I enter on the wedded state,
(Which Heaven forefend!) my mansions to adorn,
May I beget a valiant race, with nerves B. 11
Strung by assiduous labour; for the Sons M. 9
Whose Sire and Mother both have been inur'd
To lead a hardy life, are most courageous.

I therefore judg'd, that to a virtuous mate,
A worthless Consort, if in wedlock join'd, B. 16
Could ne'er bring forth a noble progeny. M. 10
But if each parent glow with patriot zeal,
From them heroic children must descend.

A golden Eagle deck'd the massive shield
Of Telamon, which dauntless he oppos'd
To the fierce Savage; with the clustering vine B. 19
His brows he girt, this warrior was the pride M. 6
Of happy Salamis his native land:
Hated by Venus, from th' Arcadian fields

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Came Atalanta, with her hounds, her bow,
And biting axe, in an embroider'd vest.
The (39) Sons of Thestius follow'd her, all bare
Was their left foot, their right in sandals clad,
That they with greater ease might bend the knee;
Such is the usage of Ætolian youths.

If man should wield a shuttle, while the love
B. 29 Of arms invaded every female breast;
M. 11 Thro' such-absurd desertion of th' employments
They understand, both sexes would prove worthless.

B. 33 The virtuous Dame remains at home: but she
M. 12 Who ranges much abroad is void of merit

These are the best possessions, O my Mother,
And far beyond all wealth which takes its flight
B. 35 On rapid wings; because a virtuous race
M. 13 Of Children are a treasure to their house,
In them the Parents find their youth renew'd,
And fame transmitted to each distant age.

Two blessings only, thou with all thy gold
B. 40
M. 14 Canst never buy, a generous soul and valour:
From the deform'd tho' beauteous children spring.

Be courteous to the living: for the dead
B. 43
M. 15 Are but mere dust and shadows, they arose
From nothing, and to nothing are reduc'd.

B. 45 Alas! how soon doth Jove o'erthrow the prosperous!
M. 16

Sweet is the light to me, but none who view'd
B. 45 The dreary realms of Pluto e'er return'd
M. 17
Valk. p. 240 Into this upper world: I who derive

(39) "The two Brothers of Althæa, Meleager's Mother; their names "according to Pausanias were Prothous and Cometes; but Ovid calls "them Toxeus and Plexippus. This account of those who assembled "at the hunting of the Caledonian boar, is preserved in the Saturnalia "of Macrobius, L. 5, c. 18." BARNES.

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My birth from an illustrious house, abhor
The griesly tyrant Death, instead of wishing
For his approach. Than life there's nought more precious;
Here shines the sun, 'tis darkness all beneath.

Venus is partial to the midnight gloom : B. 28
But day's broad glare constrains us to be wise. M. 29

Grant me, O Jove, yon furious Boar to slay. M. 23

OEDIPUS.

(40)

By fate is it ordain'd that man shall reap B. 7
The bitter harvest of his wicked schemes. M. 4

In the same ruin, Envy, which perverts B. 9
The souls of many, hath involv'd us both. M. 7

Which is most useful, wisdom void of courage,
Or boldness join'd with folly? tho' perverse, B. 11
This guards us from our foes, *that* causes peace: M. 6
But there in both lurks somewhat most unsound.

Tho' Love be one, the joys which he bestows
Are various; some indulge a guilty passion,
And others a more honourable flame:
But that Love only which his votaries leads B. 15
To chastity and virtue, is the Love M. 15
Man should desire; may I be one of those
Who to the God such purer homage yield.

(40) The two lines, which in Barnes stand at the beginning of this piece, are already inserted as the first sentence of the Antigone: the four next lines are rejected by Valkenaer and Heath, who consider them only as the words of the Scholiast on the Phœnissæ, v. 61. The line B. 32, is, by Stobæus, Tit. 73, ascribed to an unknown writer, and not to Euripides.

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Not in pale silver only and in gold
B. 19 Consists man's wealth: but virtue is a treasure
M. 5 Of general use, and plac'd within our reach.

The disposition ought to be observ'd;
B. 22 For lovely features are of no avail
M 8 When they but serve to hide a tainted heart.

Sufficient empire is it for a man
To have a Wife and Children: I pronounce
That his calamities who loses these,
B. 24 Is equal to the exile's who is reft
M. 9 Of all his fortunes. For the best possession
Bestow'd on mortals is a virtuous Consort.

B. 29 Her Lord's behest each virtuous Dame obeys;
M. 1 But the unchaste thro' folly scorns her Husband.

B. 31 There's nought so hard to be subdued as Woman.
M. 10

B. 33 Inferior to her Lord is every Wife,
M. 2 Tho' a mean Peasant wed the noblest Dame.

Full many revolutions in our life
B. 35 And fortune, Jove hath caus'd: but this one day
M. 11, 12 To thee is with unnumber'd changes fraught.

B. 38 The making our misfortunes known to all,
M. 13 Is foolish; the concealing them, discreet.

B. 40 From bliss unhop'd for, man receives a joy
M. 14 Much greater than from that which he expected.

B. Add. p. 521 (41) But on the ground when we had thrown the Son
M. 3 Of Polybus, we of his eyes bereft him.

(41) In this passage, which is cited by the Scholiast on the Phœnissæ, Euripides contradicts both himself and Sophocles, in representing the eyes of Oedipus as being put out by the servants of Laius, who no doubt considered him as the real son of Polybus who had educated him. Valkenaer echoes Heath in representing Barnes as having omitted these two lines, which would immediately have occurred to them, had they given themselves the trouble of turning to his Addenda.

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OENEUS.

DIOMEDE.

HAIL, Calydon, my lov'd paternal land,
Whence erst, polluted with a kinsman's gore, B. 1 M. 1
Tydeus my Sire, the Son of Oeneus, fled
To Argos, where the Daughter of Adrastus
He wedded, and a great alliance form'd.

But various manners, various men delight. B. 6 M. 4

DIOMEDE.

Art thou thus left to perish by thy friends?

OENEUS.

Some of the friends I had, are now no more; B. 7 M. 4
And they who yet survive, devoid of courage,

DIOMEDE.

But I aveng'd my noble Father's death, B. 9 M. 3
Assisted by the children of the slain.

He who observes th' opinions of mankind,
Can, like a magnet, their inconstant souls B. 11 M. 5
Attract, as suits his purpose, or repell.

No truce is granted: yet th' unhappy love B. 14 M. 7
Oft to relate, and to bewail, their woes.

A man's own children only, to the last
Preserve their faith unshaken: for his kindred B. 16 M. 6
May be corrupted by the lust of gain.

But when the wicked triumph, O my friends;
With power invested, fancying vengeance sleeps, B. 18 M. 9
They follow lawless pleasures unrestrain'd.

Full many a shaft of Bacchus, at the head
Of that old man they aim'd: but 'twas my office B. 21 M. 8
To crown with garlands him who reach'd the mark,

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Such the reward assign'd, for having thrown (42)
The foaming wine most dextrously aloof,
And caught it in his bowl with festive sound.

OENOMAUS.

B. 1
M. 6 We by the present judge of what's unseen.

B. 2
M 1 Who meddles most, of all men most offends.

In doubt I still remain, nor can discover
Whether, a race of children to beget,
Is best for man, or to enjoy the fruits
Of life without them: for I see that they
B. 3
M. 2 Are wretched who have none, and they who bear
A father's name not happier; for if Sons
Prove wicked, they are curses; but if good,
Ensues this evil, the paternal breast
They fill with care, lest mischief should befall them.

The first of all attainments is to bear
What happens with composure. Such a man
B. 11
M. 3 Is truly good, calamity on him
Inflicts but a slight wound: but tho' in words
We on this topic ably can expatiate,
The difficulty lies in acting well.

But whosoever wishes to attain
B. 16
M. 4 Th' ill-omen'd period of old age, is void
Of reason; for unnumber'd cares attend
Life lengthen'd out beyond its usual date.

(42) The word κοτταβος, which it is impracticable to render into English without much circumlocution, is amply discussed by Henry Stephens in his Greek Thesaurus, and Athenæus, in whom it takes up near four pages at the commencement of his fifteenth book. Suidas extracts his article κοτταβιζειν, from the Scholiast on Aristophanes' Comedy of Peace, v. 642.

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Old age, what pleasing hopes dost thou afford !
And all men wish to reach thy distant goal : B. 19
But he who makes the trial, with regret M. Incerta, 78
Acknowledges that there is nought more grievous.

There is a pleasure, e'en amidst our woes,
In lamentation and a stream of tears, B. 23
Because such lenitives beguile the grief M. 5
Which prey'd within, and ease the labouring heart.

PALAMEDES.

THOUSANDS are qualified to lead an host: B. 1
But ages scarce produce one truly wise. M. 1

PALAMEDES.

To banish curst oblivion, I alone
The mute and vocal parts of th' alphabet
In syllables arranging, shew'd to man
The use of letters, that the mariner,
While his swift keel divides the foaming wave,
May be inform'd of all events which pass
In his lov'd country : that the dying Father B. 3
His last behests by writing may explain, M. 2
And portion out th' inheritance he leaves
Among his children, so that each may know
He hath his right. The faithful tablet ends
All strife, nor suffers man to utter falshood.

When we confide in those we now distrust,
And grow suspicious of our present friends, B. 12
Perchance we may be sav'd : the greatest cause
Is there to dread those citizens on whom
We now implicitly rely, and use
The services of those we scorn'd : for hence

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May we expect redemption. If these measures
Prove inauspicious, how can we, by taking
A contrary direction, fail of safety?

O Agamemnon, Fortune in the eyes
Of all mankind looks seemly, the whole world
Concur in entertaining one idea
B. 19
M. 3 Of riches; both the votaries of the Muse,
And they who lead a life far far estrang'd
From her harmonious accents, toil for gold,
And he's deem'd wisest who possesses most.

Ill can I relish such delights
As haunting Bacchus' frantic rites,
B. 24 With Cybelé, who, thro' the grove
M. 5 On Ida's summit wont to rove,
Transported shakes the solid ground
Oft as he hears her timbrels sound.

With ruthless hands, O Greeks, have ye destroy'd
That Nightingale who the persuasive strains
B. 30 Of wisdom chanted; your accursed rage,
M 1 That inoffensive votary of the Muse,
The best of all your citizens, hath murder'd.

Not he who hath committed no injustice
Is therefore just, but he who hath the power
Of doing wrong, yet will not; neither he
Who can abstain from taking little bribes,
B. Adden. p. 522 But he who perseveres in scorning great ones
Which he with safety might receive and hold;
Nor yet the man who merely is content
All these restraints t' observe, but, with a soul
Above all fraud and generous, he whose wish
Is to be truly just, and not to seem so.

M. 8 Of thee, long since, O Ajax, did I wish
To ask this question, but I had not leisure.

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PIRITHOUS.

THEE, I invoke, who from thyself alone
Deriv'st thine origin, thro' thee all nature
Fix'd in th' etherial vortex wheels around: B. 1
The radiant Sun, in party-colour'd robe M. 2
Array'd, the dusky Night, and countless host
Of stars, assembling form th' incessant dance.

He did not rashly hazard the crude thoughts
By inexperience dictated, who first B. 6
This saying did invent; that Fortune aids M 6
Their cause, whose souls by wisdom are inspir'd.

With chains more strong B. 9
Than those of brass the Hero's feet are bound. M. 4

'Twere better far to die, than live ignobly. B. 10
M. 8

In a perpetual current, which ne'er leaves
Its channel dry, unwearied Time rolls on,
And still is his own Father. The two Bears B. 13
Move swift, and guard with brawny chests the pole
Supported by gigantic Atlas' might.

My country's Argos, Hercules my name,
Jove universal Father of mankind,
Begot me, for my *virtuous* Mother's bed M. 5
He in disguise (43) ascended: I come hither
Forc'd by the haughty mandates of Eurystheus.

More safe than any law is a good usage
Well 'stablish'd, *this* no crafty orator M 7

(43) The line Ζευς ως λαθοιμι της αθθιμης υπο, having already occurred in the Melanippe at the very commencement in Barnes's edition, and having strongly the appearance of being erroneously foisted into this passage, in which it stands in Dr. Musgrave's edition as the 4th line, is omitted in the version: "*unknown to her, and having assumed the form of Amphitryon,*" or somewhat to that purpose, would better accord with the epithet κλυτη.

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Can e'er pervert, tho' *that* he by the dint
Of specious language may explain away.

THE DAUGHTERS OF PELIAS.

B. 1 M. 1 THE Gods are not unjust: but from the deeds
Of impious mortals much confusion springs.

B. 3 M. 4 Kick not against the spurs of those who rule.

But as for that great object kingly Power
Which all mankind admire, nought canst thou find
B. 5 M. 5 More miserable: for he who but subsists
By robbery, and the murder of his friends,
Must ever tremble at some lurking vengeance.

I praise thee, O my Daughter; but would give
This wholesome counsel; while thou yet remain'st
A virgin, raise not thy aspiring thoughts
B. 9 M. 6 Above that sphere which suits a bashful maid;
Among the comrades of thy youth, adopt
Their manners, but when thou the genial bed
Of an illustrious Husband shalt ascend,
Abandon other subtle schemes to man.

B. 14 M. 7 They with an interested view bestow
Their presents, and confine them to the rich.

PELEUS.

B. 1 M. 2 HEAR, O ye Fates, of all th' immortal Powers
Who sit the nearest to the throne of Jove.

There is no shade among mankind so thick,
B. 3 M. 3 No cavern in earth's bowels so profound,
As to conceal the sinner's tainted heart,
Tho' he with matchless wisdom be endued.

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In my opinion, of no real value
To man, is wealth, which Jove, with greater ease
Than he first fashion'd, can reduce to nought. B. 6 M. 4

Old age, my Son, is more discreet and safe
Than youthful counsels, and a sage experience
O'er inexperienc'd ardour doth prevail. B. 8 M. 5

PENELOPE.

It is a thing impossible, that they
Who have committed any foul misdeed
Should lie conceal'd, for with keen piercing eyes
Time is endued, and all things can discern. B. 1

PLISTHENES.

Not to the wavering multitude entrust
Supreme authority, nor yet depress them,
Shewing a partial deference to the rich;
Forbear to banish him who is attach'd
To th' interests of the people, or to raise him
Too high, for it were dangerous, lest he hence
Become a mighty King: but check the man
Who to himself such honours dares assume
As he deserves not: for whene'er they prosper
The wicked to the city are a pest. B. 1 M. 1

From these incessant goblets which they drain'd,
A melody beneath the vaulted roof
Was heard, most grateful to the Cyprian Queen. B. 8 M. 4

In my opinion ill doth it become
Either a King or Hero, to contend
With any vile antagonist, for glory
Hence to the weaker combatant accrues. B. 10 M. Incerta, 43.

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O Gold, thou art not burdensome to those
Who carry thee; but many toils, and cares
B. 13
M. 6 Most baleful, are thy comrades, the whole life
Of man thy votary is with sorrow fraught.

B. 16
M. 3 Let fleecy victims at the altars bleed.

POLYIDUS.

Ha! the voracious (44) Eagle I behold
Is hovering o'er these cliffs, the Boy no doubt
Lies dead on the dry land: for had a bird
M. 1 Who dwells amid the waves, fled from the coast
B. 1 Into the ocean, this would sure denote
That there the stripling found a watery grave:
But now, forsaking her accustom'd haunts,
Hither in quest of food she wings her way;
The corse then floats not on the briny main.

They who are vers'd in every liberal art
Are most unhappy, since to lie expos'd
B. 4
M. 3 To cruel taunts from th' undiscerning vulgar
Who call them fools, is misery-sure, not bliss.

(44) This passage is supposed to be the speech of Polyidus, who, by the account given of him in Hyginus, appears to have been a celebrated soothsayer in Crete, and to have restored to life Glaucus the son of Minos and Pasiphae, whose body could not be found till discovered by Polyidus, he having fallen into a cask filled with honey as he was playing at tennis. The word ἁλιαιετὸς, which Pliny renders Haliæetos, and calls the sixth and last species of the Eagle, is said, in his Natural History, to signify a bird which feeds chiefly upon fishes. The context evidently shews that Ælian's censure of Euripides, in the 2d chapter of his 5th book de Naturâ Animalium, for *here* speaking of the Owl, which is not to be found in Crete, must have arisen either from an erroneous text, or his own mistake in quoting from memory; the Owl not being a bird which seeks its prey on the sea-shore. In Barnes the two first and two last lines are wanting: but Valkenaer and Dr. Musgrave supply them from the Scholia on Hermogenes.

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Nor is the goblet, and the plenteous feast,
The only blessing wealth bestows on man; B. 7
For in affliction too its power is great. M. 4

Much wealth is thine, yet seem'st thou void of reason:
In riches there is folly, but constrain'd B. 10
Thro' misery to exert her utmost force, M. 5
Doth Poverty gain wisdom for her portion.

Frantic are they who vain expence bestow B. 13
On the remains of their departed friends. M. 6

Who knows but Life may justly be esteem'd
A state of Death, and Death the blest commencement B. 15
Of fresh Existence in the shades beneath? M. 2

He who employs the talents nature gave
In some pursuit of real use, is wise. M. 7

Such cost thou on thy house employ'st in vain. M. 8

Small were a shrine, like that which you describe
For the sepulchral mansion of a King:
Let its dimensions every way be doubled, M. 9
But do not deviate from the cubic form.

(45) With him sweet Cretan pipes he in the tomb M. 10
Deposited, and bones of dappled hinds.

PROTESILAUS.

Avaunt, and leave this threshold, ye Profane, B. 1 M. 1

Common and free to all be the embraces B. 2
Of every woman. M. 9

(45) The passage of Plutarch referred to by Dr. Musgrave, whence the above lines are taken, is in his treatise on the impossibility of living happily according to the doctrines of Epicurus, Op. Mor. p. 1104. ed. Paris 1624: he there speaks of the custom of burying with the dead what was most dear to them, and of Minos's interring his son Glaucus, whom we must hence infer to have been a musician, and fond of hunting.

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LAODAMIA.

B. 5 Tho' stretcht on earth he lie a breathless corse,
M. 7 The man I lov'd, I never will betray.

He who henceforth in the same censure blends
All women, is perverse and void of wisdom:
B. 4 Great is their number; many wilt thou find
M. 3 Corrupt, but others, like this virtuous Dame,
Endued with the most elevated soul.

B. 8 There's nothing strange, alas! in what thou say'st,
M. 4 That he who is a mortal should be wretched.

B. 9 By foolish hopes mankind are oft beguil'd.
M. 6

B. 10 Sufferings like his both thee and all await.
M. 5

M. 10 What strong effects do ye, O Children, work
Like magic philtres on the soul of man!

RHADAMANTHUS.

By various passions are our lives engross'd;
One craves nobility, another cares not
For titles, but is anxious to be call'd
The founder of a wealthy house; he too
B. 1 Who from his soul ne'er spoke an honest truth,
M. 2 Delights by mere effrontery to persuade
All those around him; some at the expence
Of virtue seek base lucre; thus the life
Of man is all one error. But I wish
For nought beyond an honourable name.

B. 9 Who in Eubœa's neighbouring region dwell.
M. 1

(46) STHENOBŒA.

B. 1 THERE's no man who in all respects is blest:
M. 1

(46) "Sthenobœa, daughter of Iobates, king of Lycia, after her "marriage to Prœtus king of Argos, entertained an unlawful passion

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Either he's nobly born, yet poor; or sprung
From abject fathers tills a fruitful soil.

So void is Love of reason, that the more — B. 4
We counsel him, he but the more afflicts us. — M. 6

The wandering life of mariners affords
No sumptuous table, but a lowly hut
Built on the shore; we plough our watry Mother, — B. 6
The Ocean, whom no rude foot tramples on; — M. 3
Aided by nets and barbed hooks, from her
A sustenance to our abode we drag.

With every tuneful accent, winning Love — B. 12
Inspires the mute the unharmonious tongue, — M. 8
And makes the man who was an ideot wise.

Tho' Fortune smile not, antient proverbs tell, — B. 15
By industry man's sorrows are assuag'd. — M. 5

(47) Whate'er she from her hand by chance let fall, — B. 19
" This I devote," she instantly exclaim'd, — M. 4
" To the deceas'd, to our Athenian guest."

" for her Husband's guest Bellerophon of Corinth: upon his refusing to
" listen to her, she falsely complained to her Husband of his having of-
" fered violence to her. Prœtus, dreading to infringe the laws of hos-
" pitality, sent him to his Father-in-law with letters, desiring him to kill
" the bearer: hence came the proverb. " Bellerophon's letters," sig-
" nifying those which make against the person who conveys them. But
" after he had slain the Chimæra and the Lycians, who lay in ambush to
" destroy him; Bellerophon's innocence appeared in so satisfactory a
" light to Iobates, that he gave him one of his Daughters (whose name,
" according to Apollodorus, was Philonoë) in marriage: and Sthenobœa,
" unable to endure the infamy in which she had involved herself, ended
" her life by drinking hemlock. This history is in the 6th book of Homer's
" Iliad, excepting that Prœtus's Wife is there called Antæa." BARNES.

(47) It was customary among the antients to devote whatever accidentally fell from the table at their banquets to their deceased friends: in these two lines we may suppose the Chorus, which probably consisted of Sthenobœa's attendants, to be speaking of their Mistress at the time she apprehended Bellerophon to have perished in Lycia through the stratagems she had devised against him, and was stung with remorse for her perfidious conduct. The two last lines in this piece, which form

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B. 21 Carry her in: he who is truly wise
M. On female honour never will rely.

SISYPHUS.

THERE was a time, when free from all restraint
B. 1 Of law, by force alone, Man like the brutes
M. 1 Was govern'd; on the virtuous, no reward,
No chastisement attended on the wicked.
But after this, it seems, were penal edicts
Devis'd, that Justice, mighty Queen, might rule
The human race, and in subjection hold
Audacious rapine; whosoe'er transgress'd
Was punish'd. After these severer laws
Each deed of open violence had curb'd,
And they transgress'd more secretly, there seems
To have arisen one endued with craft,
And vers'd in stratagems, who finding out
A mode of striking with dismay those sinners
Who either acted, spoke, or thought amiss
In private; introduc'd that new machine
Religion, and asserted, that "a God
"Who flourishes in everlasting bloom,
"Fraught with a penetrating soul, hears, sees,
"Marks all these foul misdeeds, and in his memory
"Retains them; he by nature is divine,
"No word that mortals utter, can escape
"His ears, his eyes discern each impious action:
"Whatever mischief thou in silence plann'st,
"Can ne'er escape the blest immortal Powers,
"For boundless is their knowledge." By such tales
As these, th' impostor introduc'd with ease

a detached Fragment, are the language likely for Proetus to have made use of on detecting the guilt of his Wife Sthenoboea.

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His sweet and specious doctrines, mingling truth
With falshood; and resolv'd to strike the souls
Of mortals with astonishment, pretended
The Gods there dwell, whence well he knew those fears
Which vex mankind originate, those toils
Which make life wretched: this he strove to shew
By planetary motions, by the flash
Of lightning, by the thunder's dreadful sound,
And the fair face of Heaven o'erspread with stars,
Stupendous workmanship of Time, sage artist,
Wrought by whose hand the glowing Sun performs
His course unwearied, and the genial showers
Moisten the ground. He with such terrors caught
The race of men; on their account, in words
Did he extol, and in the blest abodes
Cause his pretended Deities to dwell,
Extinguishing injustice by the laws.
E'en thus mankind were at the first I deem, B. 41
Persuaded that the race of Gods exist. M. 2

Brave offspring of Alcmena, I rejoice B. 43
That thou art come, and that yon miscreant's slain. M. 3

(48) SCIRON.

To punish villains is a glorious task. B. 1
M. 4

(48) The robber Sciron, from whom this piece (of which are very few Fragments remaining) derives its name, infested the borders of Attica, near the sea-shore between Megara and Crointh: he was slain by Theseus, as mentioned in the Hippolytus of our author. But this and the preceding piece of Sisyphus are called Satyrical from the the Satyrs, who probably (as in the Cyclops, which is transmitted down to us entire) constituted the Chorus. The two principal passages which remain of the Sciron are preserved by Julius Pollux, and also inserted in Casaubon, De Poesi Satyrica, p. 142. ed. Rambach; they are the 1st and 5th in Dr. Musgrave's edition, but Barnes has inserted only the first: after examining them with the assistance of the comments and interpretations, I find myself incapable of exhibiting them to any advantage in an English dress.

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THE DAMSELS OF SCYROS.

How various are the fortunes of mankind!
Some prosper, but o'er others who revere
B. 1 M. 2 The immortal Gods, malignant fates impend,
Tho' they with anxious circumspection lead
A life of justice pure from every stain.

B. 6 M. 3 They who are wise conceal their own disgrace.

PHYSICIAN.

B. 7 M. 1 Your (49) Daughter is diseas'd, her life's in danger.

LYCOMEDES.

What is her malady? a bilious cough
B. 8 M. Inc. 95 With the oppressive pleurisy combin'd?
Such foes her frame's too tender to withstand.

ULYSSES *to* ACHILLES.

B. Addenda, Pref. p. 52. Sprung from the noblest Sire, by carding wool
Dost thou bely the glories of thy race?

SYLEUS.

B. Oileus 1 M. 1 THOSE who were just, he favour'd, but on earth
The wicked had not such a bitter foe.

MERCURY *speaking of* HERCULES.

In him there's nothing abject, but his mien
Doth on the contrary bespeak a rank
B. 1 M. 3 The most exalted; he disdains to crouch,
Nor is his gait unwieldly like a slave,
Thou seest the splendor of the garb he wears,
And with that club performs he mighty deeds.

(49) Deidamia, then pregnant by Achilles, who concealed himself under a female habit at the palace of Lycomedes, king of the island of Scyros.

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SYLEUS.

It can be no man's wish to purchase lords
Superior to himself, and introduce them
Into his house: but thee whoe'er beholds B. 5
With fear is smitten, for those eyes dart fire, M. 4
As by the lion when the raging bull
Expects to be assaulted. Thou art silent;
Yet ere thou speak'st, thy manner plainly shews
To my behests thou never wilt attend, B. 16
But art dispos'd to govern, not obey. M. 4

HERCULES.

Burn, (50) eat my flesh, and drink my blood to quench
Thy execrable thirst: but first the stars
Shall sink into the bowels of the earth, B. 10
And earth ascend the skies, ere thou from me M. 2
One word of abject flattery shalt extort.

HERCULES.

Sit down, and let us drink; without delay, B. 19
That o'er the foaming goblet thou may'st make M. 5
A trial, if to me thou art superior.

The dictates of my conscience well I know
How to obey, how rule my stubborn will, B. 21
By poising every deed in virtue's scale.

TELEPHUS.

Plac'd (51) in the center of those realms which bear B. 21
The name of Pelops, O my native land,

(50) The first line of this passage as it stands in Barnes, Carmelli, and Dr. Musgrave, being

Πρὸς ταῦτ' ἴθι μὴ τυὸς, ἴθι δὲ φάσγανον,

which has already occurred in the celebrated speech of Eteocles in the Phœnician Damsels, v. 524, and carries with it, as I apprehended, the strongest appearance of being interpolated here, I referred to Philo Judæus, p. 603. ed. Turnebi, and finding there the following four lines without it, was thence confirmed in my opinion.

(51) The word ὀξύλου, which is rendered *disterminat* both in Barnes and Hudson's edition of Dionysius Halicarnassensis, seems in this place to mean, *borders on every side*, Arcadia being the inland region of the

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All hail; and thou who tread'st the frozen rock
B. 1 Of Arcady, from whose illustrious race
M. 1 I boast my origin, for me in secret,
Augé the Daughter of Aleïus bore
To the Tirynthian Hercules, Parthenius
Can witness, for Lucina there releas'd
My Mother from the burden of her womb.

B. 8 Go wheresoe'er you list: in Helen's cause
M. 3 I will not perish.

B. 10 For I to day must personate a beggar,
M. 8 And still remain, but seem not, what I am.

B. 12 Condemn me not, ye sovereign lords of Greece,
M. 11 Poor as I am, if I presume to speak
Among the mighty.

B. 14
M. 23 What, shall we Greeks turn slaves to vile Barbarians?

B. 15
M. 24 He's wicked who receives thee for his guest.

O Agamemnon, with uplifted axe,
B. 16 Tho' at my neck some foe should aim the wound,
M. 16 I never would be silent: on just grounds
Since I my opposition can maintain.

Peloponesus. Dr. Musgrave's proposed reading and version is ἀξιώσαι, consociavit, and in the beginning of the third line he inserts Πὰν: Pan was indeed the God of Arcadia; but neither is it pointed out to us, nor am I able to trace how Telephus could boast of his descent from Pan in consequence of his being the son of Hercules and Auge: Heath, with much greater appearance of reason, supposes this to be addressed to Jupiter, who is frequently by antient writers called Lycæan, from his haunting the mountain Lycæus in Arcadia, which, according to Strabo, was the place where Rhea bore him. The immediate descent of Hercules from Jupiter and Alcmena is too well known to need repetition; and Auge appears to have been the Great-Grandaughter of Arcas, son of Jupiter and Calisto. Parthenius is also taken notice of by Strabo in his enumeration of the principal mountains of Arcadia. Telephus became king of Mysia, and was wounded by Achilles in defending his country against the Greeks in their passage to Troy. The scene of this Tragedy is supposed to be Argos.

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'Tis time thy reason should thy wrath subdue. B. 19 M. 17

They who would prosper must submit to toil. B. 20 M. 18

For not Ulysses only is endued
With eloquence; necessity instructs B. 21 M. 19
The man of slowest parts, and makes him wise.

Let thy firm soul its courage still retain, B. 23
Tho' thy designs are thwarted by the Gods. M. 21

What can my wealth avail me when diseas'd? M. 22

Rather would I possess from day to day
A scanty sustenance, and lead a life B. 24
Exempt from sorrow, than by heaps of gold M. 22
Surrounded, groan beneath the pangs of sickness.

His oars he plies, and landing on the coast M. 2
Of Mysia, by an hostile arm is wounded.

But why, O wretch, to him wilt thou attend? M. 10

O thou illustrious matron, o'er this deed
These counsels, who presid'st, why com'st thou forth M. 15
From thy abodes with brows by grief o'ercast?

TENNIS.

Alas, there is no justice to be found
In this abandon'd age, and one wise man B. 1 M. 1
Perishes 'midst a multitude of sinners.

TEMENIDÆ.

Tho' a man die, his virtues unimpair'd
Still flourish when the body is no more: B. 1 M. 1
But with the wicked, all they have lies buried.

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B. 10 With stedfastness and confidence to speak
M. 2 The dictates of unbiass'd truth, is glorious.

B. 11 By far more beneficial to mankind
M. 4 Is modesty than anger.

The God of Battles is not always wont
To be propitious, with delight he views
B. 12 The fall of many a valiant youth, but hates
M. 6 All cowards: this disaster will affect
The city, but prove glorious to the dead.

B. 16 There is no bliss on earth that can exceed
M. 4 The Chief's who conquers in th' ensanguin'd field.

But we our utmost courage must exert,
B. 17 For seasonable labour is the source
M. 8 Whence flows abundant happiness to man.

Whoe'er is void of wisdom, shrinks unnerv'd
B. 20 With fear, when dangers compass him around;
M. 16 But grows presumptuous from the least success.

B. 22 Thus shalt thou rule: a General it behoves
M. 10 Both to be just and watchful o'er his host.

B. 24
M. 11 Strength void of wisdom often proves a curse.

How great the reputation and esteem
Of those who spring from an illustrious Sire!
B. 26 Tho' poor, the man of high descent inherits
M. 13 Some portion of renown, and to his soul
Oft as his Father's generous deeds occur,
He emulates the glories of his race.

Many there are, tho' born with manly souls,
B. 13
M. 14 Who by calamity o'erpower'd, can find
No opportunity to shew their worth.

B. 33 Death is the common lot of all mankind,
M. 15 Nature hath fram'd us mortal, none escape

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This sentence, for it is not in the power
Of Chance to frustrate what the Fates ordain.

They who their country love, should in their words
And actions labour to promote its safety. M. 5

In my opinion 'tis the General's part
To know where lies the weakness of his foe. B. Bellerophon, 108
M. 9

Blest is each city in that wide domain,
From honour'd Pelops which derives its name. B. 40
M. 17

The hind with horns of gold the (52) Chief pursued,
Ordain'd a mighty conflict to endure,
Over the craggy mountains, thro' the meads
And groves where shepherds tend their fleecy charge. B. Addenda Pref. p. 52.
M. 18

HYPSIPYLE.

Bacchus, who waves his thyrsus, and is clad
In the stag's dappled hide, while round him blaze
A thousand torches, with the Delphic maids
On steep Parnassus leads the choral dance. B. 1
M. 1

The wicked value justice less than gain. B. 4
M. 6

Since there's no object plac'd above her reach,
Let Hope anticipate each blest event. B. 6
M. 8

O woman, my advice receive; to grief
Is every Mortal subject, he inters
His children, then begets a second race,
Then dies; in bitterness of soul his comrades
Dust unto dust consign; thus by the Fates
Is it decreed, that life like bearded grain,
Must be mown down, that while one flourishes
Another must decay. But why bewail B. 7
M. 4

(52) Hercules.

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The journey nature forces us to take?
For no event can to the human race
Be dreadful which necessity ordains.

B. Add. p. 522
M. 7 When free from anger, all men are more wise.

M. 6 Seated on earth, flower after flower she cropp'd
With all the eagerness of childish joy.

B. 19
M. 10 A (53) limpid stream I to the Greeks will shew.

M. 11 Look there, and raising high towards Heaven thine eyes
Observe those pictures which the roof adorn.

PHAETON.

B. 1
M. 2 The land which yields us nurture is our country.

But whether Thebes or Argos gave me birth
B. 2 It matters not, of neither will I boast;
That I'm a Grecian is my only pride.

The ship when by a single anchor fix'd
B. 4 Is less secure than if you cast forth three:
M. 4 One Ruler causes peril to the city;
But from divided power no harm ensues.

A grievous curse, yet natural to the rich,
Is folly. What's the cause of this? depriv'd
B. 7 Of sight himself, doth Plutus cast a shade
M. 5 Over their faculties? from Fortune's gifts
Doth total blindness of the soul ensue?

Unskilful as thou art, my Son, the reins
B. 11 Forbear to handle, or ascend the car
M. 6 Thou ne'er hast been instructed how to drive.

(53) The three lines immediately preceding this in Barnes, are inserted in Stobæus, p. 106. ed. Grotii, as the production of an unknown writer, and are omitted by Dr. Musgrave.

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The air of Libya enter not, which void
Of moisture, will depress thy glowing wheels B. 13
And make them sink to earth. M. 7

But to the sevenfold Pleiades direct
Thy course. He heard, then seiz'd the reins, and smote
With sounding thong the winged steeds; they flew B. 16
Thro' the etherial height; behind them came M. 8
The anxious Sire admonishing his Son;
" Turn thence or hither guide thy fervid wheels."

Plac'd high above the Earth the flame intense B. 23
Of royal Phœbus distant objects burns, M. 13, 14
But to those near him gives a temperate warmth.

—That Clymene in marriage was bestow'd
On Merops sovereign of this land, where first
Borne in a car drawn by four rapid steeds, B. 26
The Sun darts forth his beams; the radiant East, M. 1
And station of the solar steeds, are names
Which from our swarthy neighbours it receives.

Tho' freedom be the birthright of that man,
Yet to his Wife is he an abject slave, B. 31
Lur'd by whose plenteous dower himself he sold. M. 15

Him spreading trees with friendly arms embrace. B. 33 M. 13

O Sun, who pour'st thy golden beams around,
How hast thou ruin'd me, and hence 'tis plain, B. 34
That thou art call'd Apollo by mankind. M. 10

That Sire I with the worst of ideots class,
Who to his Sons, tho' rash and indiscreet, B. 36
Or the misguided people, yields up power. M. 3

I hate the polish'd bow; curse on the spear, B. Add. Pref. p. 52.
And those loath'd scenes where vigorous wrestlers strive. M. 11

He to my soul was dear: but now his corse
Rots undistinguish'd in the silent grave. M. 9

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PHÆDRA.

The tyrant Love invades not man alone,
Or woman; but with tumult fills the souls
B. 1 Of the immortal Powers in Heaven above,
M. 1 And enters the recesses of the deep;
Nor, tho' omnipotent, can Jove himself
Controll this victor, but to his behests,
Without reluctance, doth the Thunderer yield.

PHILOCTETES.

Why indolently seated on your chairs,
Pretend ye know the counsels of the Gods?
B. 1 The language ye have utter'd, is devis'd
M. 6 By man: for he who boasts that he knows aught
About the Gods, deserves not, nor obtains
The credence he solicits from the world.

ULYSSES.

But as our bodies are of mortal frame,
B. 6
M. 10 It much behoves the man who is endued
With wisdom, not t' indulge immortal anger.

The prosperous fortunes of his native land
B. 10 Add greater honour to the happy man,
M. 12 But serve to make th' unhappy yet more wretched.

Thrice blest is he, crown'd with victorious wreaths,
B. 12 Who stays at home: the merchant, when his freight
M. 8 Is landed, thus unfurls his sails no more.

They whose unbridled love o'erleaps the bounds
B. 14 Of reason, are immoderate in their hate.

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It is enough: thy long career,
O Life, now end, ere Fortune veer, B. 16 M. 5
And either rob me of my wealth,
Or leave me destitute of health.

ULYSSES.

How shall I judge aright, exempt from toil,
And number'd with the vulgar in an host,
When I such prosperous fortunes might enjoy B. 20,27,28
On equal terms with him who was most wise? M. 1
But there is nought so vain as man: for those
Who cannot rest, and are the most officious
We all admire, and the whole city joins,
With one assenting voice, to style them men.

ULYSSES.

But I am loth to forfeit the renown B. 25
Gain'd by my past exploits, and for this cause M. 2
Refuse not the fresh toils allotted me.

TROJAN AMBASSADOR.

See too, how gain among the Gods themselves
Is honourable: for duteous homage waits B. 28
On him who in his temple hath most gold. M. 7
What therefore can forbid thee to receive
The proffer'd bribe, and imitate the Gods?

PHILOCTETES.

Yet thro' a length of time hath my disease
Abated; with intolerable pain B. 32
At first the cancer rag'd, by slow degrees M. 3, 4
The flesh of my disabled foot consuming.

I am resolv'd to speak, tho' to himself
He seem to have confuted me, and prov'd
That he is wrong'd; but to my voice attend, B. 35 M. 13
And thou shalt learn the merits of my cause:
He too his crimes will by his words betray.

Should the whole Grecian host be mute, and suffer B. 39
Barbarians to say all they list, 'twere base. M. 9

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Thee, by the name of Pæan, I invoke
Scorn not, O Death, to visit me; for thou
B. Addenda, p. 552. Art the physician who alone canst heal
Incurable diseases, since no grief
Reaches the tranquil mansions of the dead.

But who will e'er consent to be thy bride,
M. 11 What blooming maid receive thee to her arms?
O wretch, thou art well qualified for marriage!

PHOENIX.

B. 1 / M. 1 Tis just to guess at what we cannot see.

Full oft have I been chosen to decide
A contest, when the witnesses I found,
In the account they gave of the same fact,
Each other contradicting: but the methods
B. 3 / M. 9 By which I can discern the man endued
With wisdom and veracity, are these;
I note his temper, and the course of life
Which he prefers, but I forbear to ask
Of him who loves t' associate with the wicked
One question, knowing he is like those comrades
In whom he places his supreme delight.

B. 12 / M. Inc. 37 No skies obstruct the rapid eagle's flight,
And on each shore the brave man finds his country.

B. 14 / M. 2 Tho' I no homage can to Envy yield,
Yet fain would I be envy'd for my virtues.

Hail, O thou native region of my Sires:
B. 16 / M. 3 For there is nought which man, altho' beneath
The load of his calamities o'erwhelm'd,
Holds dearer than the land which nurtur'd him.

B. 19 / M. Telephus 20 Your lot is Sparta, to the Spartan throne
Add lustre; but Mycene's realm is mine.

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The aged Husband to his youthful Bride
Is loathsome; he too, in the wane of life
Who weds unseasonably, begets a race B. 21 M. 5, 4
Of sons from whom no comfort he derives:
For the proud Wife her feeble dotard rules.

And of all mischiefs Woman is the worst. B. 25 M. 6

Still Nature her pre-eminence maintains:
For by the aid of virtuous Education B. 26 M. 7
Can no man ever make what's evil, good.

Old age, how great a curse art thou to those B. 28
Who groan opprest beneath thy ponderous yoke! M. 8

PHRIXUS.

Erst, leaving Sidon's walls, Agenor's Son, B. 1 M. 1
Great Cadmus, to the Theban region came.

Let Hope thy life sustain, make Hope thy food. B. 3 M. 3

If I, tho' pious, meet with the same fate
As impious mortals, how can this be right? B. 4 M. 6
Hath gracious Jove then lost all sense of justice?

Whoever thinks, tho' daily he offend,
That he shall 'scape th' observance of the Gods,
Judges amiss, and finds himself entangled
In his own craft: for soon as Justice finds
An hour for retribution, he endures B. 7 M. 5
The punishment his foul misdeeds deserve.
Look to it, ye who fancy there exists
No Deity, by such perverse abuse
Of reason sinning doubly: for there is,
There is a God. But if the wicked man
Should prove successful, let him make the most
Of his short time, for he at last shall suffer.

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B. 17
M. 7 That hind the antient servant of our house.

Thou dost presume to call thyself a man,
B. 18
M. 8 Yet to be branded with a coward's name
Is a reproach to manhood most disgraceful.

B. 20
M. 9 For numberless inhabitants, not walls
Dispeopled, are what constitute a city.

B. 21
M. 10 Tho' base in name, full many slaves have souls
More free than those who ne'er knew servitude.

A Wife's the greatest comfort to her Lord,
When harrass'd by affliction or disease,
B. 23
M. 11 If she with prudence rule his household, calm
His wrath, and banish from his tortur'd soul
A load of grief; for sweet from those we love
Is the deception of those soothing arts.

Against her Husband's spurious race, 'tis said,
B. 27
M. 12 A stepdame harbours mischievous designs:
I therefore these reproaches will avoid.

B. 29
M. 13 Well hath she spoken, for a Wife is bound
To share each change of fortune with her Lord.

By far more beneficial to mankind
B. 31
M. 14 Is a small fortune gain'd without reproach,
Than rear'd by guilt, the tow'ring roof of wealth.

Transform'd into a Bull, Jove bore away
B. 33 The fond Europa from her native coast.

But who knows whether that which is call'd Death
Be not the road to a new Life, and Life
B. 94
M. 15 A real Death? diseases are confin'd
To those who view the sun; but the deceas'd
Are strangers to calamity or sickness.

This disposition, in the race of man,
By nature is implanted: tho' their lives
B. 38
M. 16 Are forfeited to justice, we all weep
With equal grief for our departed friends.

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To ope his well-stor'd granaries he refus'd. B. 41 M. 4

Agenor's Sons were Cilix, from whose name
The land in which he dwelt was call'd Cilicia,
Phœnix the founder of Phœnicia's realm,
And Thasus. B. Adden. p. 522 M. 1

CHRYSIPPUS.

Earth's spacious round, and Jove's domain the Air,
This is the Sire of men and Gods, but *that*
Receiving in her lap the moistening drops
Of genial rain, brings forth the human race,
Brings forth the foodful grain, and every tribe
Of savage beasts; hence is she justly styl'd
The universal Mother. All that Earth B. 1 M. 7
Produc'd, to Earth returns: whate'er derives
From an Etherial origin its birth,
Again is wafted to the starry pole:
For nought that once existed e'er can die;
But from extraneous substance are they purg'd,
And each resumes its own peculiar form.

My friend may wisdom's choicest treasures grace,
Added to manly courage; for I rather B. 13 M. 3
Would be deform'd, than beauteous and a dastard.

No mortal, O my Lord, can tell the bounds B. 15 M. 4
Or of his prosperous or his adverse fortune.

(54) TRAGEDIES, THE NAMES UNKNOWN.

High o'er thy head thou seest the boundless Air,
Which with its dripping arms infolds the Earth, B. 1 M. 1
Call this thy Jove, this for thy God revere.

(54) Besides several transpositions mentioned in the notes and margin, I find, that, of the verses inserted in Barnes's edition among the Trag.

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Fear not lest Justice should descend from Heaven,
And in a moment pierce thy heart, or that
B. 4 Of any other villain; she in silence
M. 2 Still marches onward, and with tardy step
Seizes offenders when the Fates ordain.

By the keen eye of Heaven's immortal Powers
Are all things seen; full plainly it appears
B. 8 That, tho' by us frail mortals undiscern'd
And seldom look'd for, there's a God at hand,
Who o'er each action of our lives presides.

With no benevolent intention, Jove
B. 12 To many, great prosperity doth grant,
Only to make their ruin more conspicuous.

Are you not able to perceive how great
A Deity is Venus? but your tongue
Would never be sufficient to express,
Nor can you think, how absolute her power,
Or to what distant objects it extends.
Not from mere words alone shall you receive
B. 15 The proof of what I urge: but I her might
M. Oedipus, 17 By facts will shew. Earth loves refreshing showers,
Oft as the field, parch'd up by drought, a scene
Of barrenness, lacks moisture; fraught with rain,

Incert. 44 occurs with only the variation of φρονει, for λεγει Bacchæ, v. 480; 47 Iphigenia in Tauris 1193; 99—101 contain, with a small addition, Iph. Aulis 395; 201, 202 are in the Hecuba 377, 378; 221—225 in the Suppliants 734—736; 276, 277 are almost a verbal repetition of 56, 57; 372, 373, are in the Hippolytus 298, 299; 397 is taken from Phœnissæ 557; 401, 402 occur Bacchæ 266, 267; 405 is in Antiope 89; 419 Antigone 18; 422—425 are ascribed to Sophocles by Stobæus, Heath, and Valkenaer, and omitted by Dr. Musgrave; 435 is in Hippolytus 317; 436 and 440, ascribed by Grotius in his edition of Stobæus, not to Euripides, but an unknown author; 444, 445, are in Andromache 597, 598; and the two last lines in the Heraclidæ 298, 299.—In Dr. Musgrave's edition Trag. Incert. 15 has been given by him in Æolus 1; 35 in Antiope 29: 77 in Glaucus 4; 80 more at large 148; 83 Hecuba 377, 378; 223 in Phœnissæ 917; and probably many other errors have escaped me.

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The venerable Air, by Venus taught,
Loves to descend on the prolific Ground.
The elements thus mingled, for our use
Bring forth and nourish all things, hence the race
Of mortals live, with vigorous health endued.

Jove aids the labours of th' industrious man. B. 28 M. 28

Be bold, speak truth, and thou shalt never err. B. 29 M. 19

Virtue's the greatest of all human blessings. B. 30 M. 5

Why did Prometheus, who in antient times
Is said to have form'd us and all that breathe,
Give to each Brute, according to its kind,
One disposition? Lions all are fierce,
Hares timid; nor hath nature with deep wiles
Endued one fox, and made another honest;
Collect unnumber'd multitudes, the temper
And genius of them all will be the same:
But on examining the human race,
As many minds as faces may be seen. B. 31

Thy being wholly ignorant wherein
Thou hast offended, is a great incitement
To fresh presumption and audacious deeds. B. 42 M. 6

By such impetuous fervour of the soul
Is man plung'd headlong into utter ruin. B. 45 M. 8

In closest sisterhood is Folly join'd
With Wickedness. B. 48 M. 7

He who possessing riches and the favour
Of those around him, aims at aught beyond
What he possesses, aims but to be wretched. B. 50

The honied tongue of Nestor, or Antenor
Sage Phrygian chief, would Jove on me bestow; B. 332 M. 10
That leaky vessel never could I fill
By wasting wholesome counsels on th' unwise. B. 52 M. 11

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B. 54 If thou already know'st not, be assur'd
M. 12 The worst of ideots is the wicked man.

B. 56 This curse, alas, is by the righteous Gods
M. Chrysapp. 2 Full oft inflicted on the human race,
They know what's right, but act not as they ought.

Fear, while the accus'd stands pleading for his life,
And labours to defend himself, imprints
Astonishment upon the lips of man,
B. 58 And suffers not his memory to collect
M. 16 What he would say: him dangers compass round,
Tho' his antagonist be safe: such peril
Yet must I undergo; for I perceive
My life on this great contest doth depend.

B. 65 Better than multitudes of the unrighteous
M. Palamedes, 9 Is one good man, whom Heaven and Justice aid.

Whene'er we triumph in an honest cause
How glorious is the prize which we obtain;
But how completely wretched when procur'd
B. 67 By foul injustice! and how much more baleful
M. 17 Are slanderous tongues, and Envy which invades
The guilty mansions of the sons of pride,
Than souls which harbour no such odious pest!

Woe to the man, who, by his powers of speech
B. 71 Making e'en falshood lovely, uses not
M. 18 Such talents in th' embellishment of truth.

B. 73 But even falshood may a preference claim
To truths, whence nought but mischief can arise.

Whether to thee thou wilt that I should use
B. 74 A language with the softest falshoods fraught,
M. 20 Or with harsh truths, speak: for 'tis thine to choose.

Be he a beggar, or, if fortune please,
B. 76 Still meaner than a beggar, may I have
M. 21 Him for my friend, who, shaking off all fear,
Utters the dictates of an honest heart.

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When justice prompts, we never should be silent. B. 79 M. 22

Misfortunes are the source of dreadful wrath,
And errors compass round the heart of man. B. 80

There's no reliance on the soul that labours
Beneath the pressure of immoderate grief. B. 82 M 25

With harshness and with passion when their kindred
Treat the unhappy, sure they act not wisely. B. 83

What feeble mortal, whom the slightest change
Of veering fortune utterly destroys,
Can e'er presume to think that he is great? B. 85 M. 27

Where, how will you conceal yourself? what friend
Retains his faith unshaken? let us ask.
Hope is the bane of man, and they who rest
On such fallacious props are oft o'erthrown. B. 87 M. 28

Some mischief riseth from whate'er exceeds
The bounds of mediocrity; for man
Ought not to vie in splendor with the Gods. B. 90 M. 29

Yield thou to Fate, nor war against the Gods.
Endure to look on my distress, and curb
Thy pride; for the celestial Powers lay low
The mighty, and reduce their boasted pomp, B. 92 M. 30

We all, tho' wise enough to give advice
To others, know not when ourselves transgress. B. 96 M. 33

Most baleful error, when the man devoid
Of understanding, thinks that he is wise. B. 98 M. 31

(55) Strong reasons hast thou to believe the Gods
Will pardon him, who to 'scape death or bonds, B. 102 M. 3

(55) " This sentence savours somewhat of the doctrine of Hobbes, " and is more consonant to nature than to piety It is certainly con- " demned by our law; for an oath being, according to the definition " of Aristotle, ' A making use of the name of God to assert what we " cannot otherwise prove;' it is inconsistent that the man who loves

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Or violence inflicted by the foe,
Takes a false oath, or dwells in the same house
With his own sons who have imbrued their hands
In blood. For either the immortal Powers
Are with less wisdom than mankind endued,
Or they prefer the laws of equity
To those which rigid justice hath ordain'd.

B. 105
M. 34 Glory by toils unnumber'd is acquir'd.

B. 106
M. 36 Either speak somewhat that is preferable
To being silent, or else close thy mouth.

B. 107
M. Bete-
rop. 29 Oft have I seen the champions of the laws
By Envy, execrable pest, o'erthrown.

B. 109 They who their country love, should by each word
And action labour for the public good.

B. 111 Let not fatigue appall thee, while thou striv'st
To gain redemption for thy native land.

B. 113
M. 41 Fate hath ordain'd that dastards shall obey
The brave, and to superior prowess yield.

B. 114
M. Falso
Citata, 2 On all sides, lovers dart an eager glance
At Empire; we must watch th' important prize.

B. 116
M. 46 By dangers is the fame of man encreas'd.

B. 117
M. 51 The youth who hates the rites of Mars, hath nought
To recommend him but his auburn locks
And blooming face, he is a thing devoid
Of all reality. Hast thou observ'd
The life of those who share the sumptuous board

" God should swear falsely to save his life. It will appear preferable to " a pious soul to incur a punishment of death, than to profane the sa- " cred name of God. Such are the dictates of the Divine Word and of " right reason. The Poets hold a language somewhat different, among " whom Claudian against Eutropius, L. 2. v. 596,

" Suprema pericula semper dant veniam culpæ."

To those who deviate from their plighted word,
Extremes of danger some excuse afford. BARNES.

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How 'tis delicious, how from all fatigues
Wealth can exempt them? but no laureat wreaths
To them belong, nor the renown obtain'd
By valour, if they dare not to attempt
Some perilous emprise: for toils beget
Heroic fame. But Greece conspires to brand
With foul reproach, that caution which attends
To nought, but lengthening out an abject life.

Of those who enter on the nuptial state,
Not all with prosperous fortunes meet, nor all
With adverse: most untoward is the doom
Of him who lights on an abandon'd Wife;
But blest is he who chooses one that's virtuous.

B. 126
M. 49

Blest is the man who weds a virtuous Dame;
He too is happy who remains unwedded.

B. 129
M. 50

I to that Consort faithful ought to prove,
With whom from youth to hoary age I dwell,

B. 131
M. 50

The violence of ocean's waves is dreadful,
Dreadful is that of rivers, the hot blasts
Of fire, and poverty are dreadful too.
There are unnumber'd dreadful things beside,
Yet is no pest so dreadful as a Woman:
Her can no picture represent, no words
Duly characterise: if she was form'd
By any God, him I pronounce the author
Of every mischief, and a foe to man.

B. 133
M. 53

He who is wise, should never yield the reins
To Woman, never suffer her to rule,
She's not to be relied on: a good Wife
If any man obtains, his bliss consists
In a more tolerable share of evil.

B. 141
M. Cressæ, 11

The love a Mother to her children bears,
Exceeds that of the Sire, because she knows

B. 145
M. 59

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That they are hers, his title to the name
Of Father rests upon opinion only.

M. False Citata, 4 B. 147 But he who to their latest breath reveres
His aged Parents, to the Gods is dear,
Both while he lives, and in the silent grave.

O Mother, be assur'd, I ne'er shall cease
To love thee, since 'tis just, and from thy womb
I spring; yet do I openly profess,
B. 148 That my affection for my Sire is greater
M. 58 Than what I feel for all mankind beside;
Nor be thou angry, for that Sire begot me;
And with Paternal honours man is grac'd,
Nor doth he ever bear his Mother's name.

B. 155 Altho' the treasures of my house are lost,
M. 61 Illustrious birth and courage still remain.

Perceiv'st thou not that men of high descent
Thro' poverty their antient splendor lose,
And they who erst were nothing, but are now
Grown rich, obtain distinction on account
B. 157 Of their possessions, and by nuptial unions
M. False Citata, 5 Their children aggrandise? on wealthy villains
All are more ready to confer a boon
Than on the virtuous man who is depress'd
By indigence: for whosoe'er hath nought,
Is worthless, but each blessing follows gold.

But he who speaks of Sorrow, as a pest
Too great for man to combat, and exhorts
B. 165 To twine the fatal noose, or throw himself
M. 65 Down headlong from the precipice, is void
Of wisdom: yet is he allow'd to pray
That he may ever 'scape that fell disease.

B. 169 M. 66 To man, his griefs a source of sickness prove.

B. 170 M. 67 The slow Physician, who to the disease
Gives time t' exhale its venom, works a cure
More perfect than by making deep incisions.

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He who is prosperous, never ought to think
With him benignant Fortune will remain
Invariably; for that capricious Goddess,
If we must call her Goddess, loathes to dwell
Perpetually beneath one roof. The wealth B. 170
Of mortals is but mortal: e'en the proud, M. 68
And they who from the present moment form
Their judgement of hereafter, to their cost
Are taught by Fortune's self this mournful truth,

Unstable is the happiness of man. B. 179 M. 69

The just and wise, tho' their distress be great, B. 180
Ought never to be angry with the Gods. M. 70

Thou follow'st Hopes, my Son, which on light wings
Are borne away: now Fortune doth forsake thee, B. 182
For various are the shapes which she assumes. M 72

A. Talk not to me of idle hope, but leave
My tears to stream with freedom. B. 184
B. Many things M 74
May happen, which thou could'st not have expected.

We aged men are qualified indeed
To watch o'er others; in return we borrow B. 186
Protection from the vigorous arm of youth. M. 76

When heretofore I thro' the streets beheld
A blind man crawl, supported by his guide
And wailing such hard fortune; with the name
Of dastard him I branded, who forbore
To end his woes by voluntary Death:
But now against the doctrine which I taught
Myself offend, wretch that I am! — O mortals, B. 188
To this frail Being how are ye attach'd M 81
Who wish to see to-morrow; tho' ye groan
Under a load of numberless afflictions!
So strongly is the love of Life implanted
In human breasts; because, what 'tis to live,

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We know: but having ne'er experienc'd Death,
All fear to leave the Sun's resplendent beams.

B. 199 M. 82
I am not quite a Phrygian: if I see
That better 'tis to end than to prolong
My life, that nobler option will I make.

B. 203 M. 85
How harsh the disposition of this man,
Devoid of hospitality to strangers,
And mindless of the duties of a friend!

B. 205 M. 86
Few for the dead retain unshaken friendship,
Altho' their kindred; for the lust of gain
Prevails o'er piety, and in the eyes
Of man, the dearest objects lose all favour,
When thro' the gates the breathless corse is borne.

B. 209 M. 186
When scenes like these our wondering eyes behold,
How can we still assert that any Gods
Exist, how yield obedience to their laws?

B. 211 M. 144
There is, there is a Jove, (tho' some deride
This solemn truth,) and the immortal Gods
Look down on every action of mankind.

B. 213 M. 158
Woe to the man who views these things, nor marks
That there is any God, nor casts away
With just disdain the complicated frauds
Of those Astrologers, with tongues accurst
Impertinently babbling of what's wrapt
In deep obscurity, tho' to their lot
No portion of celestial science fall.

B. 219 M. 188
What temple by the skilful builder rear'd,
Can in the circuit of its walls contain
The person of a God?

B. 224 M. 146
A. Answer me what idea shall we form
Of God?
B. As seeing all, himself unseen.

B. 226 M. 188
The soul's a God in every breast implanted.

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Oft hath my heart been torn with anxious care,
Doubting if Fortune or some Power Divine
Rule the affairs of men, and from their home B. 227
(The bounds of probability and justice M. 187
Infringing) drive forth some expos'd to want,
While others are as wondrously successful.

To thee, O Universal King,
This wine and salted cates I bring,
Whether by Jove's or Pluto's name
Our homage thou delight to claim;
This offering from my (56) scanty store,
(With joy I would, but can no more)
The mingled fruits of various kind B 232
Which I present with liberal mind, M. 155
Accept: for midst the heavenly band
Jove's aweful sceptre fills thy hand,
And thou with Pluto dost partake
His empire o'er the Stygian lake;
To man's benighted soul reveal
Thy beams, and teach us, ere we feel,
From what curst source our woes distill,
Where grows the bitter root of ill,
What Power Divine we must invoke
To ease us from the galling yoke.

For whensoe'er benignant Jove inclines
To snatch a man from ruin, various means B. 245
Such purpose to effect, the God bestows. M. 105

With zeal on many fond pursuits we enter, B. 247
By our blind hopes engag'd in fruitless toils. M. 106

(56) The expression in the text is ἀπυρον θυσιαν, which I render rara victima, finding an authority for this acceptation of the term ἀπυρον θυμια, cited by Henry Stephens, in his Thesaurus Linguæ Græcæ, Vol. III. p. 167, from the second book of Plato's Republic. Mr. Heath however, to whom this phrase probably did not occur, chooses to read ἀπυρος, sacrificium ignis expers; and is followed by Dr. Musgrave, though without any apparent authority for altering the text as taken by Barnes from Clemens Alexandrinus.

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Heath, p. 185
B. 250
M 176
The daring sailors in an evil hour
As o'er th' immeasurable deep they pass,
Feed on the slender nourishment of Hope.

B. 251
M. 139
While thou enjoy'st the luxuries of wealth,
O woman, canst thou level to the sphere
Humanity demands, thy towering soul?

B. 252
M. 216
The favourable sentence they obtain'd,
Induces them to utter these vain boasts.

B. 253
M. 204
We think the prosperous man is also wise.

B. 254
M. 203
To th' industry of slaves for our support
Are we the free-born citizens indebted.

B. 255
M. 111
Him I abhor who makes a vain profession
Of wisdom, while unwise in his own conduct.

B. 256
M. 165
To man in wisdom, as in virtue, Love
Affords the best instruction, sweetest God
That e'er held converse with the human race,
His votaries he to Hope conducts, affording
Delight unmingled: ne'er may I associate
With those who in the toils which Love demands
Are not initiated, be my abode
From those of savage manners far estrang'd:
The young I counsel not from Love to fly,
But use him, when he visits them, aright.

B. 267
M. 211
Physician to the maladies of others,
Himself with loathsome ulcers cover'd o'er.

B. 268
M. 128
The best of Seers is he who guesses right.

B. 269
Fame holds the virtuous forth to public view,
Tho' plung'd in deepest caverns of the earth.

B. 270
M. 130
Unbridled fury marks the sons of slaves.

B. 271
My soul abhors the citizen, who slow
In yielding succour to his native land,

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Is prompt to injure it, and his own interests
Advances, tho' he never serves the state.

The Gods to men's posterity impute — B. 274
Each sin committed by their impious Sires. — M. 133

None of thy wholesome counsels have escap'd me, — B. 278
But nature's force subdues my better reason. — M. Chrysipp. 1

It is not meet to join the aged Dame
With a gay youthful Mate, for he desires — B. 280
Some lovelier Nymph to grace the genial bed, — M. 157
While his forsaken Wife devises mischief.

But he who late possess'd that vigorous frame,
Like a refulgent star which falls from heaven — B. 283
Hath been extinguish'd; to the skies ascends — M. 127
His kindred spirit, but a breathless corse
His body lies, that image of the Gods.

Tho' ye possess high rank, and by your wealth — B. 286
Expect to crush the virtuous, scorn awaits you. — M. 117

A race of men inur'd to constant toil, — B. 289
And poising with unwearied arm the spear. — M. 99

For Eloquence, were men oblig'd to pay
A mighty price, none on such terms would wish
That talent to possess: but now from Heaven, — B. 290
As a free gift, since 'tis receiv'd, all love — M. 132
Promiscuously to utter truth and falshood,
Because no mulct attends the lying tongue.

Thus Nature will'd, who cares not for the laws. — B. 295 M. 171

The beauty of a Woman ne'er secur'd
Th' affections of her Husband; but to many
Hath virtue prov'd of use; for every Dame
Endued with such perfection, to her Lord
United by the strictest bonds, knows how — B. 318, 296 M. 151, 152
To lead a life of chastity: the first
Of duties it exacts from her, is this:

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Howe'er deform'd her Mate, he must appear
To the wise partner of his nuptial bed
Perfectly beautiful, because the soul,
And not the eye, is qualified to judge
Of beauty: what he says, she should think right,
Tho' it be wrong, and in her conversation
Adopt such language as will please her Lord:
Most pleasing is it when the Wife condoles
With him in his afflictions, and her part
Of grief as well as pleasure bears: with thee
Thus in thy adverse fate am I resolv'd
To sympathise; for nought which I for thee
Endure, shall I deem bitter; with our friends
Should we be wretched, and with them be blest.
What else deserves the sacred name of friendship?

For me sufficient is the frugal board
B. 304 With scanty fare supplied; I covet not
M. 163 Th' unseasonable delights which grandeur yields.

To Summer and to Winter are assign'd
B. 306 Four lunar revolutions each, two only
M. 143 To friendly Autumn, and to Spring the same.

O miserable life of mortal man,
At every moment how art thou expos'd
To danger, now encreasing, and again
B. 308 Dwindling to nothing! there's no goal assign'd,
M. 160 At which when they arrive, the human race
Have privilege to rest in their career,
Till, at Jove's mandate, Death with chilling hand
Arrive, and put a period to our life.

But whosoe'er would practise with success
The healing art, both on the food of those
B. 315 Who in the city dwell, and on the soil,
M. 161 His observations founding, should explore
The source from whence their maladies arise.

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At the luxurious tables of the rich, B. 326
Not with the hungry poor, is Venus found. M. 164

Me, want, and an accursed appetite B. 327
Whence are deriv'd all evils, hath subdued. M. 159

Thee too, O Mother Earth, whom, pois'd in air, B. 329
By Vesta's hallow'd name each Sage invokes. M. 178

Better for man had he been never born. B. 331
M. 148

The throes of pregnancy I next endure,
And if I bring forth children who are fools,
In vain lament my fate, oft as these eyes
Behold the worthless flourish, while the good B. 334
From these fond arms in infancy are torn; M. 148
Or if they live, thro' anxious thoughts, I waste,
Which prey upon my miserable heart.
What benefit is this? are not the cares
Sufficient which attend a single life?

The sentiments I now maintain, and long M. 341
Have held, are these; men should beget no children, B. 149
Aware of the afflictions they inherit.

Since thou wert born a man, thou from the air,
Whence all receive their nourishment, and draw B. 344
Their vital breath, those evils that attend M. 150
On life, hast caught; frail mortal as thou art,
Endure what to mortality belongs.

Who that despises death can be a slave? B. 348
M. 116

But he who to necessity submits, B. 349
Among mankind with justice is term'd wise, M. 120
And one who knows the mystic will of Heaven.

A different med'cine suits a different ail; B. 351
Each friend, with soothing words, consoles the man M. 118
Who is afflicted, but reproves the fool.

Thou, an artificer, hast interfer'd B. 354
In matters that are foreign to thy trade. M. 141

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Such intricate discussions, O my soul,
B. 355 Attempt not: wherefore fix thy views on things
M. 97 Beyond the common pitch; among thy equals
Unless thou mean t' assume undue importance?

B. 359 To great events alone doth Jove attend,
M. 129 But leaves each little incident to Fortune.

B. 364 Ah, would to Heaven the miserable race
M. 140 Of mortals had been dumb!

B. 362 Endure, what thou didst erst inflict with joy.
M. 102

When you have caught a foe, the laws permit
B. 363 Inflicting a severe revenge, and this
M. 103 I hold to be the duty of a man.

A. What cause hast thou, who art a dying man,
B. 365 For worshiping the Gods?
B. To worship them
Is best, and hence doth no fatigue ensue.

The Gods, whom nature hath made far superior
B. 367 To frail mankind, beneath a thousand forms
M. 115 By well-conducted stratagems deceive us.

B. 370 O Royalty, thou idol of Barbarians!

B. 371 Silence is oft the wise man's best reply.
M. 131

Be golden pinions fitted to my back,
And to my feet such wings as erst adorn'd
B. 374 Those of the Sirens: to the wide expanse
M. 154 Of ether I with bold ascent would steer
My rapid course, and with dread Jove associate.

B. 378 The praises of the Air, and teeming Earth
M. 174 That universal Mother, do I sing.

Safety is best of all with conquest join'd:
B. 380 But if the Fates ordain that we must die,
M. 110 'Tis glorious thus to die, and cast off life
In the pursuit of everlasting fame.

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A sinful man is he; for sinful joys
Are the sole object which attract his love. B. 383 M. 107

For beauty thus transcendent, to its owner
In my opinion is a dangerous gift. B. 384 M. 168

That common end of life, which from his birth
Was by the Fates ordain'd, in death he finds. B. 386 M. 168

For gold rules mortals with despotic power. B. 387

Blest is the man, well skill'd t' explore
The secrets of historic lore,
Averse to work his country's bane,
Nor hurried on to deeds profane,
Who views with contemplation's eye
Nature's charms which never die, B. 388 M. 153
Knows who compos'd this wondrous frame
And from what origin it came;
Never can any scheme that's base
In souls thus virtuous find a place.

He who is truly Fortune's favourite, sups
From home, and at another's plenteous board. B. 396 M. 234

Form humble views, or act with greater might. B. 398 M. 317

When thee some fresh calamities befall,
Thou for the aid of such a friend wilt pray. B. 399 M. 89

When fail the ties of friendship, those of blood
Alone can save us in severe distress. B. 403

To me O speak not in that florid style,
But give such counsel as may serve the state. B. 406

The happiest men are they who grieve the least. B. 407

What we call Life is but a round of toil. B. 409

Shall I presume to say no Gods exist,
Because the prosperous fortunes of the wicked
Strike with a dire astonishment my Soul? B. 415

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B. 417 For not in dying, but in dying basely
Is there aught terrible.

B. 418 O'er an immeasurable space of land
M 210 By him was the huge continent stretcht forth.

B. 420 Sustaining on his shoulders the huge boar,
M. 172 Or laden with a party-colour'd lynx,
Ferocious beast, he came.

B. 426 (57) Thou Thracian woman, for we cannot pay
Attention to the voice of slaves, depart.

B. 430 A table with no social converse grac'd,
Is but the stall where hungry beasts are fed.

B. 436 The Air, on which, as on a gorgeous car,
From Heaven, are the immortal Gods convey'd.

M. 4 There's no possession of more worth than Virtue,
Which makes not men ignoble slaves to wealth,
To fears for their own safety, or th' applause
Of a vile rabble; but the more 'tis us'd,
The more is Virtue to perfection brought.

M. 23 He who by Anger is inflam'd, can form
No prudent counsels: but by frantic rage
And want of understanding, those two pests
To those they visit, many are destroy'd.

M. 26 Whenever thou seest any man rais'd high,
Exulting in his wealth, and noble birth,
Whose superciliousness exceeds his fortune,
Think not that Nemesis will long delay
To punish him; for he is lifted up
Only to make his fall the more conspicuous.

(57) The four intermediate lines in Barnes's edition, quoted by Clemens Alexandrinus without citing any author, and ascribed to Sophocles by Stobæus, Heath, and Valkenaer, are omitted by Dr. Musgrave; they consist of an admonition against excess in wine and intemperance of speech.

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The man that's so short-sighted that he views
And looks for nought except the thing he likes, M. 32
Is too unwise to be a judge of truth.

A city thus diseas'd, hath wondrous skill,
New and unheard-of mischiefs to devise. M. 38

There's no equality among mankind.
Fortune should wander stript of all her might,
And qualities the most conspicuous gain
Their due preeminence: whoe'er is fam'd M. 39
For strength unrivall'd, or with surest aim
Can twang the bow, or launch the spear in battle,
O'er his inferiors ought to be a King.

Since I have err'd myself, I ne'er would counsel
Another to his children to yield up
The reins of power till darkness close his eyes: M. 40
Else must he live dependent on their favour.

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And tempt her yet more grossly to deceive us?

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B. 56 Blest is the Woman whom her Husband loves.

M. 59 Important truths are couch'd in many sayings
From antient days transmitted: for the words
Which wisdom dictates are a sovereign balm
To heal each fear that haunts the soul of man.

M. 62 Your Son, I know, was modest; he convers'd
With virtuous men, and led an holy life:
How then from such perfections could he sink
Into most horrid crimes? That such a change
Is possible, shall no man e'er persuade me.

M. 79 There's nothing which we value more than life.

M. 87 The mortal, who hath pass'd thro' life's career
Exempt from sorrow, never could be found.

M. 88 By impudence did no man e'er obtain
That honest fame, which labour, generous deeds,
And gentleness of manners, oft acquire.

M. 93 Thou for thy words in courteous words hast found
An adequate return; but for his deeds
He by like deeds with justice is repaid.

M. 96 After all this, let him the utmost craft
Exert that he is master of, and practise
Each stratagem against me: for the champions
Prepar'd t' assert my cause are Just and Right,
And I in no base action shall be caught.

M. 100 For Jove, dread Sire, who wish'd to ruin Troy
And punish Greece, these mischiefs hath devis'd.

M. 121 In my opinion whosoe'er sustains
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Is both a virtuous man and truly wise.

M. 123 My breast, O Venus, warm with temperate fires,
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Deiphobus, son of Priam, after the death of his brother Paris, forces Helen to marry him, ii, 330.

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Hercules son of Jupiter and Alcmena wife of Amphitryon, iii, 179, 212, 215. Calls Amphitryon his real father, ib. 234. Sent by Eurystheus for the horses of Diomède, i, 393. Subdues Death, and restores Alcestis to Admetus, ib. 447. His labours, iii, 193—196. Described in the paintings of Apollo's temple at Delphi, killing the Hydra, ib. 98. The sacred tapestry there, the spoils of the Amazons, given by him, ib. 150. Destroys Oechalia, and carries off Iole, i, 343. On his return to Thebes, sees a bird of evil omen, iii, 208. A Fiend sent by Juno to deprive him of his reason, ib. 213. He kills his three sons and Megara his wife, ib. 220. Restored to his reason, ib. 224—241. Said to have perished on mount Oeta, but received among the Gods, ii, 496.

Herdsman brings an account of the capture of Orestes and Pylades, ii, 168.

Hermes. See *Mercury*.

Hermion, an Argive town, which had a temple of Ceres and Proserpine, iii, 205.

Hermione, daughter of Menelaus and Helen, sent by her mother with gifts to Clytemnestra's tomb, i, 66. Seized by Orestes and Pylades, ib. 126. Affianced by her father to Orestes, ib. 143. Married to Neoptolemus, son of Achilles, ib. 452. Escapes from Phthia with Orestes, ib. 497.

Hesperides, i, 352.

Hind, substituted for a victim in the stead of Iphigenia, ii, 69, 153, 160, 166.

Hind, with horns of gold, iii, 21. Pursued and slain by Hercules, ib. 194, 395.

Hippodamia, daughter of Oenomaus, won by Pelops, ii, 159.

Hippolyta, the Amazon, her belt gained by Hercules, iii, 195. Married to Theseus, i, 317.

Hippolytus, son of Theseus and Hippolyta, educated by his great-grand-

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father Pittheus, i, 318. A votary of Diana, ib. His mother-in-law Phædra falls in love with him, ib. He rejects with disdain the advances of her Nurse, i, 345. His sentiments in regard to an oath condemned, ib. 346. His invective against women, ib. 347. The curse and sentence of banishment pronounced against him by his father, ib. 359, 360. Thrown from his chariot, and dragged along by his horses, ib. 375. His death, ib. 386.

Hippolytus veiled, a fragment, iii, 362.

Hippomedon, one of the seven chiefs who marched against Thebes, his gigantic stature, i, 164. Attacks the Ogygian gate, ib. 214. A figure of Argus on his shield, ib. 164, 215. Slain in that engagement, ib. 215. Adrastus's encomium on him, ii, 46.

Homoles, a Thessalian mountain haunted by the Centaurs, iii, 194.

Hope, feeds the exile, i, 175. Hurries its votaries to inhospitable countries, ii, 176. Nourishes the sailor, iii, 414.

Hoples, second son of Ion, iii, 174.

Horses, of Achilles, ii, 251. Diomedes, i, 412; iii, 194. Eumelus, ii, 77. Hennetin, i, 327, 371. Hippolytus, i, 375. The Sun, iii, 397. Laomedon, promised to Hercules, ii, 325.

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House of Pentheus, levelled with the ground by Bacchus, ii, 375.

House of Tantalus, their history, i, 144—156.

Human sacrifices, some account of, i, 6. Spoken of with detestation, ii, 175.

Hyades, seven stars in the head of the Bull, a constellation observed by the mariners, iii, 150.

Hydra, a dragon with many heads, at the lake of Lerna, slain by Hercules, iii, 97, 196.

Hyllus, son of Hercules, marches at the head of a numerous army to succour Alcmena and his sisters, ii, 485. Challenges Eurystheus to single combat, ib. 492. Defeats him in battle, aided by the Athenian troops, ib. 493.

Hymen, attends the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, ii, 104. Invoked by Cassandra, ib. 304.

Hyperion. See *the Sun*.

Hypsipyle, daughter to Thoas king of Lemnos, who when the women of that island killed all the other men, saved her father's life, and gave a hospitable reception to Jason and the Argonauts, iii, 395.

Hysiæ, a town in Bœotia, near the foot of mount Cithæron, ii, 379.

I.

Jason, son of Æson king of Thessaly, one of the Argonauts, i, 249. Obtains the golden fleece by the assistance of Medea, who flies with him to Corinth, ib. Deserts Medea, and marries the daughter of

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Creon, ib. Attempts to defend his conduct, i, 272—274. Reproaches Medea with the murder of their children, ib. 307. Various accounts of his death, ib. 310.

Ida, a mountain in Phrygia, peopled before Troy was built, ii, 255. Its top illumined by the first beams of the rising sun, ib. 335. Paris exposed there, ib. 135. The three Goddesses come thither for Paris to adjudge the prize of beauty, the golden apple, ib. 136. Its pines felled to build the ship in which Paris sailed from Sparta, i, 28; iii, 15.

Ilion. See *Troy*.

Inachus, son of Oceanus and Tethys, founder and first king of Argos, i, 106; iii, 338. A river near Argos, named from the abovementioned king, i, 184; ii, 47.

Incantation magic, of Orpheus, ii, 445.

Incestuous connections, frequent among the Barbarians, i, 459.

Ino, daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia, and wife of Athamas, a Thessalian king, iii, 358. Accompanies her sisters to the orgies of Bacchus, ii, 356, 377. Assists in the murder of Pentheus, ib. 397. Seized with frenzy, kills her son, and throws herself into the sea, i, 305. Becomes a Sea-goddess by the name of Leucothea, iii, 361. Called, according to Dr. Musgrave, the Isthmian Goddess, ii, 62.

Invectives, of Polymestor against women, i, 52. Of Tyndarus, against Orestes, i, 85. Of Medea, against Jason, i, 270. Of Jason, against women, i, 274. Of Jason, against Medea, i, 307. Of Hippolytus, against women, i, 347. Of Admetus, against Pheres, and his reply, i, 421—423. Of Hermione, against Andromache, ib. 458. Of Andromache, against Menelaus and Hermione, ib. 466. Against the Spartans, ib. 471. Of Peleus, against Menelaus and Helen, ib. 477. Of Theseus, against Adrastus, ii, 13. Of the Theban Herald, against democracy, ib. 22. Of Theseus, against kingly government, ib. 23. Of Menelaus, against Agamemnon, and his reply, ib. 84—88. Of Achilles against Prophets, ib. 120. Of Clytemnestra, against Agamemnon, ib. 129; iii, 295. Of Hecuba, against Helen, ii, 331. Of Alcmena, against Eurystheus, ib. 497. Of Creusa, against Apollo, iii, 136. Of Lycurgus, against Hercules, ib. 185. Of Electra, against the slain Ægisthus, ib. 290.

Io, daughter of Inachus, beloved by Jupiter, and transformed into an heifer, ii, 33. Stung by Juno, and driven between the Symplegades into Asia, ib. 175. The Theban and Phœnician kings descended from her, i, 169.

Jocasta, wife to Laius king of Thebes, after her husband's death, unwittingly marries her son Oedipus, i, 161. Their children, ib. In vain attempts to reconcile her sons Eteocles and Polynices, ib. 179. Finds them dead, and stabs herself with one of their swords, ib. 230.

Iolaus, son of Iphicles, the comrade of Hercules, after that hero's death, protects his children, ii, 453. Entreats the support of Demo-

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phoon, ii, 461. Goes forth to battle, though infirm, ib. 485—489. Is miraculously made young again, and takes Eurysthens prisoner, ib. 494.

Iolchos, a Thessalian city, subject to Pelias, Jason's uncle, i, 249, 273.

Iole, daughter to Eurytus king of Oechalia, forcibly carried off by Hercules, i, 343.

Ion, the name derived from ων, participle of ιμαι, "who went," iii, 132. Son of Apollo and Creusa, exposed by his mother, ib. 92. Nurtured in the temple at Delphi, where he becomes a Priest, ib. 93. Claimed by Xuthus as his son, ib. 117. Erects a tent to entertain the citizens of Delphi, ib. 149. Detects Creusa in having sent poison to destroy him, ib. 153. The secret of his birth, and fortunes of his future children, disclosed by Minerva, ib. 173. Colonies of Athenians in Asia, from him named Ionians, ib. 94.

Iphigenia, eldest daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, directed by Calchas to be sacrificed to Diana, ii, 71. Brought to Aulis on a pretence of marrying Achilles, ib. 89. Entreats Agamemnon to spare her life, ib. 132. Declines the protection offered by Achilles, and resolves to die for her country, ib. 142. Her sacrifice and the hind substituted at the altar, ib. 153. Borne by Diana to Tauric Scythia, and there employed as her Priestess in offering up human victims, ib. 160. Her dream, ib. Orestes and Pylades are brought to her in order to be sacrificed, ib. 177. Their mutual recognition, ib. 196—200. They all escape, and bear off the statue of Diana, ib. 216—237. Destined still to remain Priestess of Diana, and end her days at Brauronia, in the Athenian territories, ib. 235.

Iphis, a noble Argive, father of Eteoclus, ii, 52. And Evadne, ib. Bewails the loss of his children, ii, 56.

Iris, ambassadress of the Gods, sends the Fiend against Hercules, iii, 213.

Ismene, younger daughter of Oedipus and Jocasta, i, 161.

Ismenos, a river near Thebes, i, 172, 200; ii, 349.

Isthmian, games, first celebrated by Sisyphus king of Corinth, ii, 336. Goddess, supposed to be Ino deified by the name of Leucothea, ii, 62.

Isthmus, that spoken of by Euripides is the neck of land which joins the Peloponesus to the main continent of Greece, and separates the two bays of Corinth and Saron, iii, 307.

Ithaca, an island in the Ionian sea, subject to Ulysses, thence frequently called Ithacus, ii, 427.

Judgement of Paris, causes the ruin of his country, i, 28; ii, 329.

Juno, wife of Jupiter, and daughter of Saturn, thence frequently called Saturnia, the Goddess who presides over marriages, ii, 105. Forms a cloud in the semblance of Helen to deceive Paris, iii, 4. Disposed to favour Helen, ib. 50.

Jupiter, his amour with Io, i, 191. With Leda, iii, 61. With Alcmena,

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Justice, called the daughter of Jupiter, iii, 331. Fails not to punish offenders at last, ib. 401, 404. Does not consist in mere abstaining from guilt, ib. 380.

Ixion, son of Phlegyas king of the Lapithæ, iii, 361. Bound on a wheel in the infernal regions, i, 217; iii, 235.

K.

Key, borne by Diana as well as her Priestess, ii, 165.

Kingly government applauded, i, 427; ii, 22. Censured, ii, 23. The idol of Barbarians, iii, 418.

Kingly power tempting only to corrupt minds, i, 365. A blessing to the subjects when their ruler is virtuous, iii, 318.

Kings, their happiness hath no allay except death, iii, 339. Prone to cruelty from being unused to contradiction, i, 254. Wont to commit the greatest enormities, iii, 343, 382. Grow wise themselves by taking wise counsellors, ib. 331.

L.

Labdacus, son of Polydorus, and father to Laius king of Thebes, i, 159.

Labours of Hercules, iii, 193—196.

Lacedæmon and *Laconia*. See *Sparta*.

Laertes king of Ithaca, father of Ulysses, i, 18; ii, 77.

Laius king of Thebes, the curse denounced against him by Pelops, i, 159, 235. Exposes his son Oedipus, by whom he is afterwards killed, i, 160, 161.

Lake, of Lerna infested by the Hydra, iii, 196. At Trœzene, sacred to Diana, i, 327.

Lamia, according to Barnes, daughter of Neptune, and by Jupiter mother to the Sibyl Herophile, iii, 368.

Laodamia, daughter of Acastus, widow to Protesilaus, iii, 386.

Laomedon, king of Troy, slain by Hercules, whom he had defrauded of the reward promised for delivering his daughter Hesione, ii, 325.

Lapithæ, a Thessalian people expert in horsemanship, defeated by Peleus, i, 486.

Lares, the household Gods, disregarded by Polypheme, who devoured his guests, ii, 429.

Larissa, two cities of that name, of Phersa in Thessaly, i, 430.

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Latona, daughter of Ceus, one of the Titans, ravished by Jupiter, delivered of Apollo and Diana in the island of Delos, i, 21; ii, 223; iii, 136. Invoked by Creusa, iii, 112.

Laver, filled with water, placed before the door where any one lay dead, i, 394.

Laughter, a love of it misleads men into folly, iii, 369.

Law, directs the actions of Gods as well as men, i, 36.

Law of Athens, directing earth to be strewn over the dead, ii, 28.

Learning, whether suited to the genius of women, left undetermined, i, 298.

Leda, daughter of Thestius, and wife of Tyndarus king of Sparta, her three daughters, ii, 69. Jupiter approaches her under the form of a Swan, and is father, of Helen, iii, 61, and of Castor and Pollux, ib. 86. Nourished her grandson Orestes in his infancy, i; 83. Said to have put a disgraceful end to her own life, iii, 11.

Leitus, a descendant of one of those warriors who sprung from the Dragon's teeth, sown by Cadmus, commands the Bœotian troops sent to the siege of Troy, ii, 79.

Lemnos, an island in the Ægean sea, its male inhabitants destroyed by the women, i, 40.

Lerna, a lake near Argos and Mycene, i. 167. Infested by the Hydra, iii, 196.

Letter, of Phædra, to Theseus, i, 358. Agamemnon to Clytemnestra, ii, 68, 74. Iphigenia, to Orestes, ib. 186, 193, 194. Prœtus, to Iobates, sent by Bellerophon, iii, 387.

Letters, originally invented by Palamedes, iii, 379.

Leuca, an island near the coast of Sarmatia, at the mouth of the Boristhenes, i, 507; ii, 176.

Leucade, an island near Acarnania, in the Ionian sea, with a high rock where was the Lover's leap, ii, 422.

Leucothea, the name of Ino after she became a Sea-goddess, iii, 361.

Libation to Apollo, poured forth by Ion in his temple at Delphi, iii, 153.

Libations sprinkled on the tombs of the dead, i, 66; ii, 166; iii, 268.

Libya, daughter of Epaphus, antiently gave her name to the quarter of the world now called Africa, i, 191.

Licymnius, son of Electryon, accidently killed, when far advanced in years, by his great nephew Tlepolemus, son of Hercules and Astyoche, iii, 368.

Life, a state of more happiness than misery, ii, 13. On any terms preferable to death, ib. 133. A state of perpetual labour, i, 325. Of short duration, and should be passed as agreeably as possible, i, 427, 428; ii, 51. A state of conflict, ii, 28. Its loss not to be repaired, ib. 41. Nothing more precious, i, 403. Neither wholly blest nor wholly wretched, iii, 334. All attached to it, ib. 411.

Linus, some account of the poetical lamentations for his death, i, 128 iii, 193.

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Lion, slain by Hercules in the forest of Nemæa, iii, 151, 185, 193.
Locris, a country bordering on Bœotia, its troops commanded by Ajax Oileus, ii, 79.
Lord, a term antiently made use of to imply a despotic Prince, i, 320.
Lotus, an herb growing in meadows, supposed to be that now called melilot, i, 234. The wonderful effects ascribed to it by Homer in his Odyssey referred to, ii, 308.
Love, the dangers of it when immoderate, i, 277, 342; ii, 96. Its influence universal, i, 337, 378; iii, 398. Slothful, ib. 316. A mighty God, ib. 341. Capable of inspiring virtue, ib. 349, 375, 414.
Lyæus. See Bacchus.
Lycaon, son of Neleus and brother to Nestor, slain by Hercules, i, 414.
Lycia, a country in Asia, between Pamphylia and Caria, bordering on the Mediterranean sea, its oracles, i, 395. Its troops assist in the defence of Troy, ii, 267.
Lycomedes, king of the island of Scyros where Achilles was disguised in female apparel, iii, 390.
Lycurgus, a Thracian king, worshipped on mount Pangeum, ii, 287.
Lycus, king of Thebes, husband of Dirce, iii, 180.
Lycus, the younger, his son, kills Creon and seizes the throne, iii, 180, 201. Commands Amphitryon and Megara to put an end to their own lives, ib. 208. Slain by Hercules, ib. 210.
Lydia, an inland country of lesser Asia, celebrated for its great riches, ii, 349. Its matrons joined with those of Phrygia in their captivity, ib. 109.
Lydia, a river dividing some part of Bœotia from Macedon, ii, 371.
Lysidice, daughter of Pelops and wife to Electryon, ii, 462.

M.

Macaria, daughter of Hercules, offers herself to be sacrificed, ii, 476. Is slain as a victim previous to the engagement between Hyllus and Eurystheus, ib. 492.
Macra, a cave near the citadel of Athens where Erectheus was slain by Neptune, iii, 103. And Creusa daughter of that monarch ravished by Apollo, ib. 91.
Mænades. See Bacchanalians.
Maia, one of the Pleiades, daughter to Atlas and mother of Mercury by Jupiter, i, 462; iii, 91.
Malea, a sea port in the Spartan territories, i, 76; ii, 413, 428.
Man, indebted to the bounty of the Gods for numberless comforts, ii, 13. Subject to every species of misery, i, 61. Better for him had he never been born, iii, 346, 417. His fortunes changeable as air, ib. 316. Ought to be resigned to his sufferings, ib. 417.

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Manto, daughter of the soothsayer Tiresias, attends her blind father i, 200.

Marathon, a city in the Athenian territories, ii, 454.

Mariners, their outrages, i, 27. Bold in mischief, but able to protect the opprest, ii, 118. Tempted by the love of gain to visit the most inhospitable regions, ib. 176. Their wandering life, iii, 387.

Marriage, its precariousness, iii, 409.

Maron, a descendant of Bacchus, ii, 420.

Mars, tried by the Gods for the murder of Halirrothius, and the court of judicature at Athens from him called Areopagus, ii, 204; iii, 306.

Mecisteus, son of Talaus, and father to Euryalus commander of the Argive squadron sent against Troy, ii, 79.

Medea, daughter to Æetes king of Colchos, aids Jason by her enchantments in obtaining the golden fleece, i, 270. Murders her brother Absyrtes and flies with Jason into Thessaly, ib. 308. Having persuaded the daughters of Pelias to kill their father, she is forced to take refuge at Corinth, i, 249. Jason after having two sons by her, forsakes her to marry the daughter of Creon, ib. She entreats Creon to respite her banishment, i, 264. Reproaches Jason with his treachery, i, 270. Destroys Creon and his Daughter by her enchantments, i, 301, 302. Kills her sons, i, 305. Borne away in a chariot drawn by Dragons, i, 307.

Mediocrity, its advantages over grandeur, i, 254.

Megara, a city of Achaia between Athens and the isthmus of Corinth, iii, 219.

Megara, daughter to Creon king of Thebes, married to Hercules, iii, 179. Welcomes her husband on his return from the infernal regions, ib. 199. Killed by him in his frenzy, ib. 220.

Meges, son of Phyleus, commands the Grecian troops from the islands called Taphiæ and Echinades, ii, 81.

Melanippe, daughter of Desmontes, has two sons in consequence of an amour with Neptune, iii, 369.

Meleager, from μελος "inauspicious," and αγρα "prey," iii, 372. Son to Oeneus king of Calydon and Althæa Thestius' daughter, ib. Kills the wild boar which infested his country, ib. 375.

Melon, son of Eteoclus, supposed to be the Boy introduced in the Suppliants, ii, 58.

Menelaus, younger son of Atreus and Ærope, marries Helen, i, 62; ii, 70. On his Wife being taken from him by Paris, summons all Greece to revenge the insult, ib. Prevails on Agamemnon to sacrifice his daughter Iphigenia, ib. 72. On Troy being taken, he recovers Helen, ib. 292, 326. Purposes to put her to death on his return to Greece, ib. 384. Lands with her in Ægypt, finds *the real* Helen in the palace of Theoclymenus, and is sensible of having been deluded by a phantom which vanishes into air, iii, 34. Acknowledges the virtue of the *real* Helen, whom he receives with transport, ib. 35. Escapes with her from Ægypt, ib. 80—83. Anchors at Malea a sea

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port in the Spartan territories, and hearing of his brother Agamemnon's death, comes from thence to Argos, i, 76. Refuses to assist Orestes, ib. 92. Affiances Hermoine to him, ib. 143. Gives her in marriage to Neoptolemus with a large dower, ib. 458. Is going to kill Andromache and her son Molossus, who are rescued by Peleus, ii, 465—485. Ordained to live in the happy islands, iii, 87.

Menesthens, son of Petæus, his usurpation of the throne of Athens, and reign of twenty-three years between that of Theseus and his son Demophoön totally passed over by Euripides, i, 7; ii, 462.

Menœceus, father of Creon and Jocasta, i, 159.

Menœceus, son of Creon, named after his grandfather, i, 197. Directed by Tiresias to be sacrificed, i, 207. Commanded by his father to fly from Thebes, i, 208. Throws himself headlong from the battlements, and is celebrated as the saviour of his country, i, 213.

Mercury, son of Jupiter and Maia one of the Pleiades, messenger of the Gods, iii, 91. Conveys the infant Ion to the threshold of Apollo's temple at Delphi, ib. 93. Sent to Danaë, ib. 315. Avenges the death of his son Myrtilus on the house of Pelops, by sending a ram with a golden fleece among the flocks of Atreus, i, 109. Conducts the three Goddesses to mount Ida, for Paris to determine the prize of beauty, i, 464; ii, 136. Conveys Helen through the air to Ægypt, iii, 5, 16.

Meriones, a Cretan chief, descended from Mars, ii, 77.

Mermerus, one of the sons of Jason and Medea murdered by their mother, i, 305.

Merope, widow of Cresphontes king of Messenia, and forcibly married by Polyphontes his murderer, iii, 364.

Merops, husband of Clymene, and the reputed father of Phaeton, iii, 397.

Messenger, brings Electra an account of the Argive people having passed sentence of death on her and Orestes, i, 103. Informs Jocasta of the Thebans having repulsed the Argives, i, 213. And of her sons having agreed to decide their claims to the throne by a single combat, i, 219. Informs Creon of the deaths of Eteocles and Polynices, i, 226. And of Jocasta having killed herself, i, 229. Relates to Medea the deaths of Creon and his daughter, i, 300. Acquaints the Chorus with Phædra's death, i, 354. Comes to Theseus with tidings of Hippolytus' being thrown from his chariot, i, 372. Gives Peleus an account of his grandson Neoptolemus' murder by the citizens of Delphi, i, 497. Relates Theseus' victory over Creon, ii, 35. Informs Agamemnon of Clytemnestra's and Iphigenia's arrival at Aulis, ib. 89. Comes to tell Thoas of Iphigenia's flight, ib. 227. Describes the Bacchanalian orgies, ib. 377. Relates the death of Pentheus, ib. 393—397. Conducts the captive Eurystheus to Alcmena, ib. 496. Informs Menelaus of the supposed Helen having vanished, iii, 34. Informs Theoclymenus of the flight of Menelaus and Helen, ib. 80. Brings an account of Hercules having murdered his wife and sons, ib. 218. Acquaints

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Electra with Orestes having slain Ægisthus, ib. 284. Ought to return with the utmost speed when he has delivered his lord's commands, ii, 24. Ought to perform his lord's mandates with zeal, iii, 315.

Messenia, a fruitful region in the southern part of the Peloponesus, iii, 365.

Mimas, one of the Titans, slain by Jupiter with a thunderbolt, iii, 99.

Minerva, born from the head of Jupiter, Promethens performing the obstetric part, iii, 114. Her temple at Troy, i, 45. Directs the Argives to swear perpetual friendship with the Athenians, ii, 61. Commands Thoas to desist from pursuing Orestes and Iphigenia, and relates the events that were to befall them, ib. 234. Directs Diomede and Ulysses to kill Rhesus, ib. 270. Appears to Paris under the form of Venus, ib. 272. Her conference with Neptune, ib. 293. Discloses to Ion his birth and the fortunes of his descendants, iii, 173. Contends with Venus and Juno for the golden apple, i, 465; ii, 136, 329. The truth of that history denied by Hecuba, ii, 331. Represented at the temple at Delphi warring against Enceladus, iii, 98. Piles the mountain of Ætna on that vanquished giant, ib. 217. Athens, which derived its name from her, called her city, ii, 236; iii, 158. And in a number of other places.

Minotaur, a monster sprung from Pasiphae wife of Minos, slain by Theseus, iii, 236, 337.

Minyans, a people who dwelt at Orchomenum in Bœotia, subdued by Hercules, iii, 137.

Mnemosyne, Goddess of Memory, daughter of Ouranus, and Mother to the Muses, iii, 207.

Modesty, Clytemhestra applauds the reverence expressed for it by Achilles, ii, 111. Praised by Hippolytus in the strongest terms, i, 320, 348, 364; iii, 362.

Molossia, a region of Epirus in Greece, i, 419, 506.

Molossus, son of Neoptolemus and Andromache, rescued from Menelaus by Peleus, i, 484.

Moon, borrows her light from the sun, i, 167. The time of paying interest-money regulated by it, ib. 404.

Mothers, their natural love for their children, ii, 118; iii, 350, 409.

Musæus, the Athenian poet, pupils of Orpheus, his praises, ii, 286.

Muse, the mother of Rhesus, ii, 259, 283—288.

Muses, attend the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, ii, 124.

Music, diverts the cheerful, but cannot console the afflicted, i, 257. Disused in times of deep mourning, ib. 405, 409.

Mycene, an Argive city erected by the Cyclops, near Argos, and perpetually confounded with it by Euripides, i, 151.

Myconc, one of the islands called Cyclades encircling Delos, ii, 295.

Mygdon, son of Dymas, a Thracian king, and father to Chorœbus, ii, 268.

Myrmidons, the soldiers of Achilles, the name derived from Μυρμος, "an ant," ii, 79, 111, 139.

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Myrtilus, son of Mercury and charioteer of Oenomaus, bribed and afterwards murdered by Pelops, i, 109, 146.
Mysia, a country of the lesser Asia bordering on Phrygia, ii, 254; iii, 392.

N.

Nativos, much respected in Athens, iii, 123, 353.
Nature, its various effects on the human mind, i, 66. Not liable to change, iii, 291.
Nauplius, son of Neptune and father of Palamedes, ii, 76. Avenges his son's death by kindling beacons on the rocks of Eubœa, and causing the shipwreck of great part of the Grecian fleet, iii, 42, 61.
Necessity, her temple never opened for the admission of votaries, i, 436. Governs both Gods and men, ii, 236. Is submitted to patiently by the wise, iii, 417.
Nemea, a forest between Argos and Corinth, where Hercules slew a terrible lion, iii, 151, 185, 193.
Nemesis, Goddess of vengeance, daughter of Jupiter and Necessity, i, 167; ii, 258, 263; iii, 420.
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Pheres, one of the sons of Jason and Medea whom their mother murdered, i, 305.

Philammon, son of Apollo and Chione, father of the minstrel Thamyris, ii, 285.

Philoctetes, a Grecian hero who brought to Troy the arrows of Hercules, with which he slew Paris, iii, 398. The wound in his foot described, ib. 399.

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Phineus, brother to Cepheus king of Æthiopia, changed by Perseus into a rock, ii, 176.

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Phocis, a Grecian province to the north of the bay of Corinth, ii, 202.

Phocus, son of Æacus, murdered by his brother, i, 481.

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Phœnicia, subject to kings descended from Phœnix, son of Agenor and brother to Cadmus, i, 169, 171. Some captive damsels sent from thence as votive offerings to Apollo, detained at Thebes in their passage to Delphi, ib.

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Phœnix, son of Agenor, the founder of Phœnicia, iii, 403.

Phœnix, son of Amyntor, having rejected the vicious solicitations of Clytia, his father's harlot, was by her accused to Amyntor of having defiled his bed: the credulous father caused the eyes of his son to be put out; but they were restored by Chiron to whom Peleus conducted him: Peleus then made him king of the Dolopians, a people of Epirus, bordering on Phthia; he was the faithful friend and counsellor of Achilles, whom he accompanied to the siege of Troy, iii, 400.

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Phrygian captives attending Helen, a multitude of them defeated by Orestes and Pylades, i, 131.

Phryxus, son of Athamas and Nephele, being harrassed by his step-mother Ino, fled from his father's house, and was borne through the air on a golden Ram, the gift of Mercury, from Thessaly to Colchos, where he married Calciope, one of the daughters of Æetes; he then sacrificed the golden Ram to Jupiter, and bestowed the fleece on Æetes, from whom it was taken by the Argonauts, iii, 491.

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Pieria, a mountain in Thessaly, where the Muses are said to have been born; ii, 371.

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Pillars of Hercules, the two mountains of Abyla in Africa and Calpe in Europe, the limits of the western world, iii, 195.

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Pirithous, son of Ixion and comrade of Theseus, was slain by Cerberus when he went with that hero to the infernal regions to carry off Proserpine, iii, 379.

Pisa, a region of Elis near the banks of Alpheus, Pelops there won Hippodamia, and celebrated Olympic games, i, 146; ii, 159; iii, 22.

Pitane, a Spartan city near the banks of Eurotas, ii, 337.

Pittheus, son of Pelops, grandfather of Theseus and great-grandfather of Hercules, ii, 462. Educates his great-grandson Hippolytus at Trœzene, i, 318. Mentioned with the greatest respect by Theseus, ib. 355.

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Pontus, "Πονος," the Euxine sea, so called by way of eminence, ii, 173.
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Progne, daughter of Pandion king of Athens, and wife to Tereus a Thracian king, murdered her own son Itys, and was transformed into a swallow, iii, 221.

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Protesilaus, a Grecian chief, the first who leaped on the Trojan shore, and was immediately slain by Hector, i, 502. His widow, Laodamia, daughter of Acastus, resolves not to survive him, iii, 386.

Proteus, king of Ægypt, considered by Mercury, who placed Helen under his protection, as the most virtuous of mankind, iii, 5. Dies, and is succeeded by his son Theoclymenus, ib. 6. Interred at the gate of his palace, ib. 62.

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Pylades, son to Strophius king of Phocis and Anaxibia, one of Pelops' daughters, ii, 202. Not born when Iphigenia was sacrificed, ib. 161. His friendship for his kinsman Orestes, whom he accompanies on his return to the Argive territory, iii, 248. Assists him in slaying Ægisthus, ib. 287; and Clytemnestra, ib. 302. Banished from Phocis by his father, i, 96. Attends Orestes at his trial before the people of Argos, i, 104—107. He and Orestes defeat a numerous body of Phrygian captives, Helen's attendants, i, 131. Affianced to Electra, i, 142. Lands with Orestes in Tauric Scythia, ii, 162. They are seized by the Peasants, ib. 172. Brought to the temple in order to be sacrificed, ib. 177. His life spared on condition of his carrying a letter to Orestes, ib. 185—195. Their escape, ib. 227—256.

Pylos, a city in Messenia, subject to Nestor, ii, 80.

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Pythian altar at Athens, erected by the younger Pisistratus, ii, 62.

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Religion, invocation of, by the Chorus of Asiatic dames, followers of Bacchus, ii, 362. How introduced, iii, 388.

Rhadamanthus, son of Jupiter and Europa, and brother to Minos, a judge in the infernal regions, ii, 427; iii, 386.

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Rhesus, a Thracian king, son to the river Strymon, and one of the Muses, comes with his troops to the assistance of the Trojans, ii, 256. His boastful language, ib. 262. Slain by Diomede and Ulysses, ib. 274, 279.

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S.

Sacrifice of Polyxena, i, 24. Of Iphigenia, ii, 153. Of Macaria, ii, 492.

Salamis, an island in the Saronian bay between Attica and the Peloponesus, ii, 81, 324. A city named from thence, erected by Teucer in the isle of Cyprus, iii, 12.

Salmoneus, son of Æolus, impiously imitated the thunder of Jupiter, and was thereupon destroyed with a real thunderbolt, iii, 321.

Sardis, the chief city of Lydia, situated at the foot of mount Tmolus, ii, 365.

Sarpedon, king of Lycia, son of Jupiter and Europa, an ally of the Trojans, ii, 242.

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Saronic bay, between Attica and Troezene, which was situated at the extremity of the Argive territories on the shore of the Peloponesus, i, 318, 372, 374. Derived its name, according to Pausanias, from Saron, an antient king of Troezene, i, 327.

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Temenidæ, or the children of Temenus, who was son to Phegeus king of Psophis an Arcadian city, according to Barnes and Apol-

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lodorus; but Dr. Musgrave thinks this fragment relates to the family of Temenus, son of Aristomachus, mentioned by Pausanias, who obtained the kingdom of Argos, and gave his daughter Hyrnetho in marriage to Deiphontes son of Antimachus; she was destroyed by the violence of her brother Phalcis attempting forcibly to take her from her husband, iii, 393.

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Thamyris, son of Philammon, contended with the Muses in song, and was by them overcome and deprived of his eyes, ii, 285.

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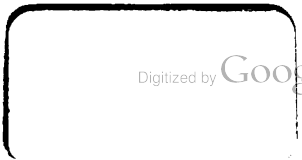

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